

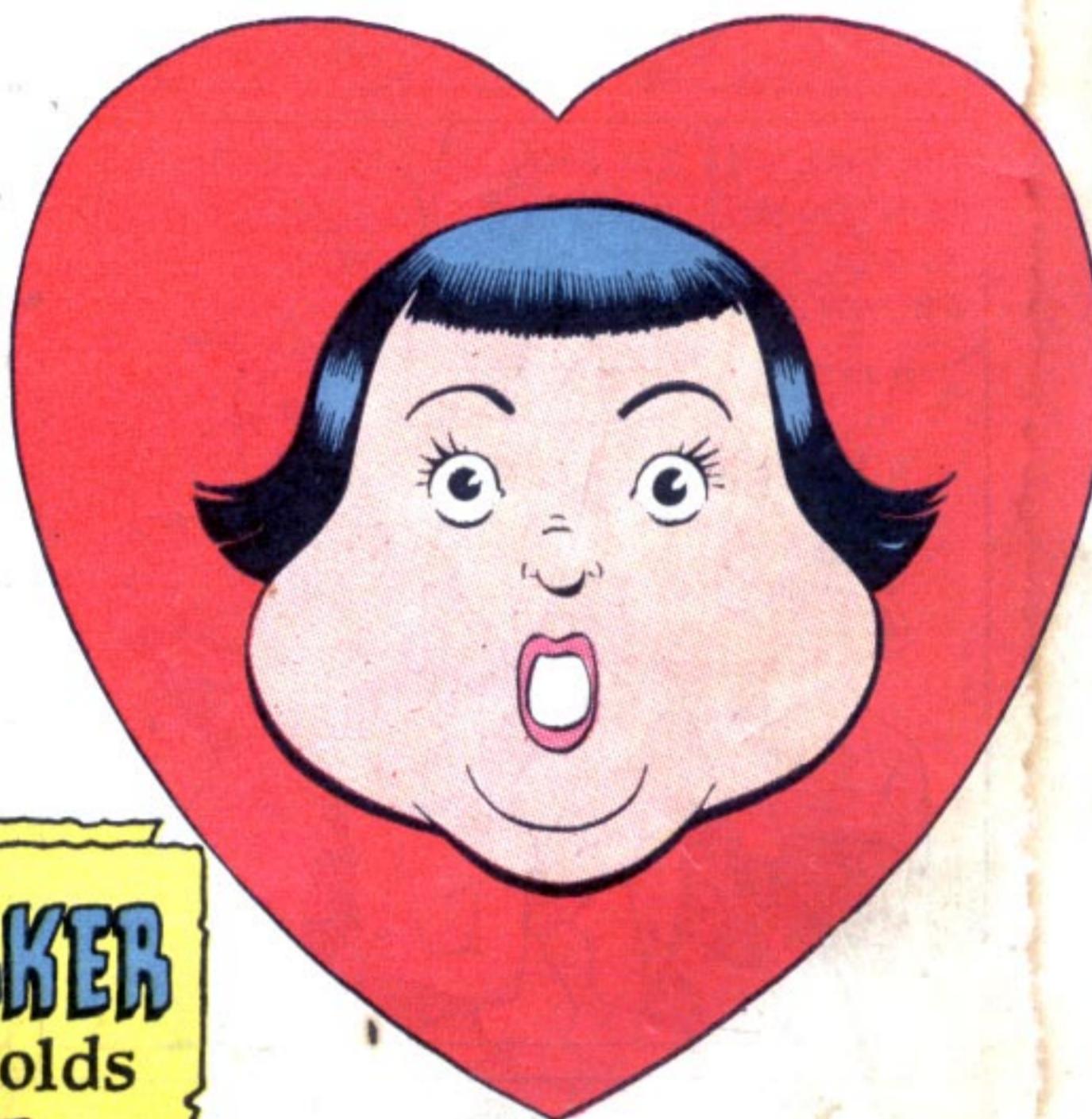
NATIONAL COMICS

APRIL
No. 47

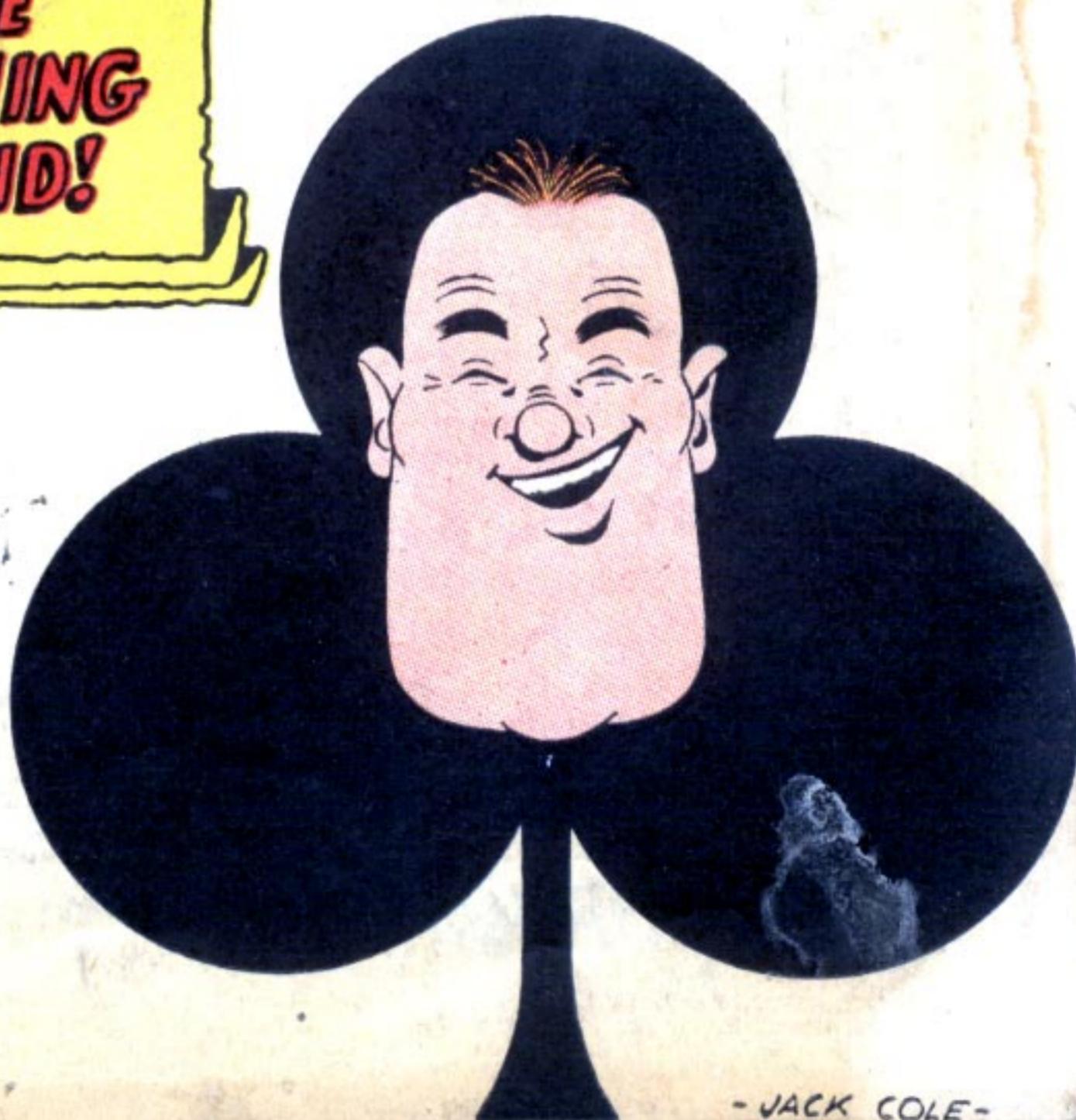
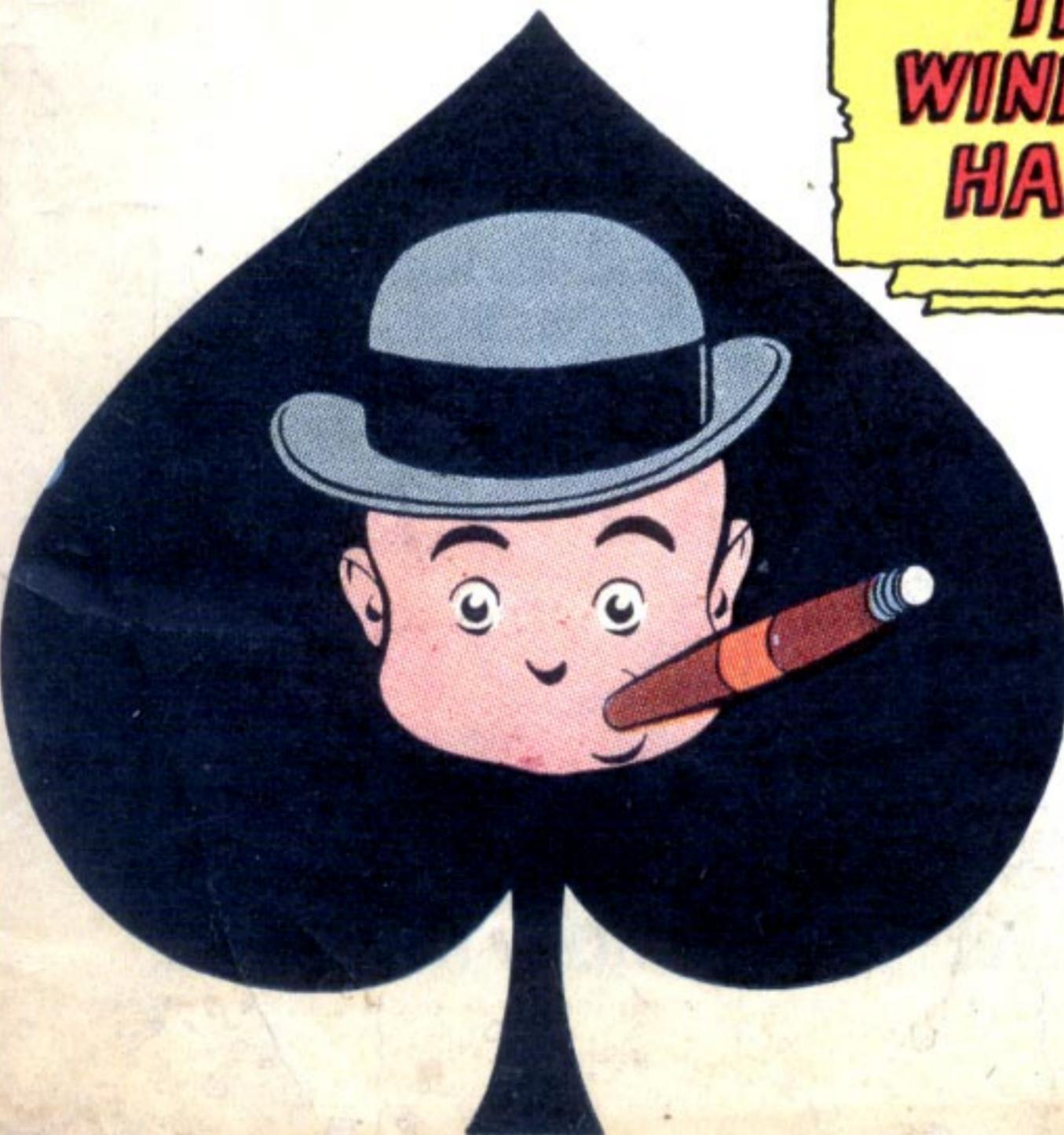
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SM
4

QUALITY
COMIC
STORY



The BARKER
again holds
**THE
WINNING
HAND!**



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



VOLTO

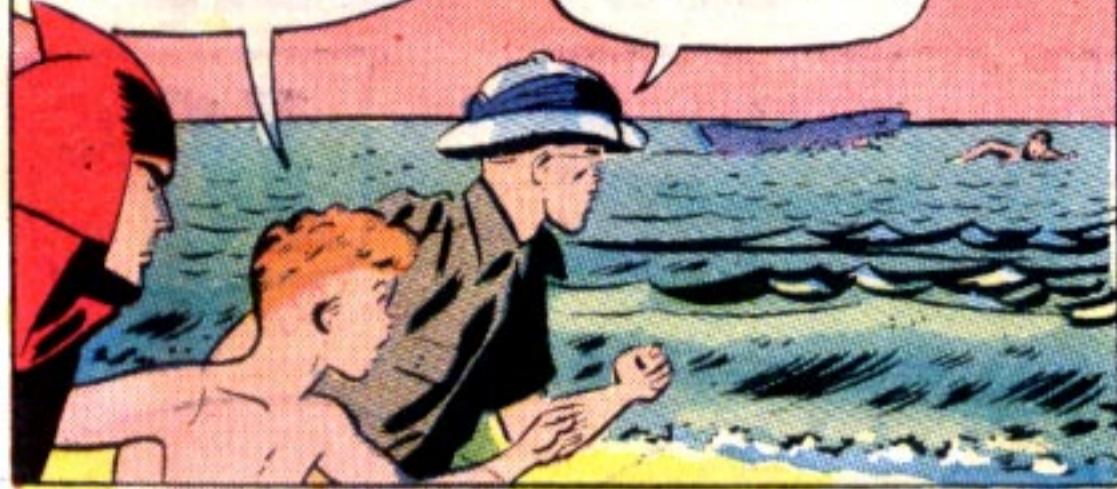
FROM MARS

A SHARK!
HEY!
LOOK OUT!

THIS IS DREADFUL!
HE'S GOING TO GET
THAT GIRL!

OH NO, HE ISN'T! REMEMBER
THAT WHEN I SAY VOLTO,
MY MAGNETIC LEFT HAND
REPELS!

WOW! BET HE
WISHES HE WAS
A SARDINE,
NOW!



THE GIRL'S
FAINTED!
SHE'LL
DROWN!

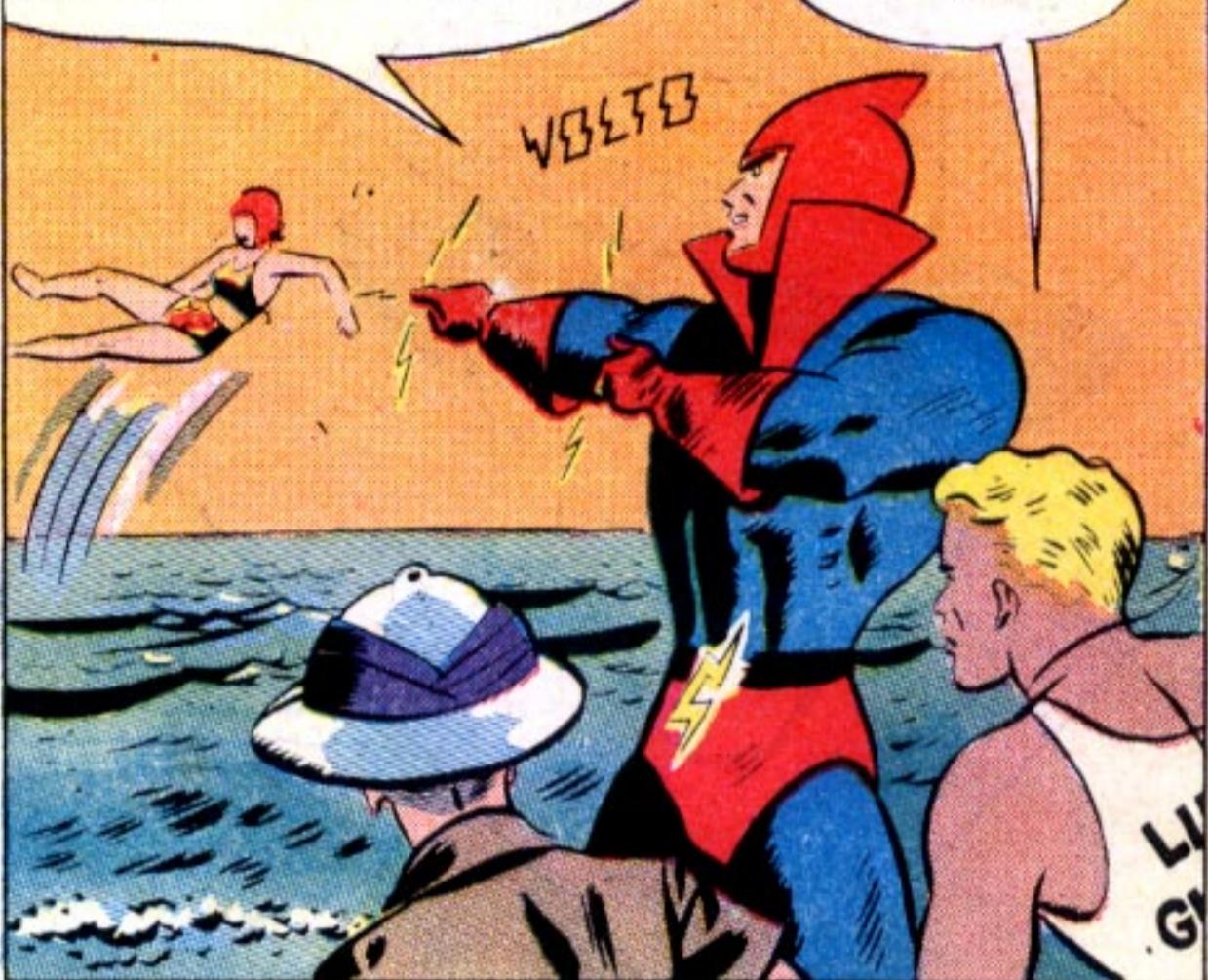
I'M GOING
IN TO SEE
IF I CAN
GET HER...
HERE GOES!

NEVER MIND,
SON... YOU
FORGET...



...THAT MY MAGNETIC
RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS...

WELL, I'LL
BE A...



BUDDY,
HOW DID
YOU DO
THAT
STUNT?

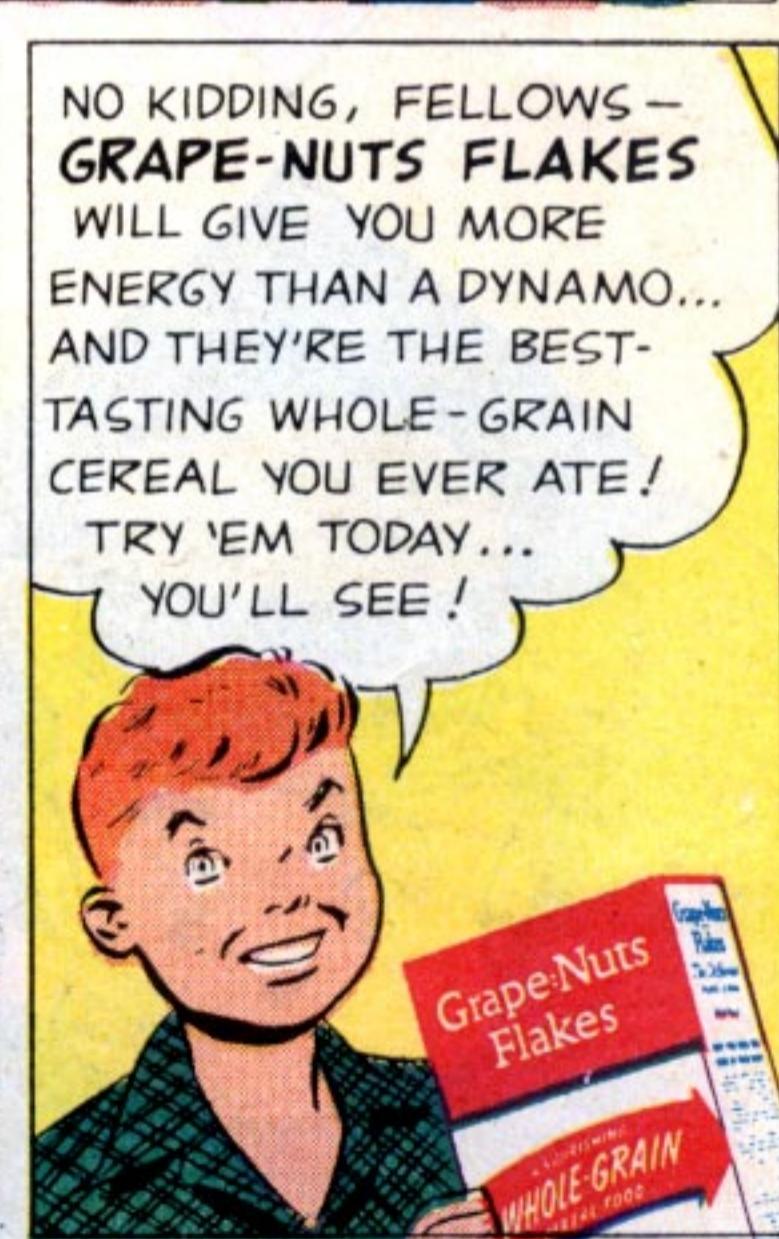
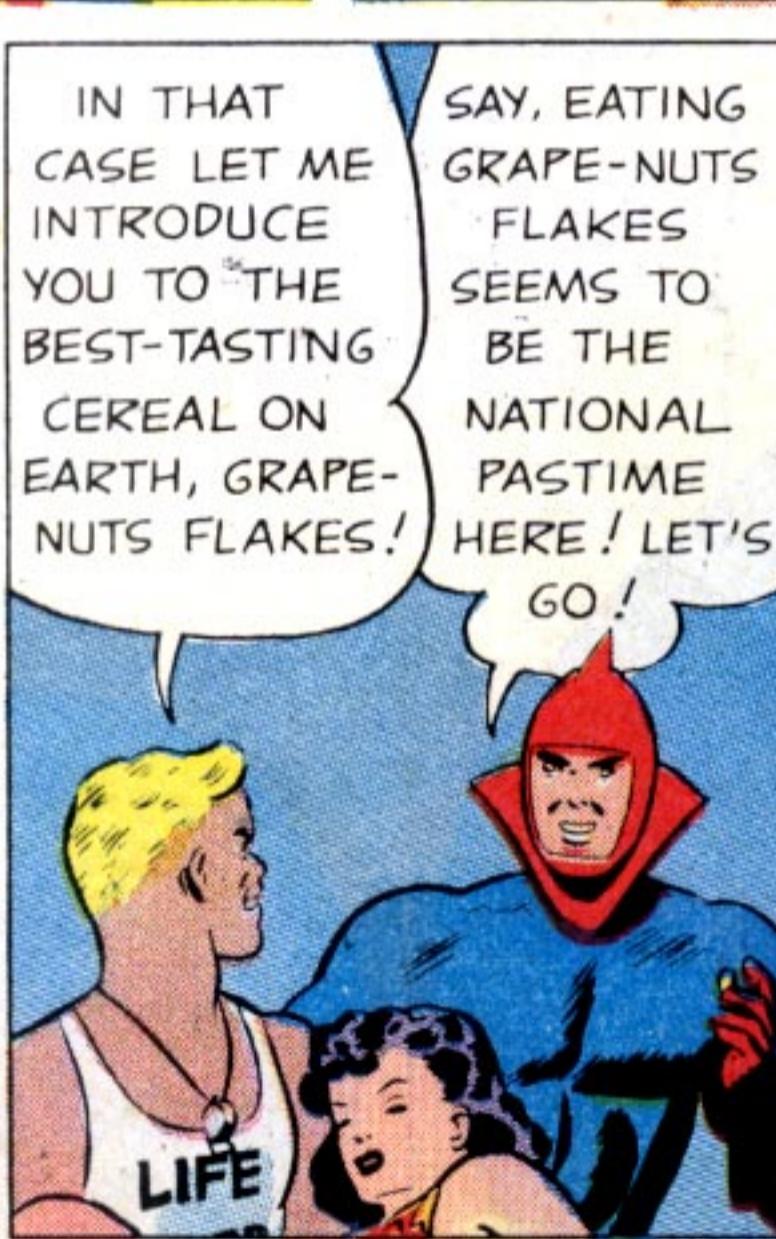
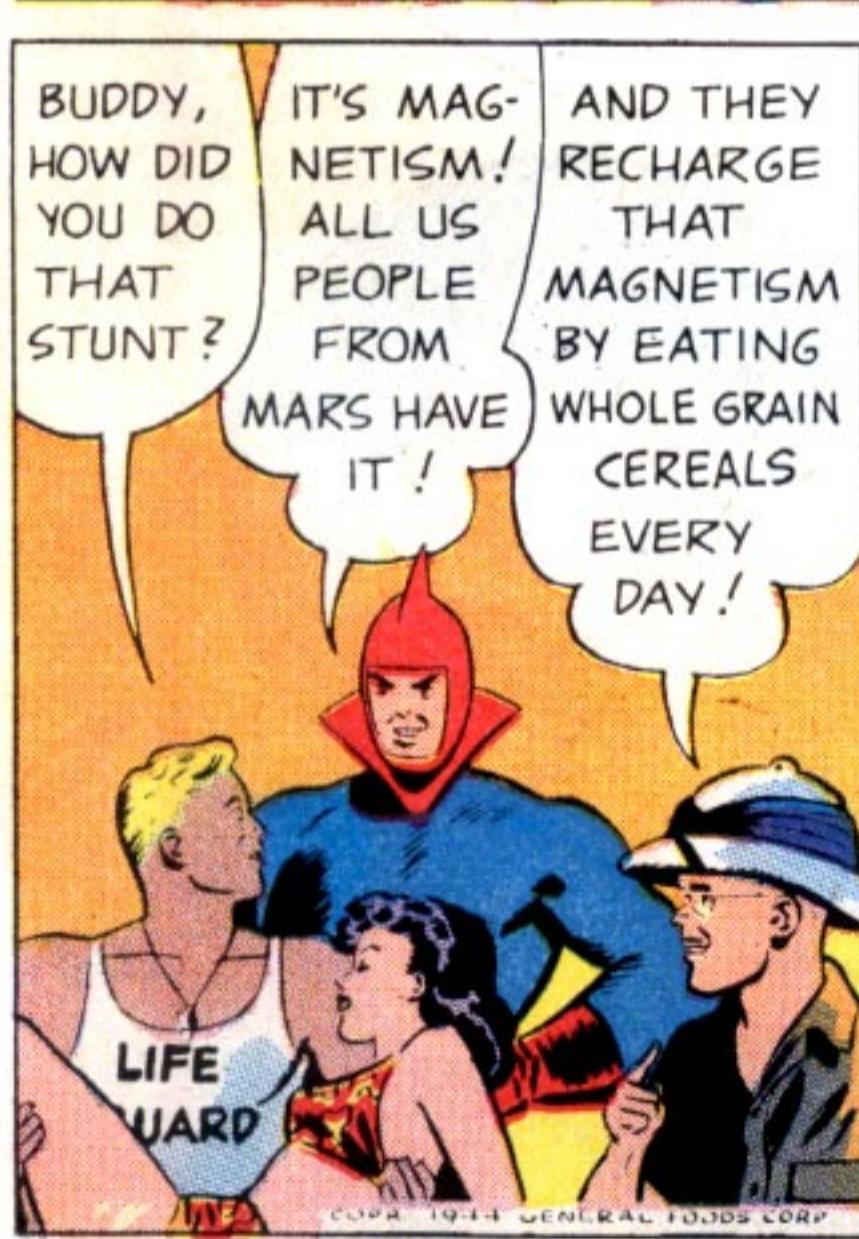
IT'S MAG-
NETISM!
ALL US
PEOPLE
FROM
MARS HAVE
IT!

AND THEY
RECHARGE
THAT
MAGNETISM
BY EATING
WHOLE GRAIN
CEREALS
EVERY
DAY!

IN THAT
CASE LET ME
INTRODUCE
YOU TO THE
BEST-TASTING
CEREAL ON
EARTH, GRAPE-
NUTS FLAKES!

SAY, EATING
GRAPE-NUTS
FLAKES
SEEMS TO
BE THE
NATIONAL
PASTIME
HERE! LET'S
GO!

NO KIDDING, FELLOWS—
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
WILL GIVE YOU MORE
ENERGY THAN A DYNAMO...
AND THEY'RE THE BEST-
TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN
CEREAL YOU EVER ATE!
TRY 'EM TODAY...
YOU'LL SEE!



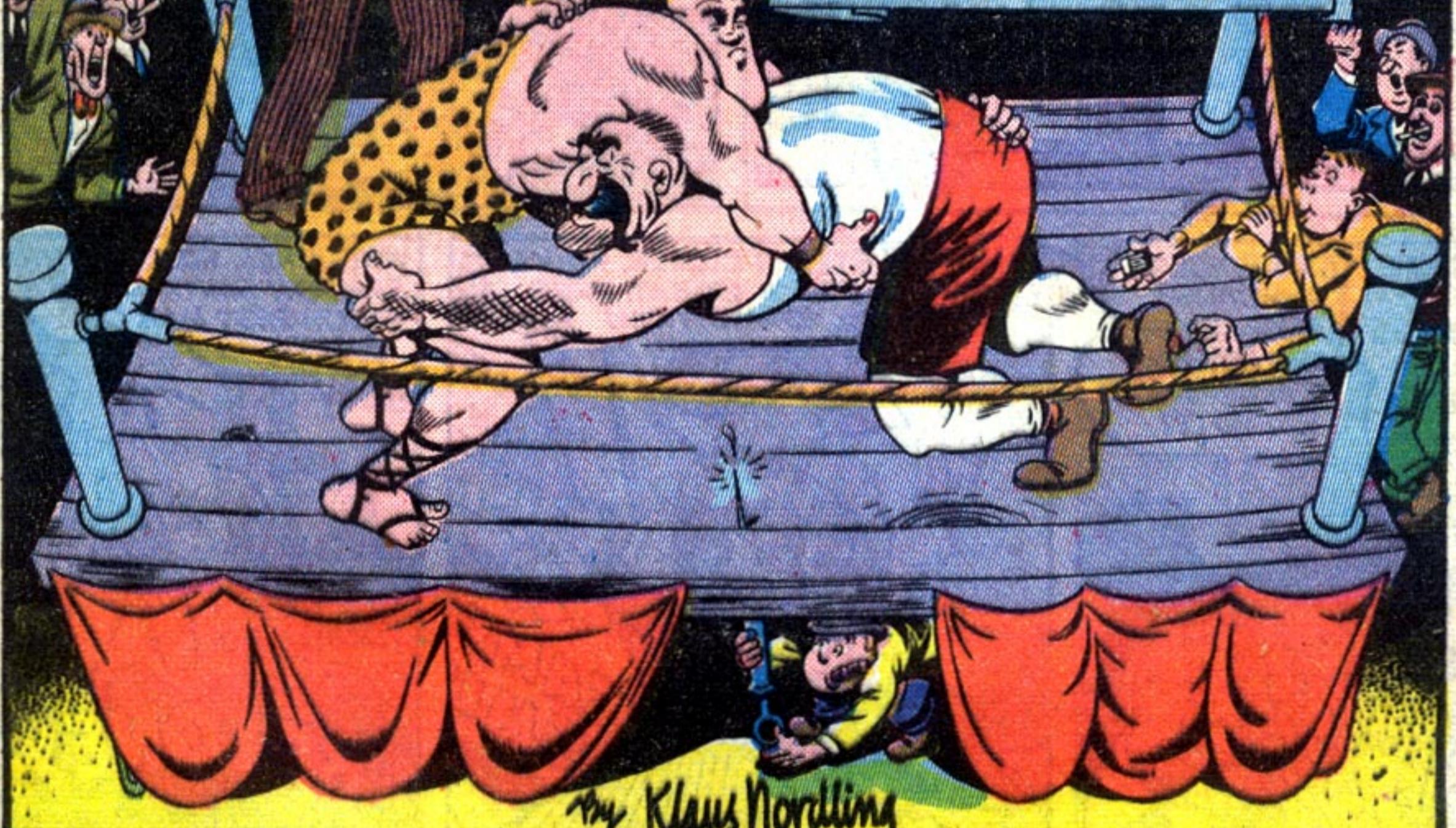
TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**

BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

THE BARKER



A grudge-fight between the strongest men in the world is something for circus fans to remember! But, complicated by the fact that all the freaks have bet their money on the loser, it turns into a tangle only Carnie Calahan, The Barker, can unravel!



by Klaus Nordling

TODAY!

Col. Liane's
Mammoth
CIRCUS

The Greatest
Show On Earth!

TOMORROW!

Cappy Kane's
Mammoth
CIRCUS

The Greatest
Show On Earth!

On two different circus lots... in two different towns,
Separated by only a few miles... two different
moods prevail....

The COLONEL
LANE LOT...

BOY, COLONEL LANE -- BILLING
US IN A DAY AHEAD OF KANE'S
SHOW WAS A MASTERSPIECE
OF STRATEGY!

TYPICAL
COLONEL LANE
TACTICS, CARNIE,
MY BOY!

THOSE LOUSY RATS --
GETTING A DAY AHEAD
OF ME! THEY'LL CLEAN
THE TOWN! WE WON'T
MAKE A NICKEL THERE
TOMORROW!

The CAPPY
KANE LOT...

IT'S TOUGH, CAPPY --
BUT I GOT AN IDEA
HOW TO CLEAN
UP ON THEM!

LEMMIE
TAKE
MOOSE
AND--
PSSS-
BZZZ-
ZZZ-
BZZZ!

DUKE, YOU'RE
A GENIUS!
TAKE MOOSE
AND ANY HELP
YOU NEED AND
GO TO IT!

A Little
Later...

STEP IN CLOSER, FOLKS!
SEE A GREAT, FREE
EXHIBITION!

WATCH HIM, FOLKS! WATCH
SAMSON SMITH -- THE
STRONGEST MAN ON
EARTH ---

1,000
lbs.

STRONGEST
MAN
IN THE
WORLD
SAMSON
SMITH

MIDG

10

1,000
lbs

BALONEY!

BALO ---
HUH?...
WHAT WAS
THAT
CRACK?

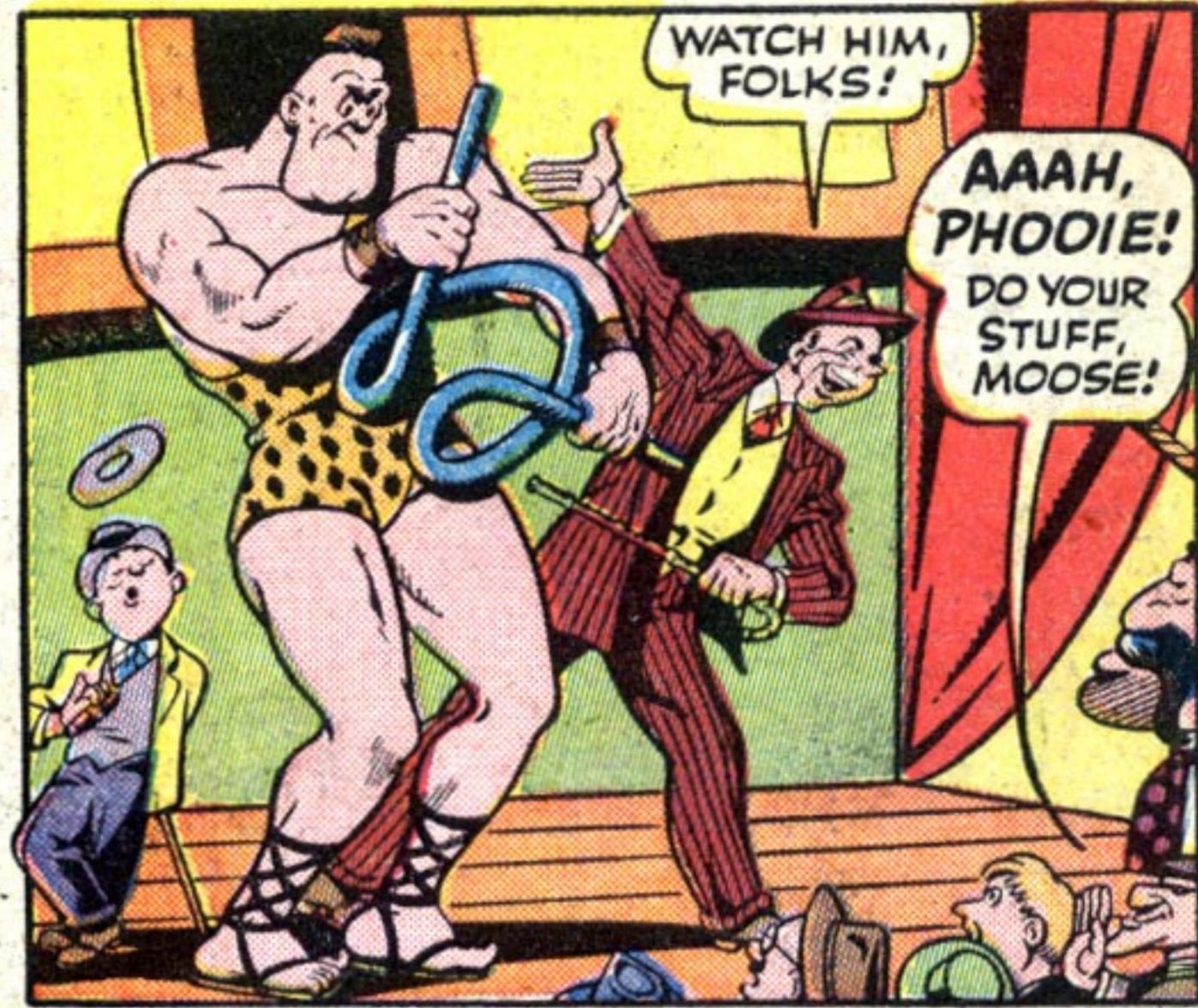
I SAID BALONEY!
THAT APE COULDN'T
LIFT THE MORTGAGE
ON A BEETLE'S
BUNGALOW!

MY PAL MOOSE,
HERE, COULD
TIE THAT
PANTY-
WAIST
INTO
KNOTS!

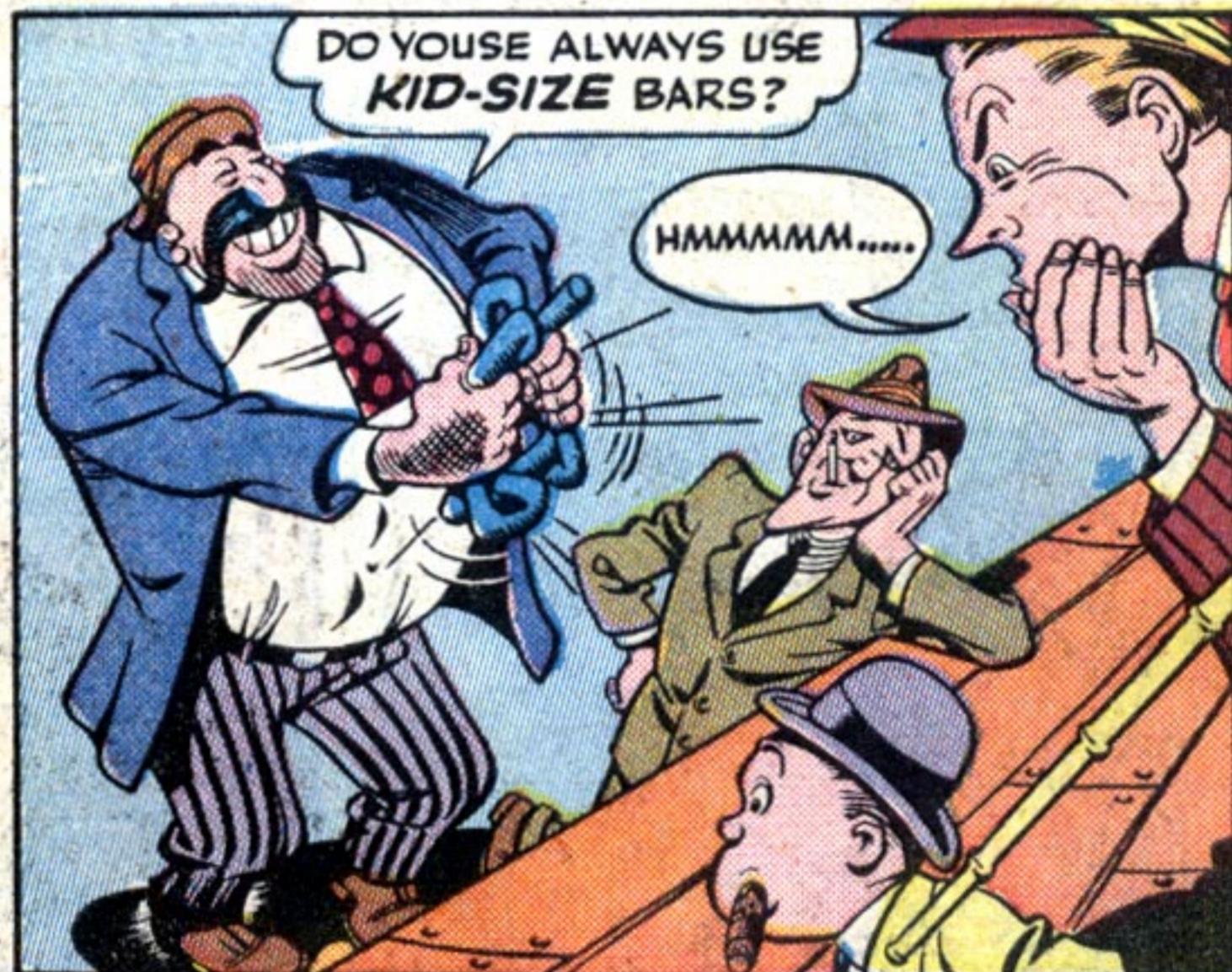
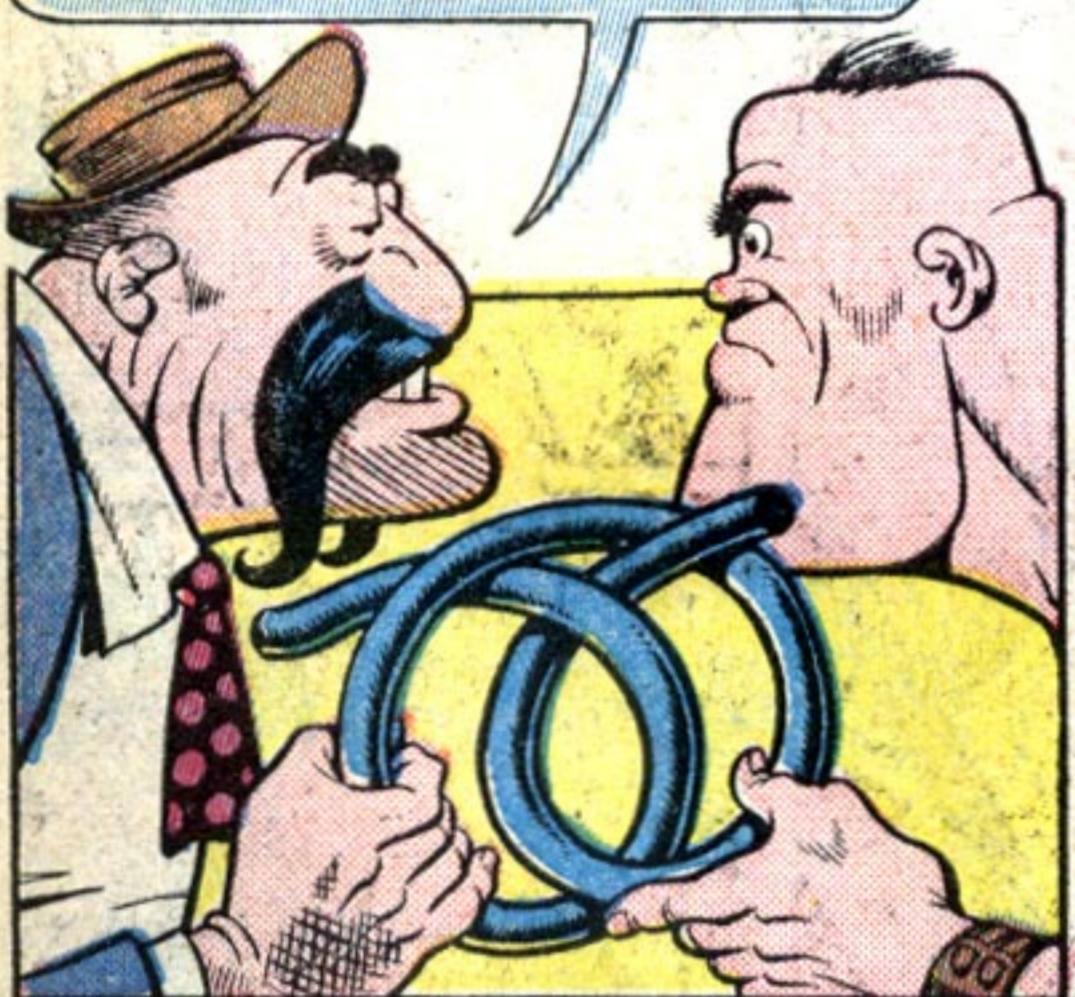
LEMME AT THAT JERK,
CARNIE! DIDJA HEAR
WHAT HE CALLED ME?

EASY,
SAMSON!

FORGET HIM, SAMSON! KIN I PLAY WITH THAT SLOB'S NECK, AFTERWARDS?
WE'VE GOT A SHOW TO DO! HERE, PLAY WITH THIS!



LEMMEE SHOW YUH SOME
REAL STRENGK, LACY-PANTS!



I WANNA TALK TO YOU, MOUTHY!



AWRRRK! I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME!...

FRIENDS, YOU JUST SAW MIGHTY MOOSE, THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH, WHO WILL BE HERE TOMORROW WITH KANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS!

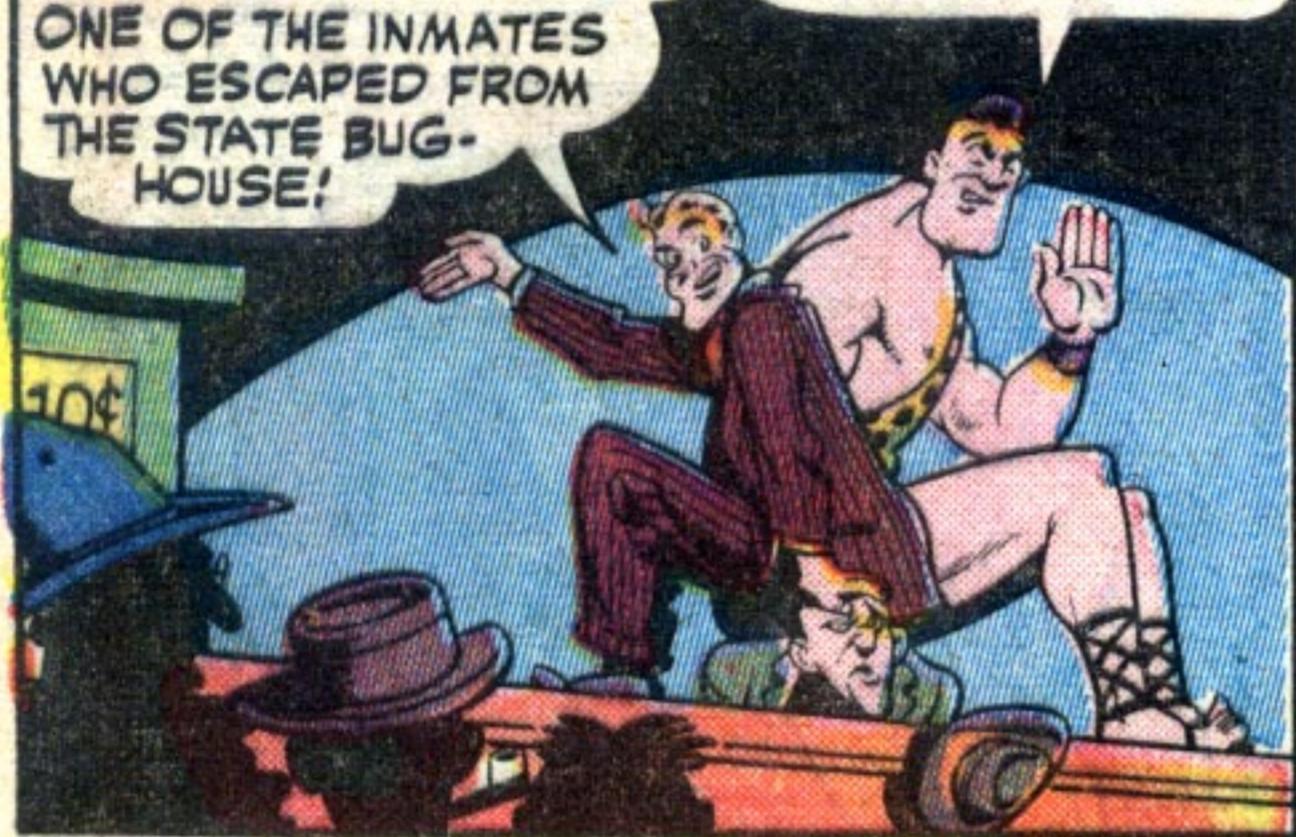
GET THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' OUT!!

MURDER HIM!



FOLKS, YOU JUST HEARD THE LAST WORDS OF ONE OF THE INMATES WHO ESCAPED FROM THE STATE BUG-HOUSE!

YEAA! BUT HE'S HARMLESS, FOLKS!



YEAA? I GOT A THOUSAND BUCKS WHICH SAYS MOOSE CAN LICK YOUR MAN IN A ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE WRESTLING MATCH!

YA HEAR THAT, CARNIE?



WHY DON'T YUH TAKE HIM ON, CARNIE? I CAN LICK THAT BIG STUMBLE-BUM WITH ONE HAND TIED!

WHY NOT, CARNIE? IF YOU DON'T, HE'LL MAKE OUR WHOLE SHOW LOOK PHONY TO THIS CROWD! WE CAN RAISE THE DOUGH!...



OKAY, SPORT... YOU BOUGHT YOURSELF A HEADACHE! BUT WE HOLD THE MATCH IN OUR TENT TONIGHT... AND INVITE THE PUBLIC!

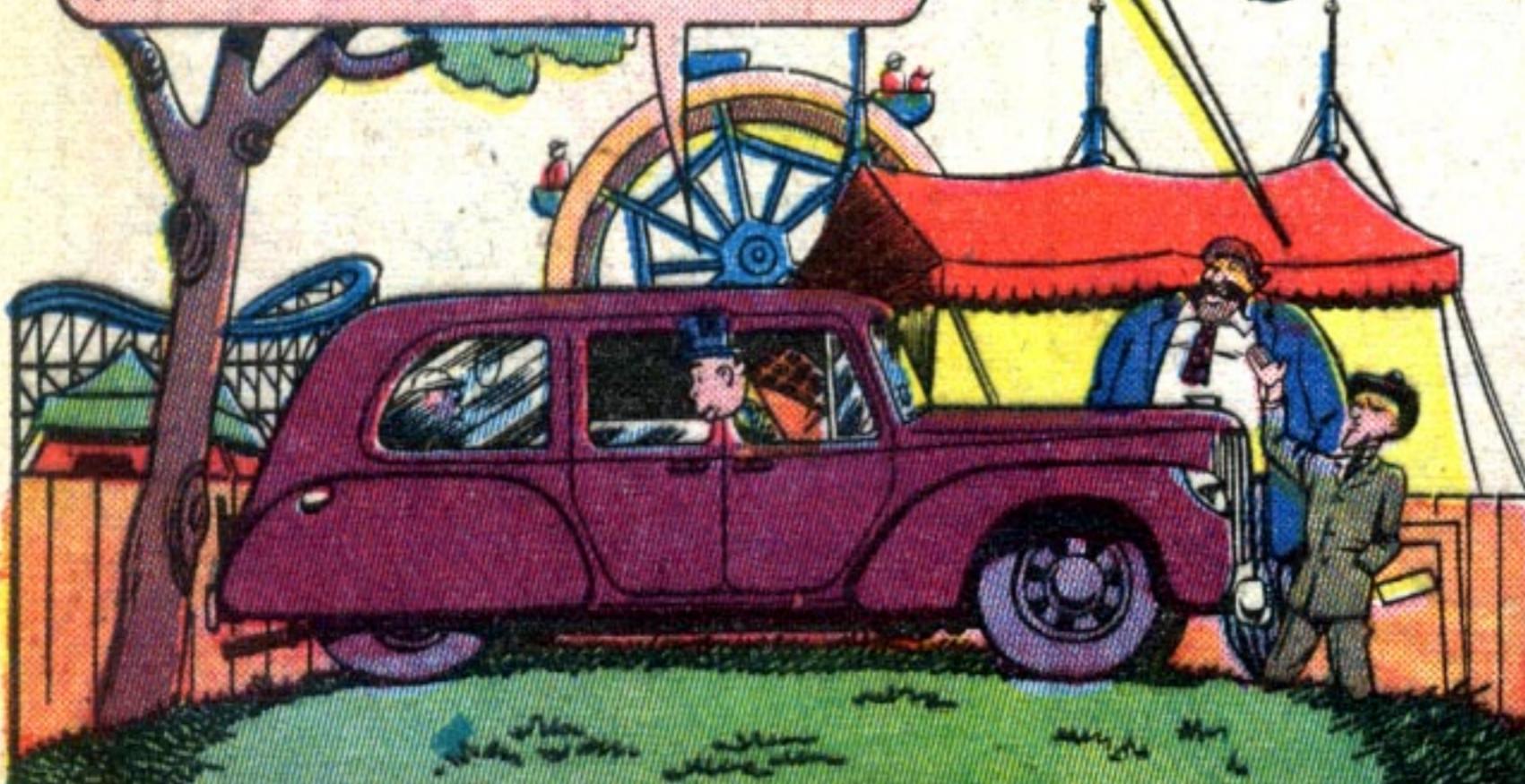
WHY NOT PUT OUT POSTERS ON IT, SUCKER? LET THE MOB SEE MOOSE TIE YOUR GERANIUM IN KNOTS!

THAT EGG IS ALTOGETHER TOO HAPPY! THERE'S A DIRTY PITCH TO THIS DEAL SOMEWHERE, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS!



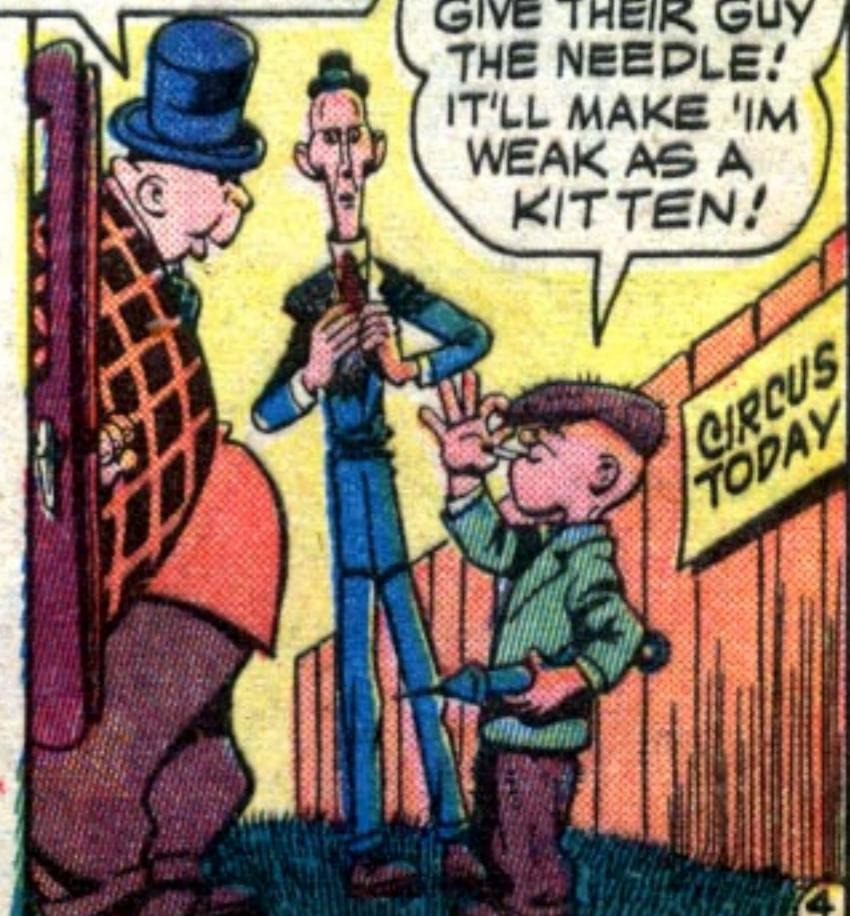
IT WORKED, CAPPY! ... HE FELL FOR IT, HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!

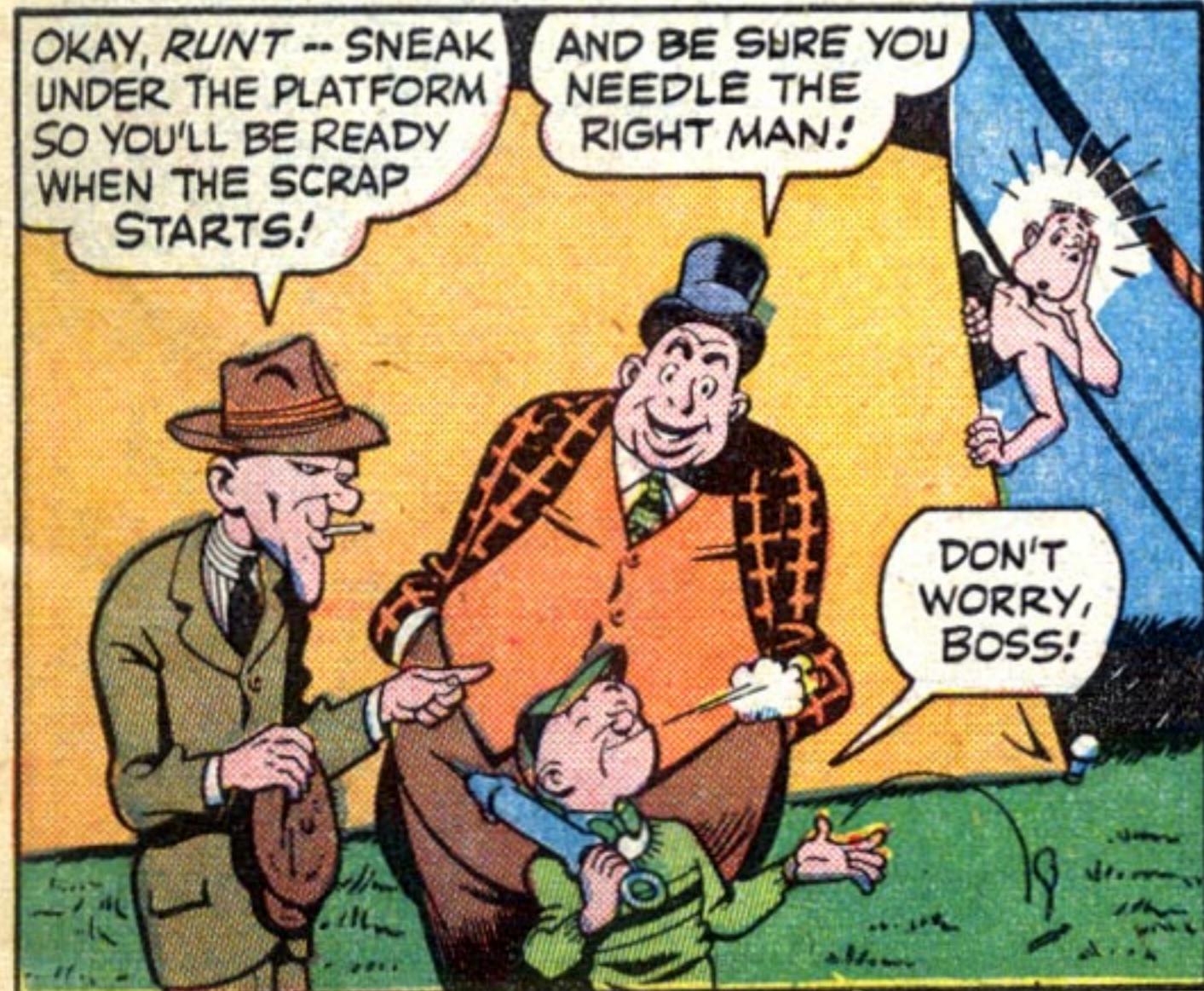
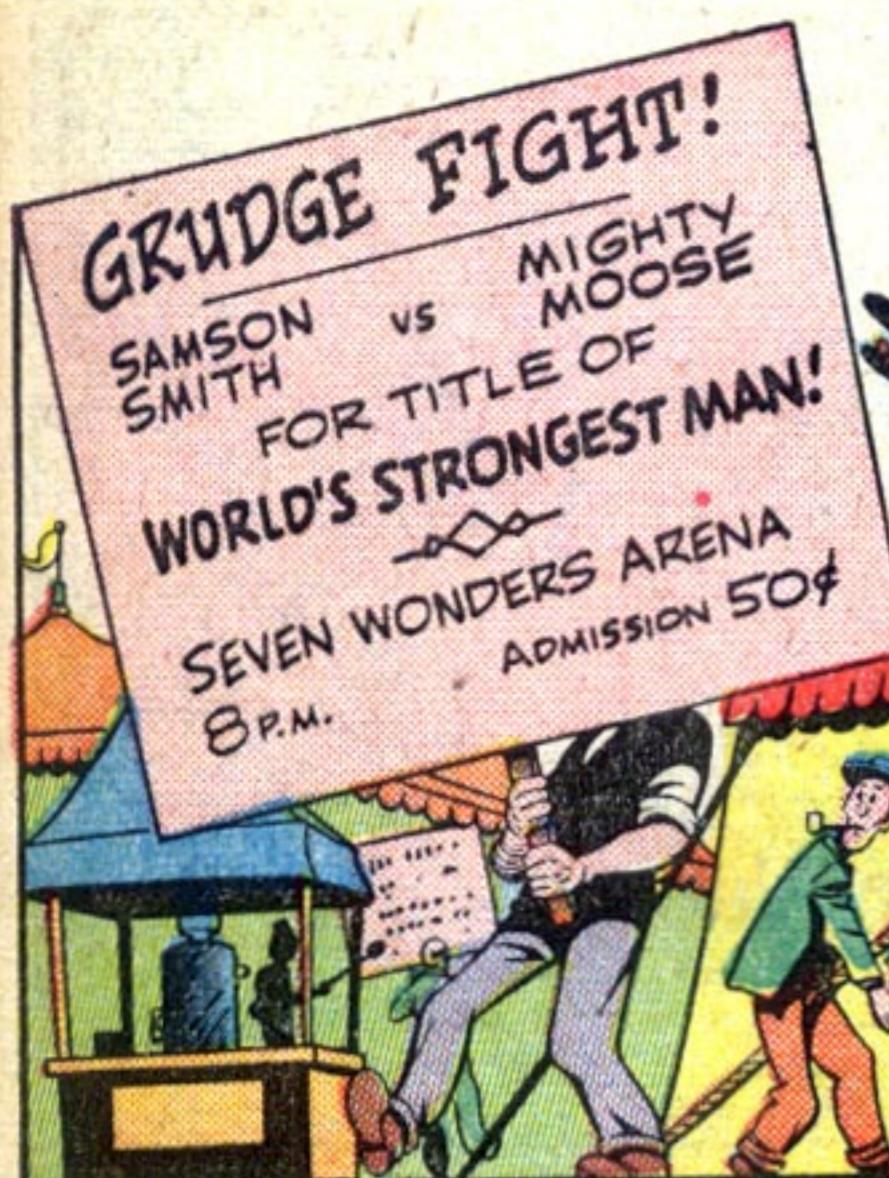
PERFECT! GET OUT, YOU EGGS, AND START DOING YOUR STUFF!



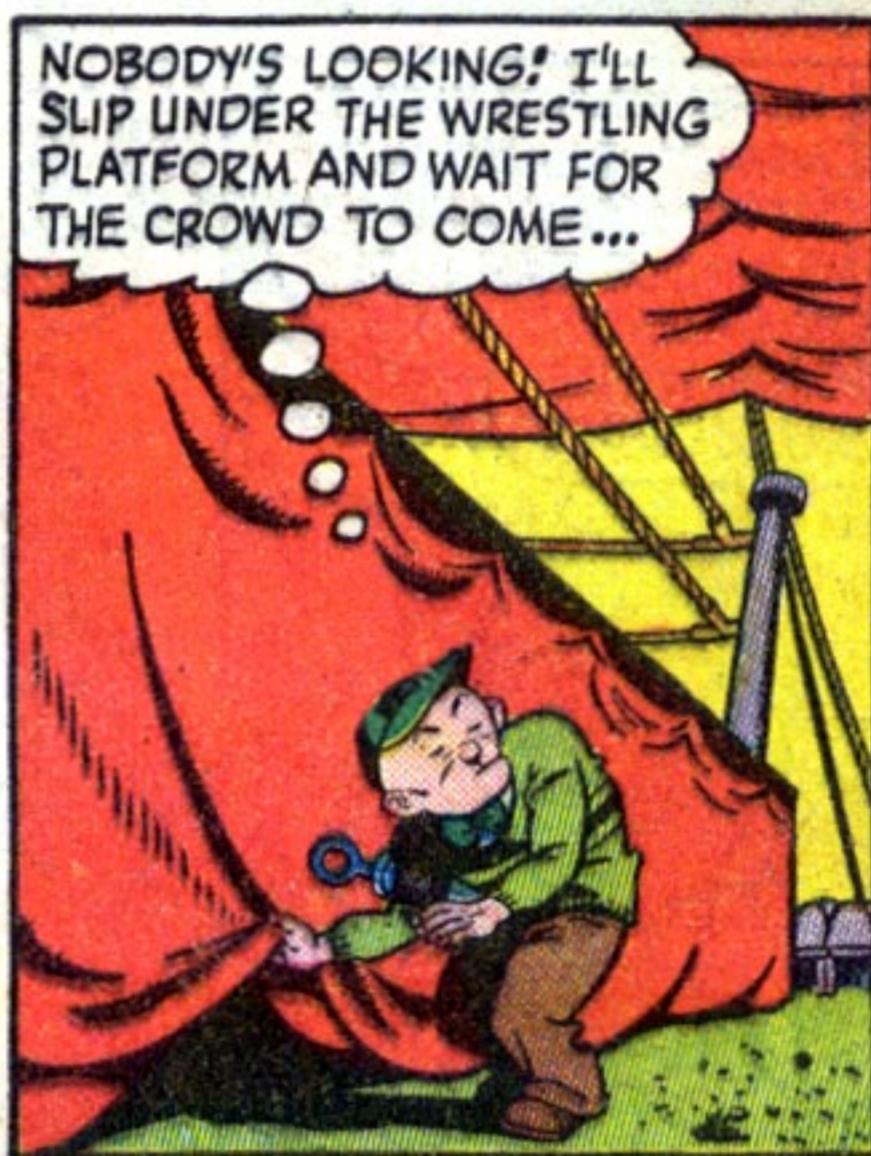
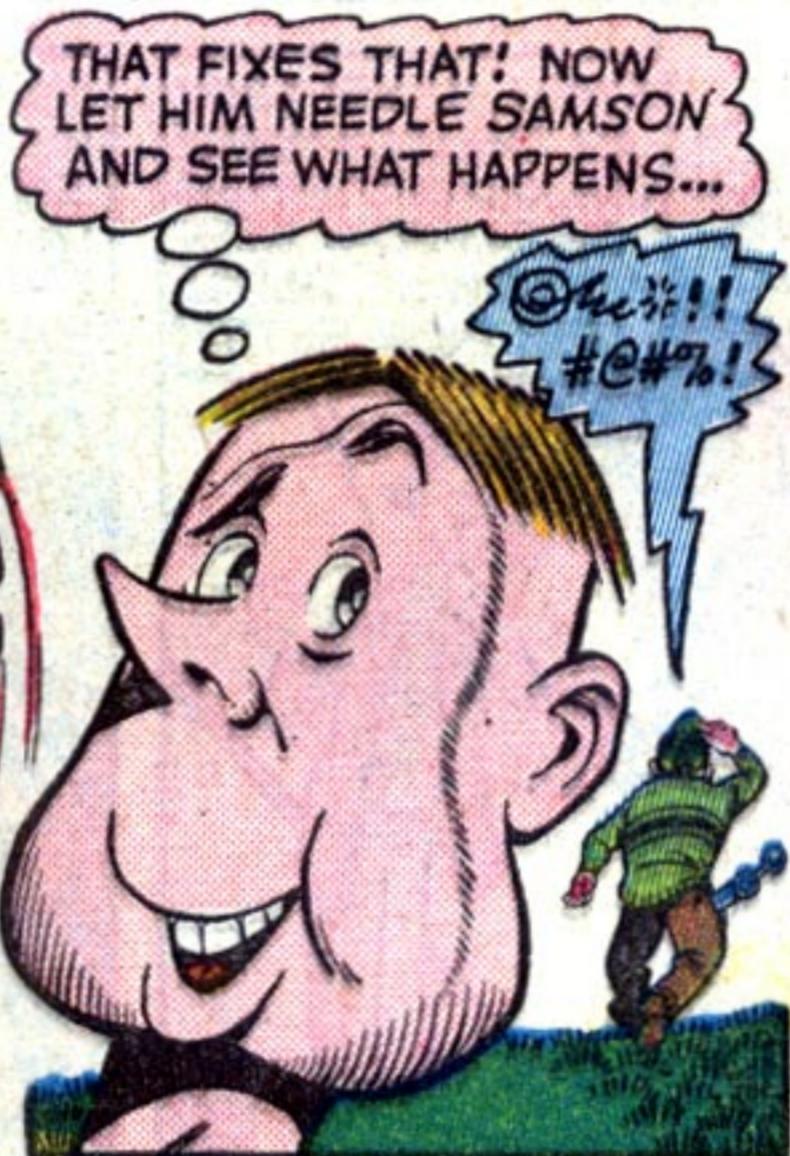
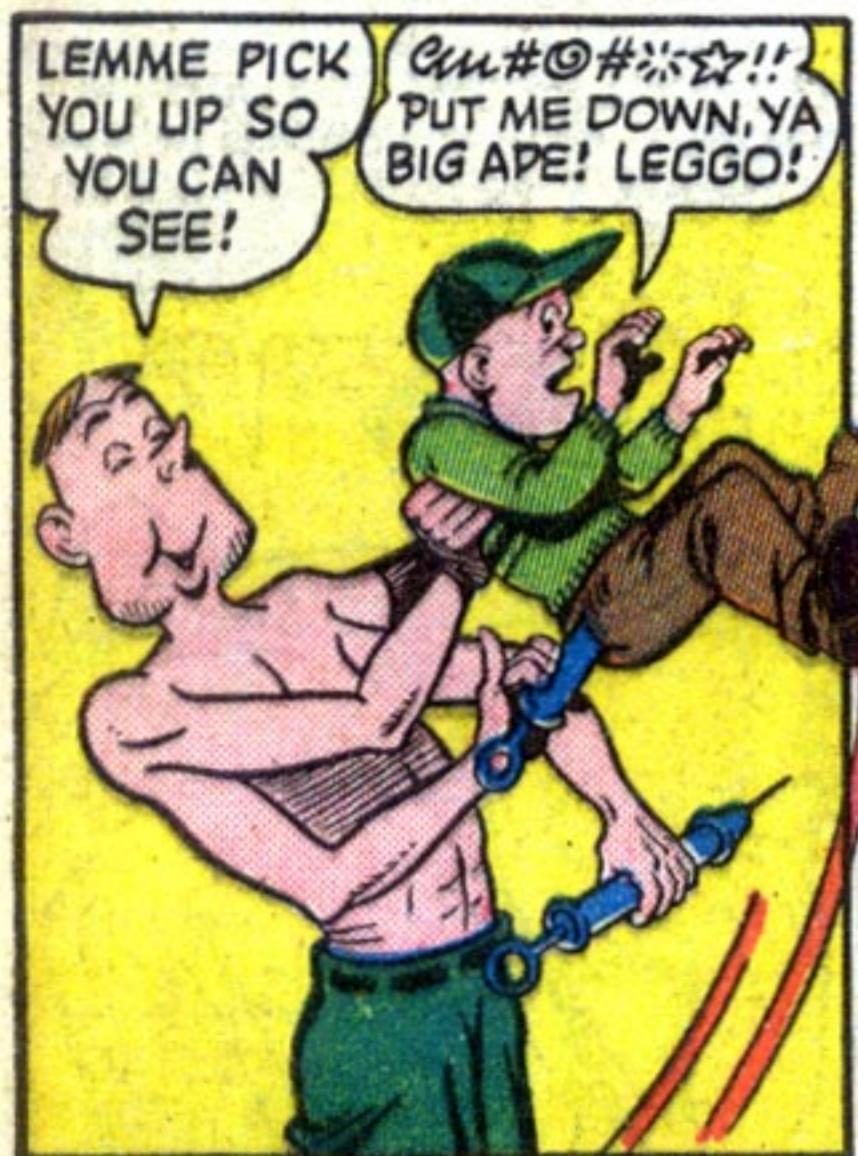
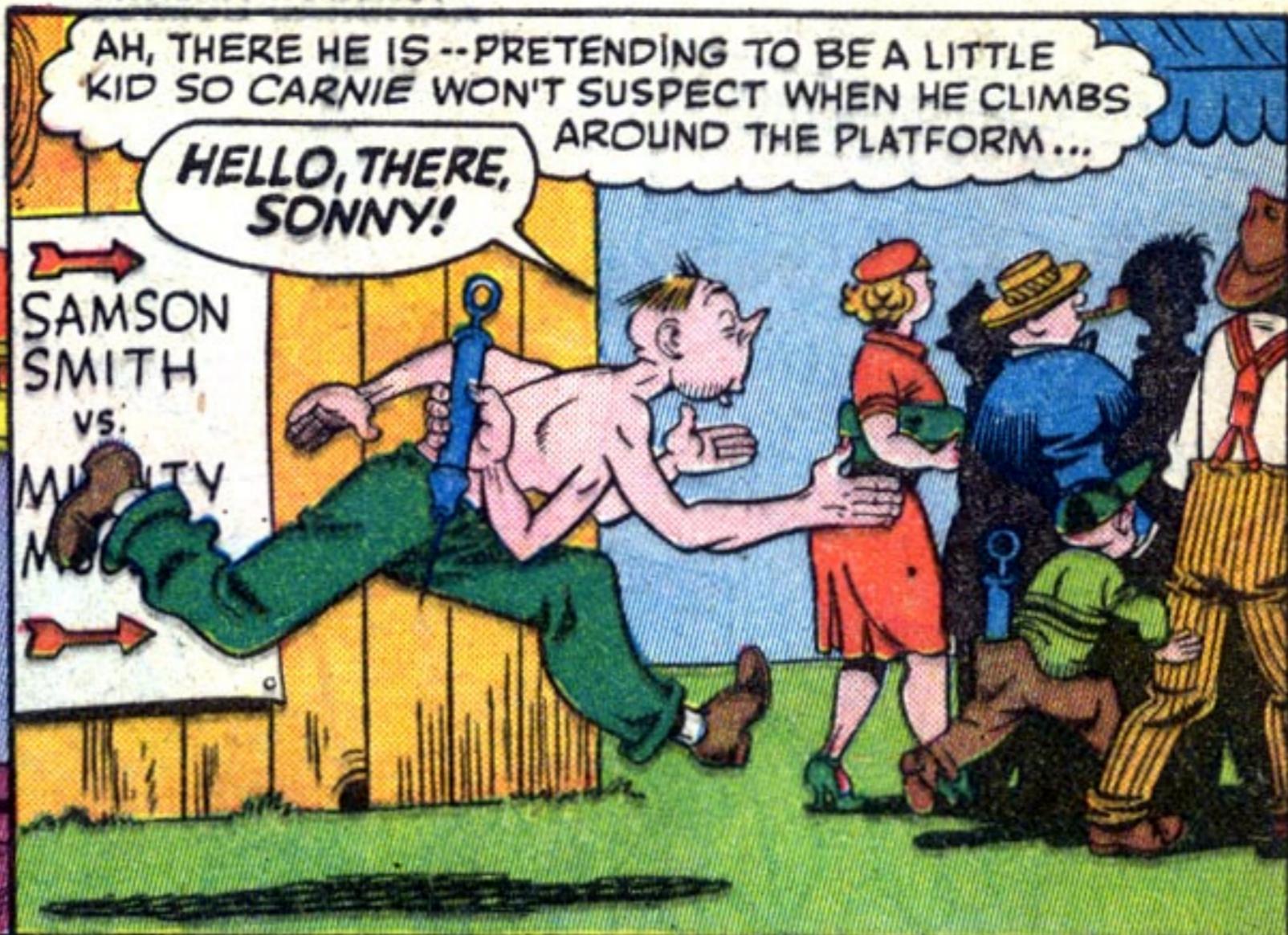
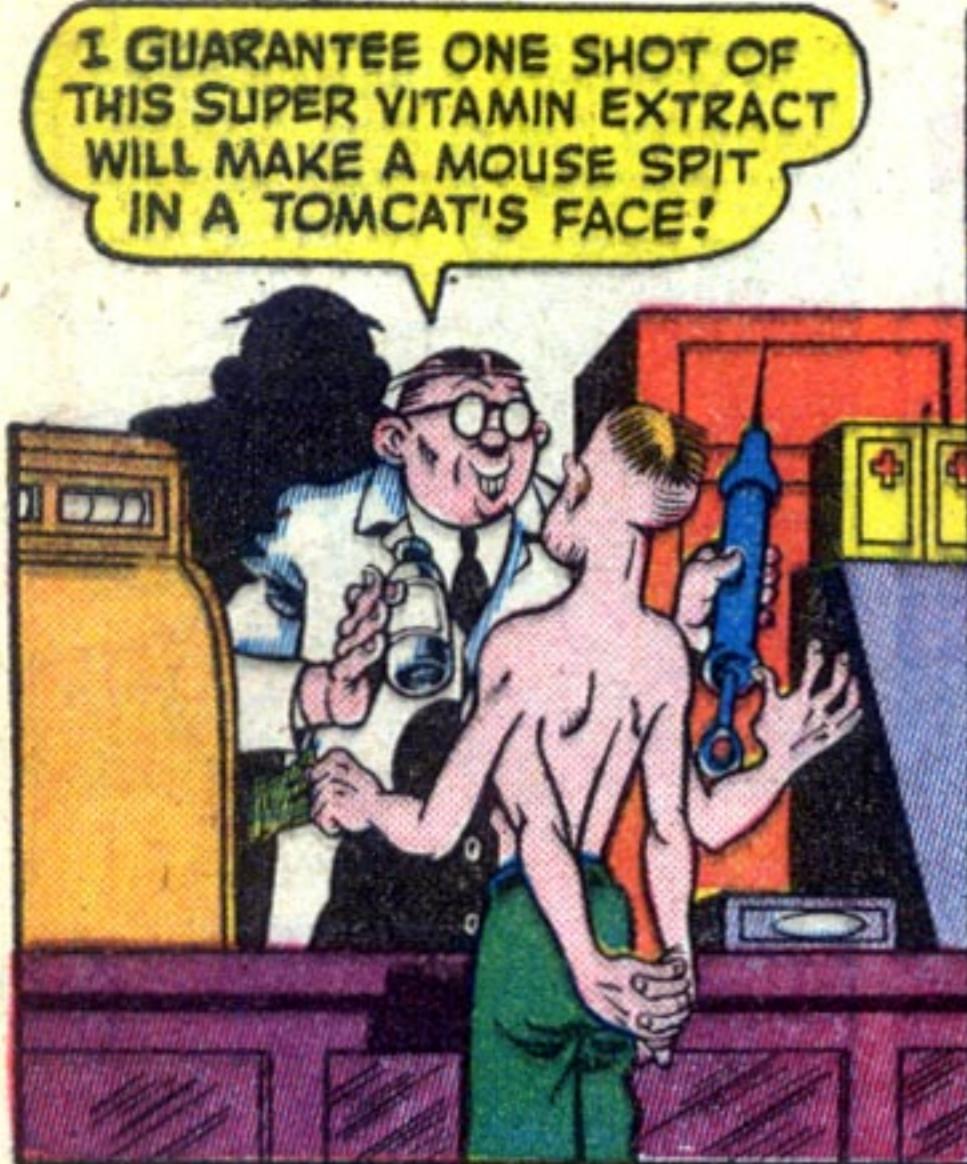
YOU KNOW YOUR PARTS, BOYS! GET ALL THE SUCKER MONEY YOU CAN! RUNT, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TO DO TONIGHT?

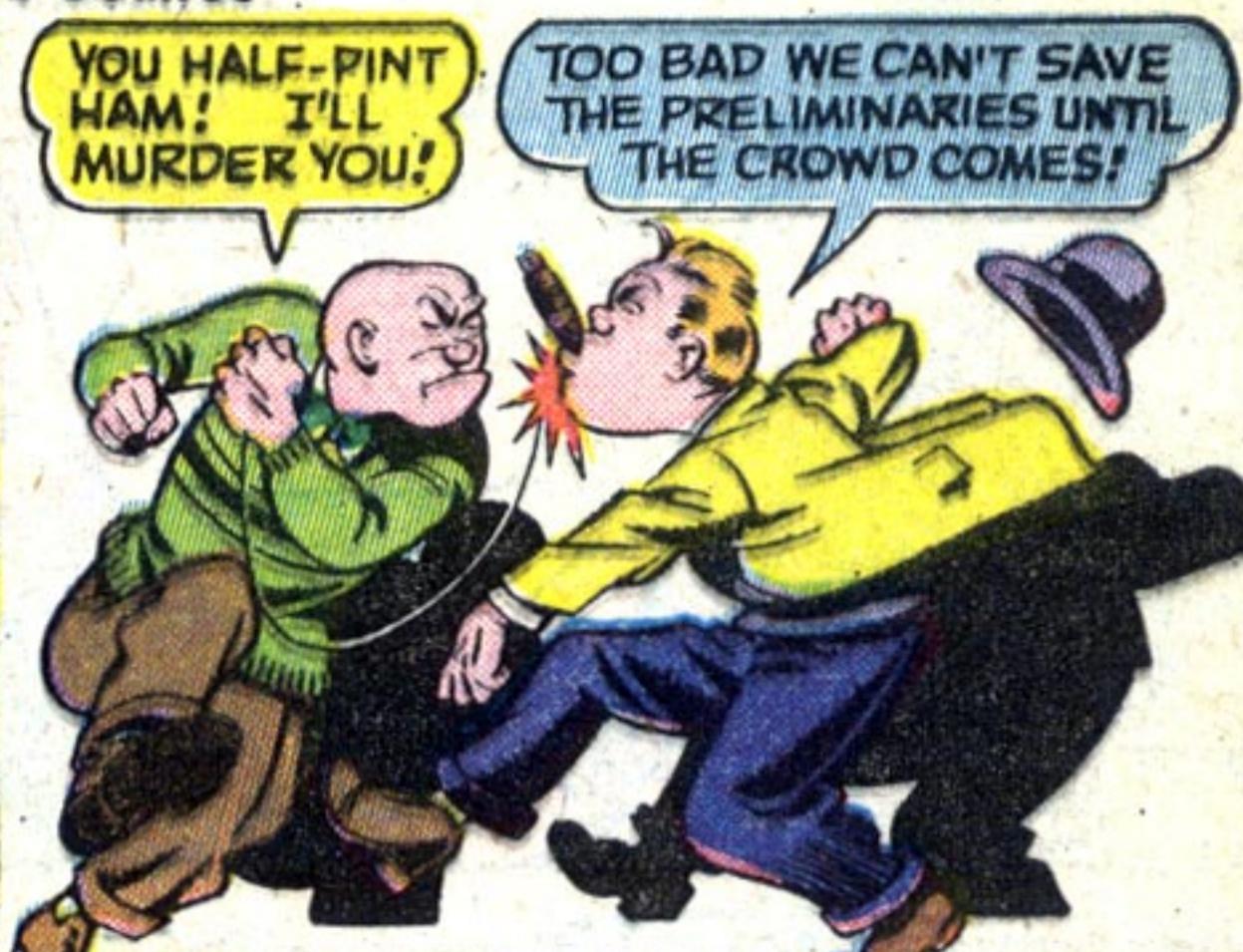
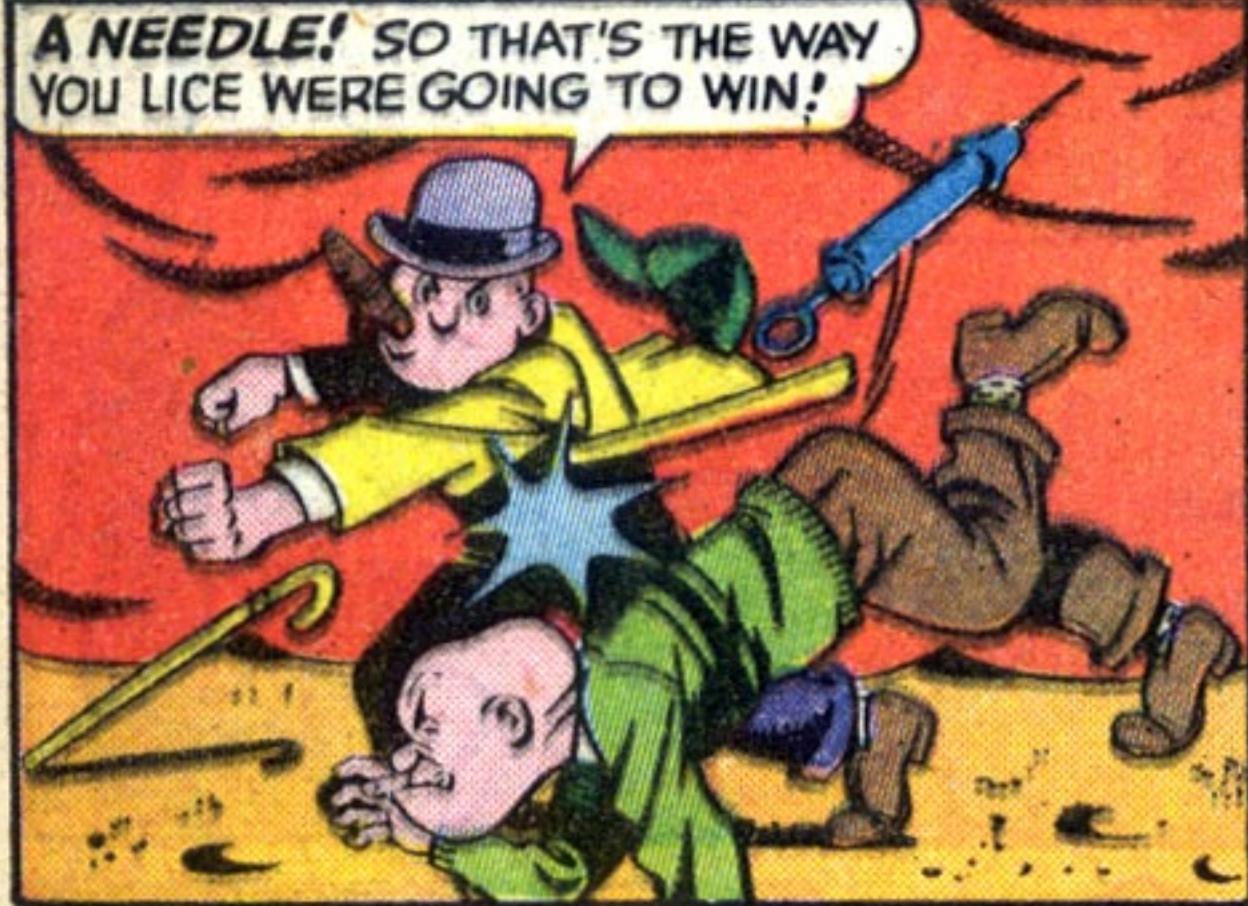
SURE, BOSS! .. I SNEAK UNDER THE PLATFORM AN' GIVE THEIR GUY THE NEEDLE! IT'LL MAKE 'IM WEAK AS A KITTEN!





NATIONAL COMICS





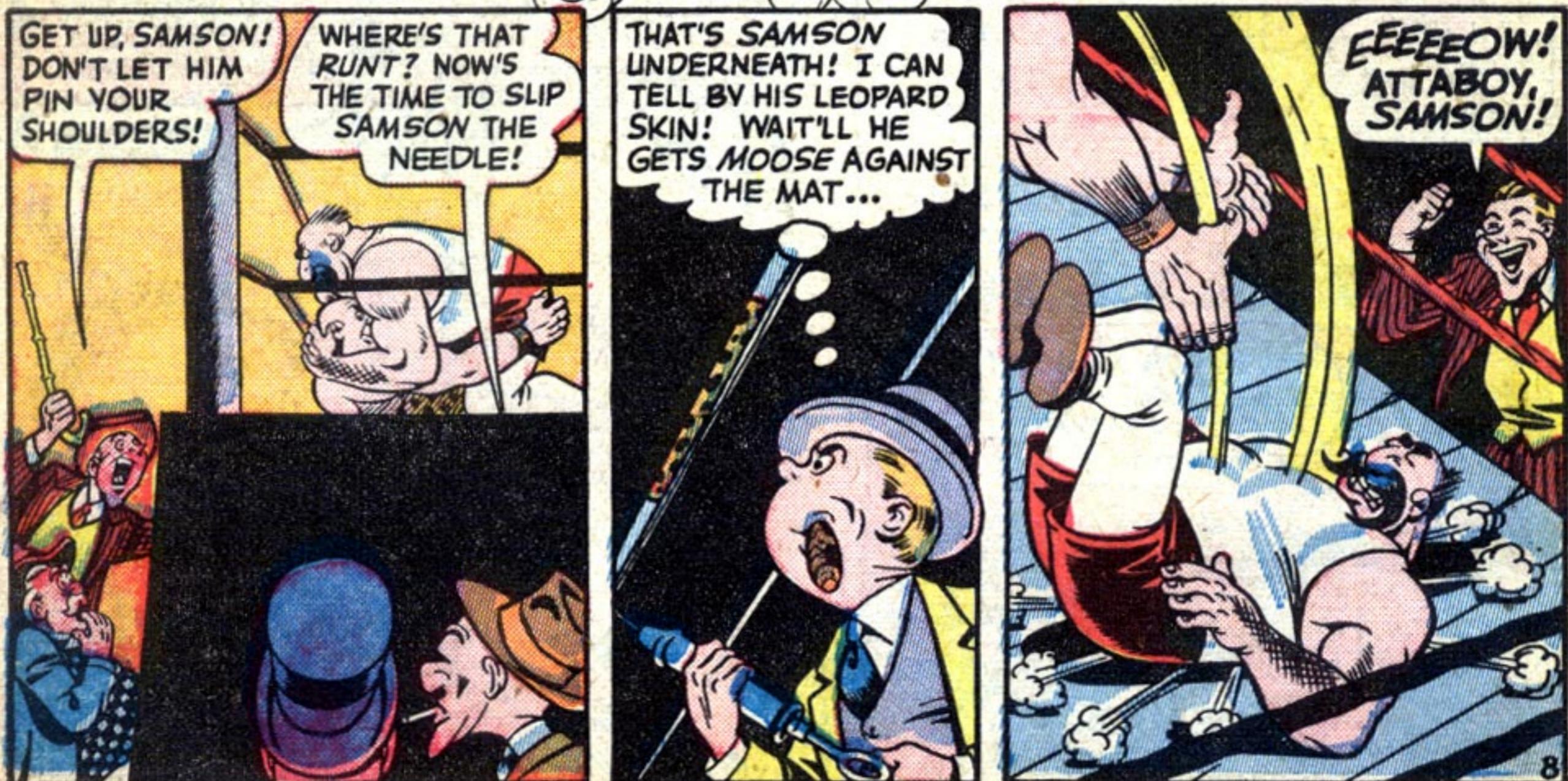
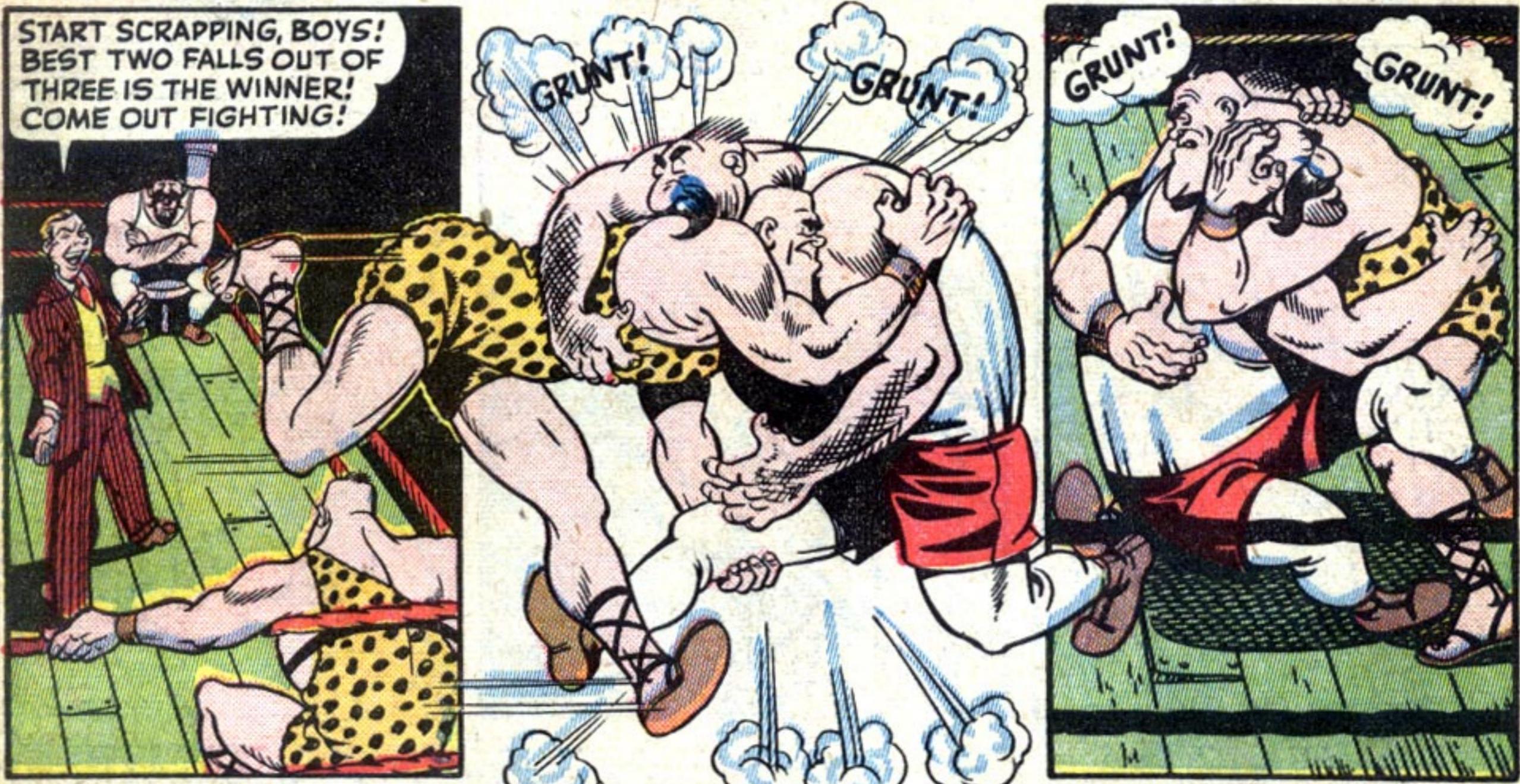
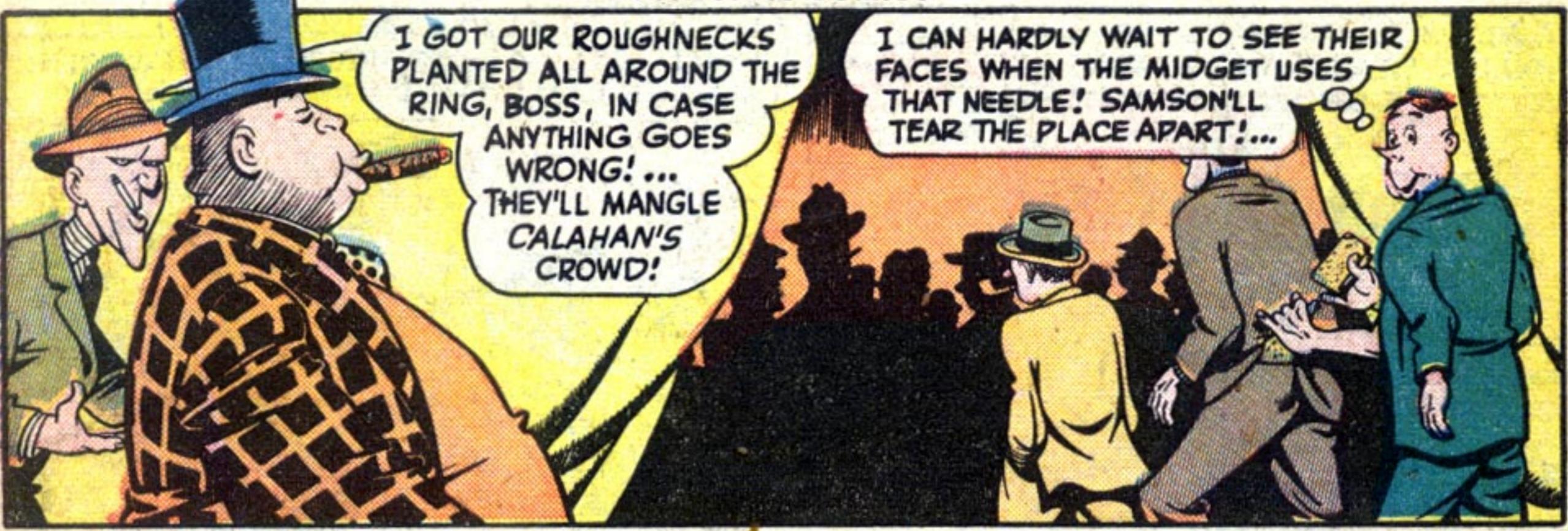
TONIGHT!

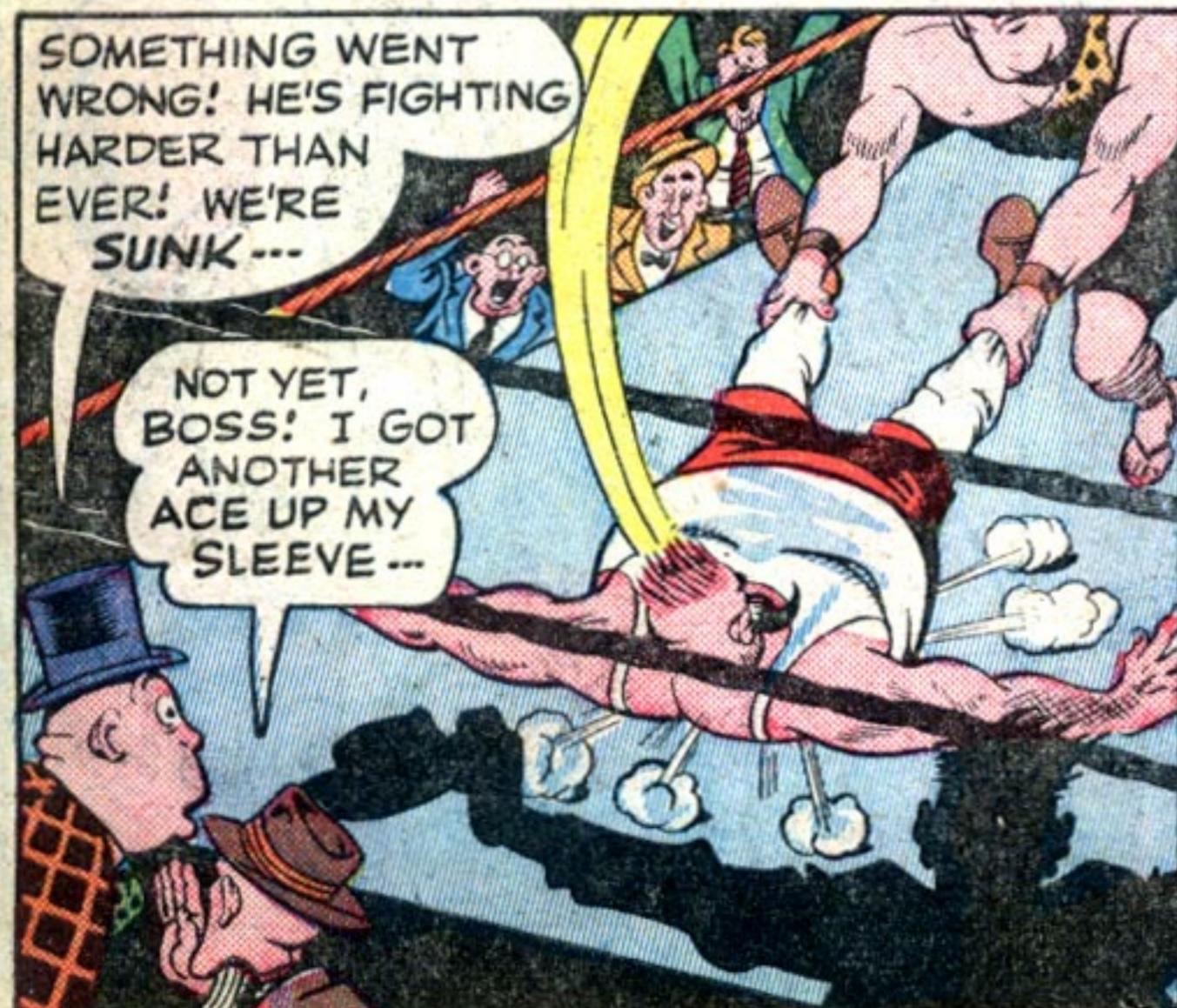
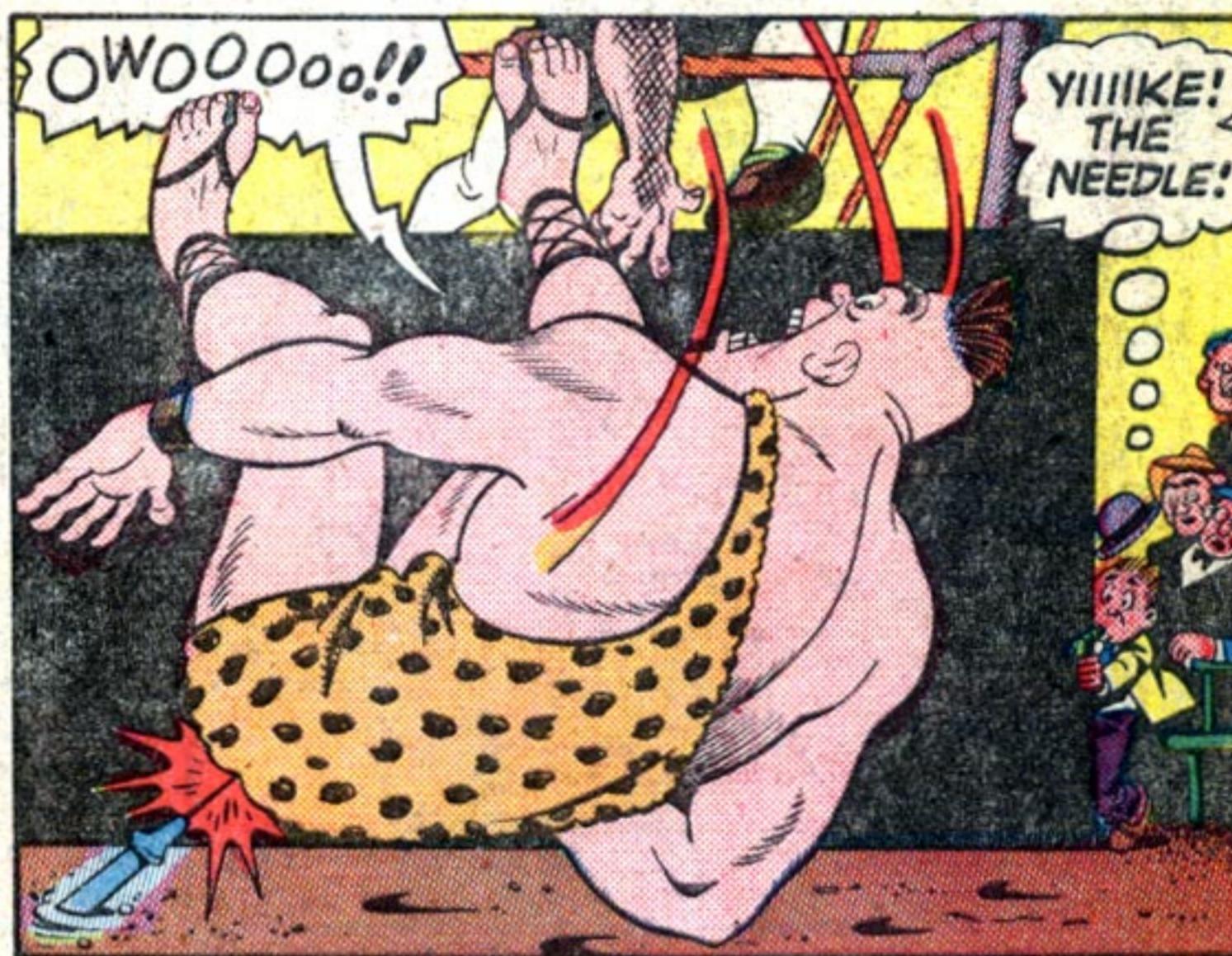
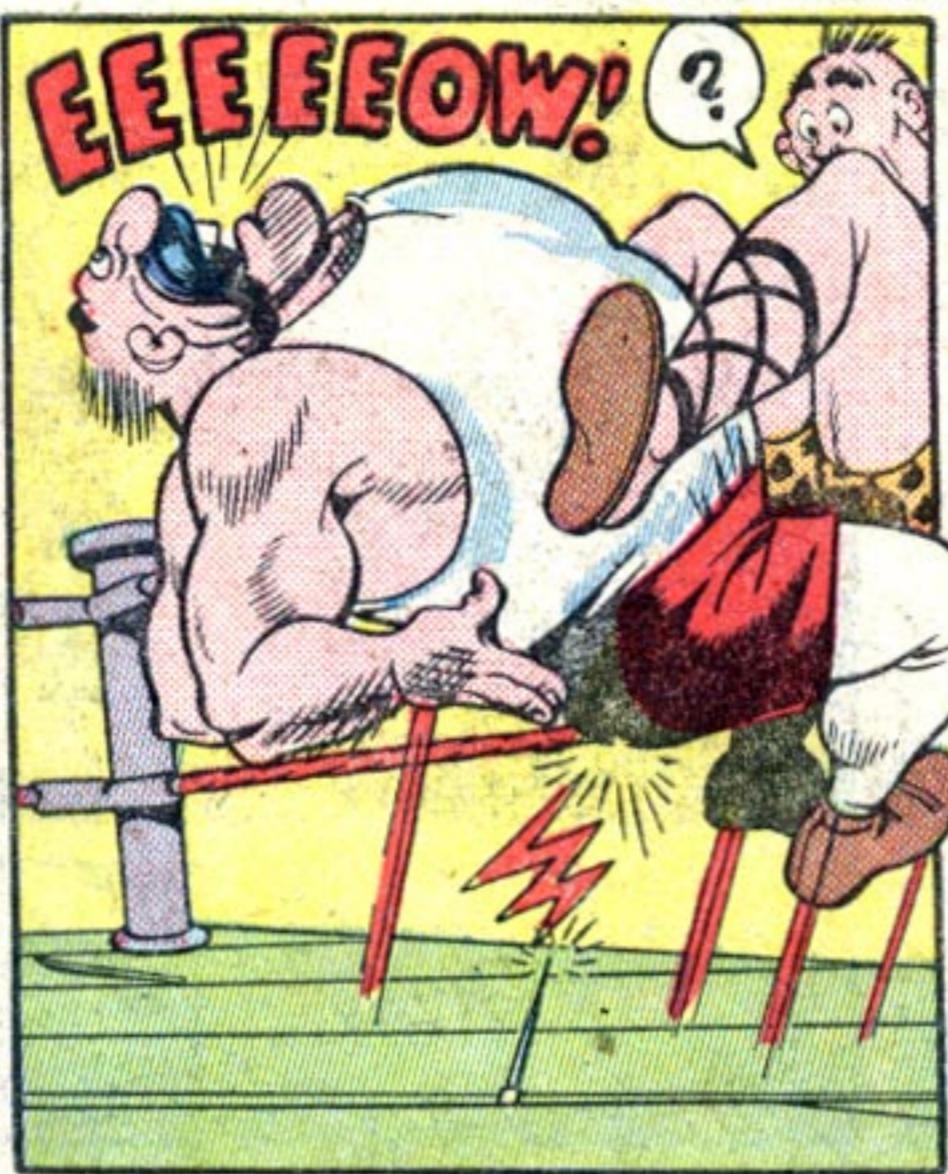
SAMSON SMITH VS MIGHTY MOOSE

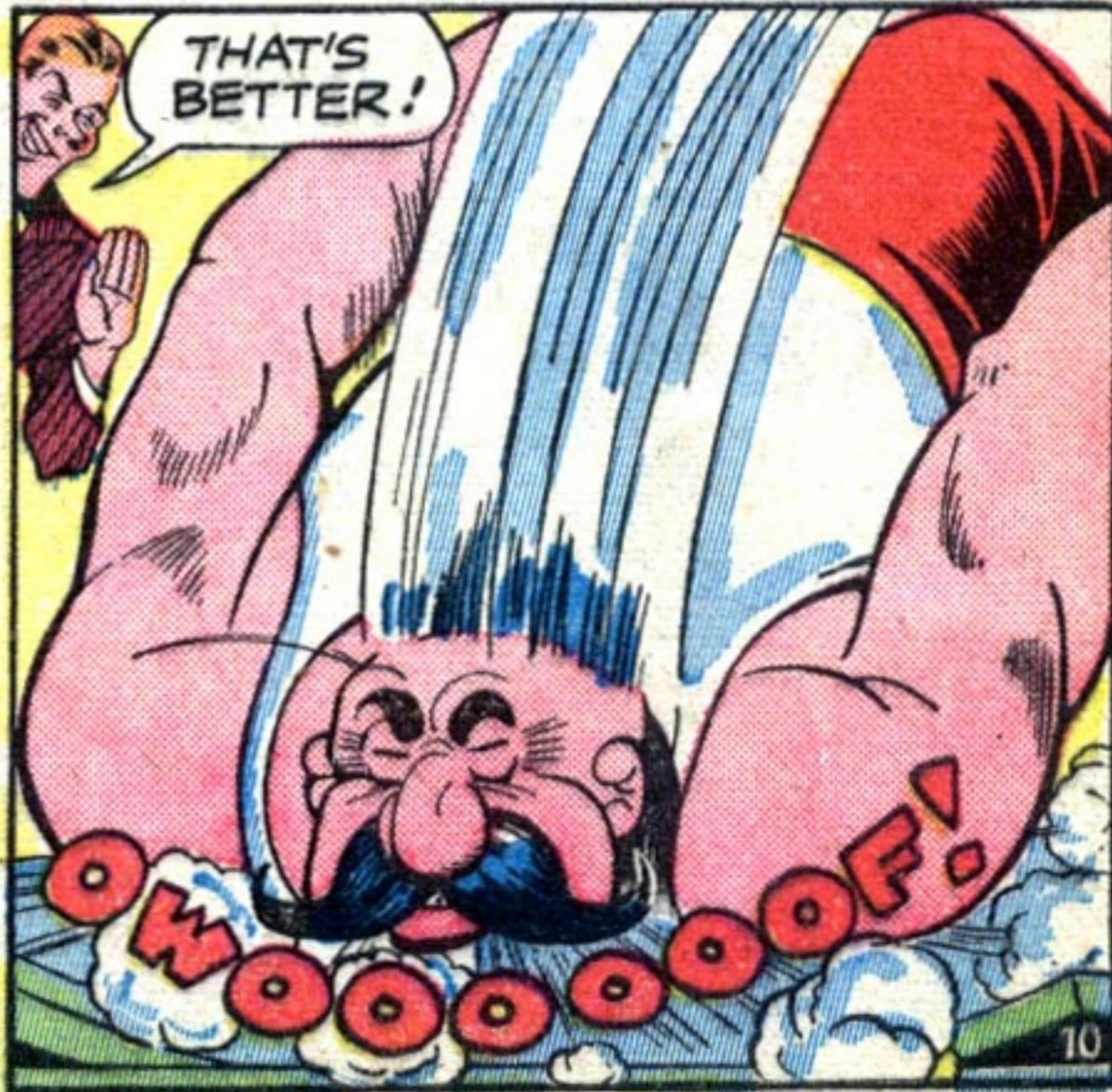
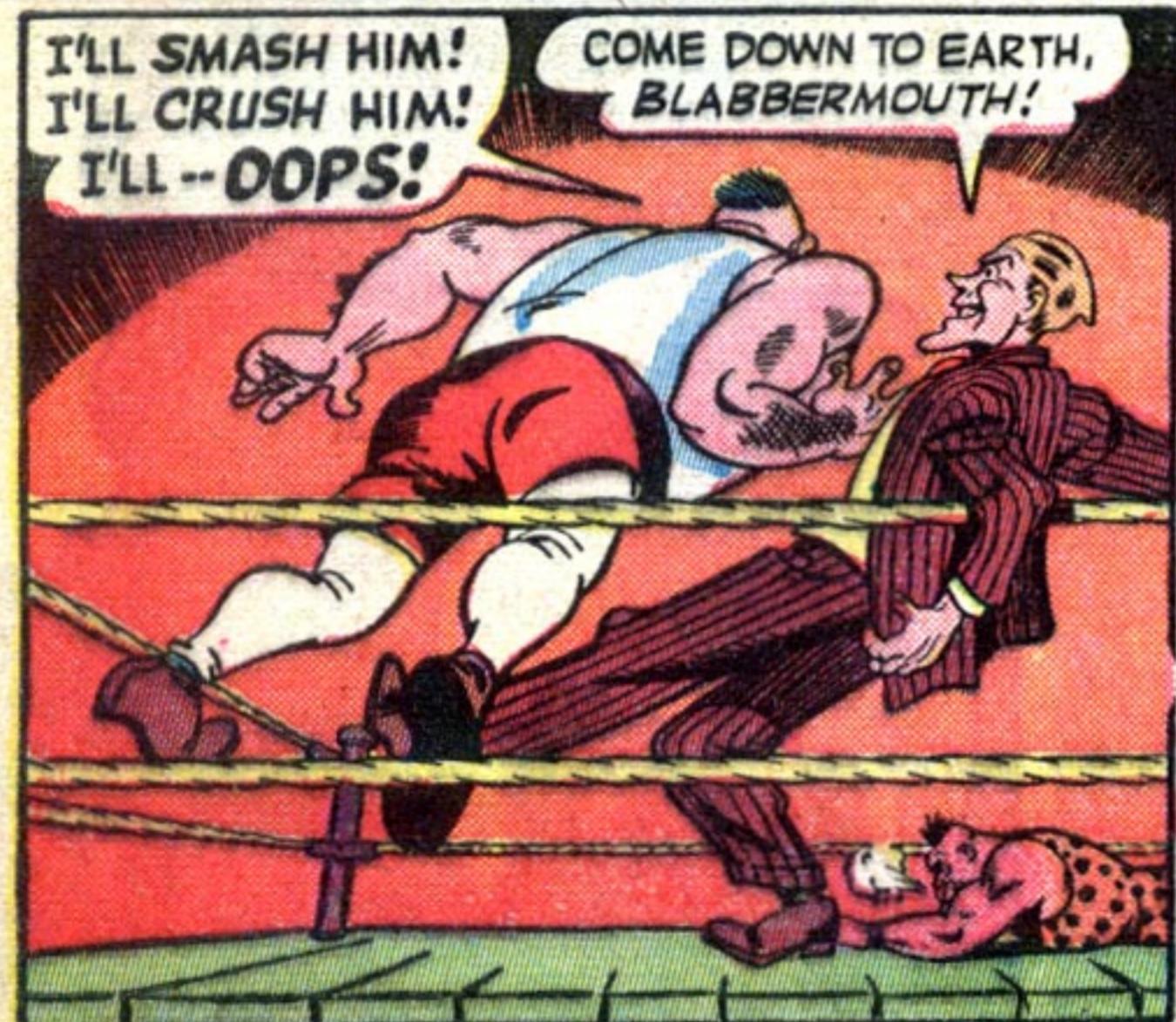
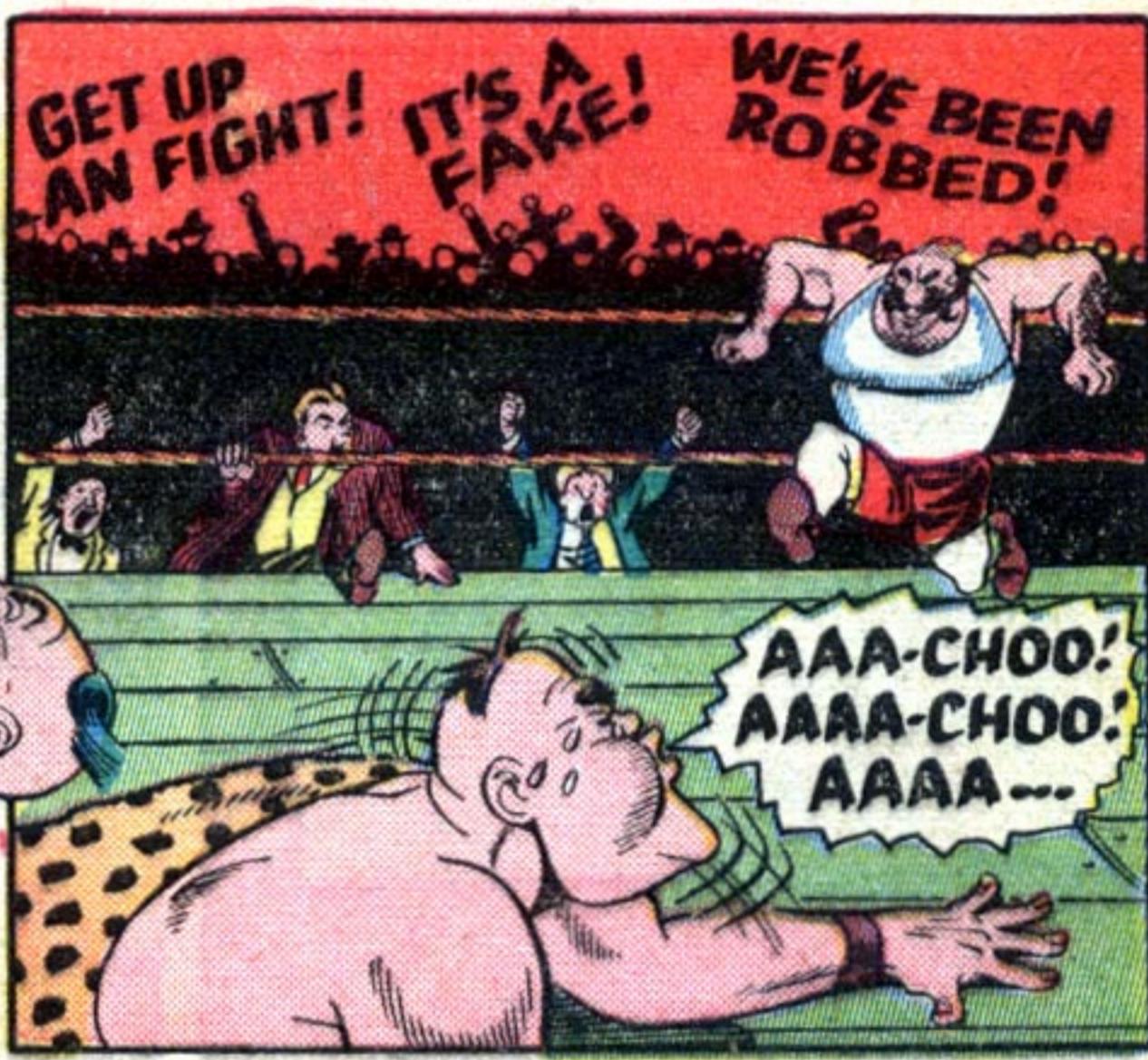
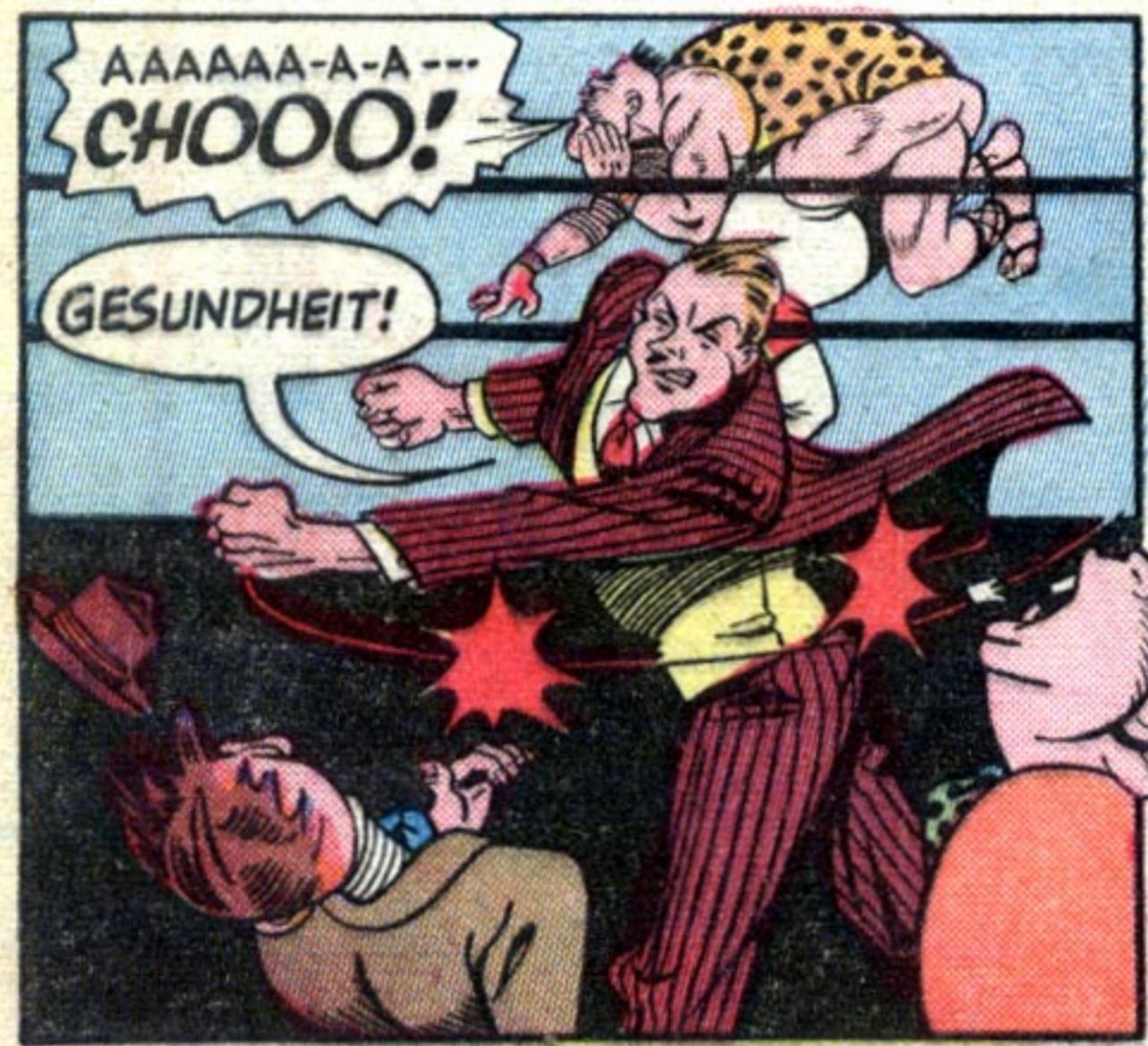
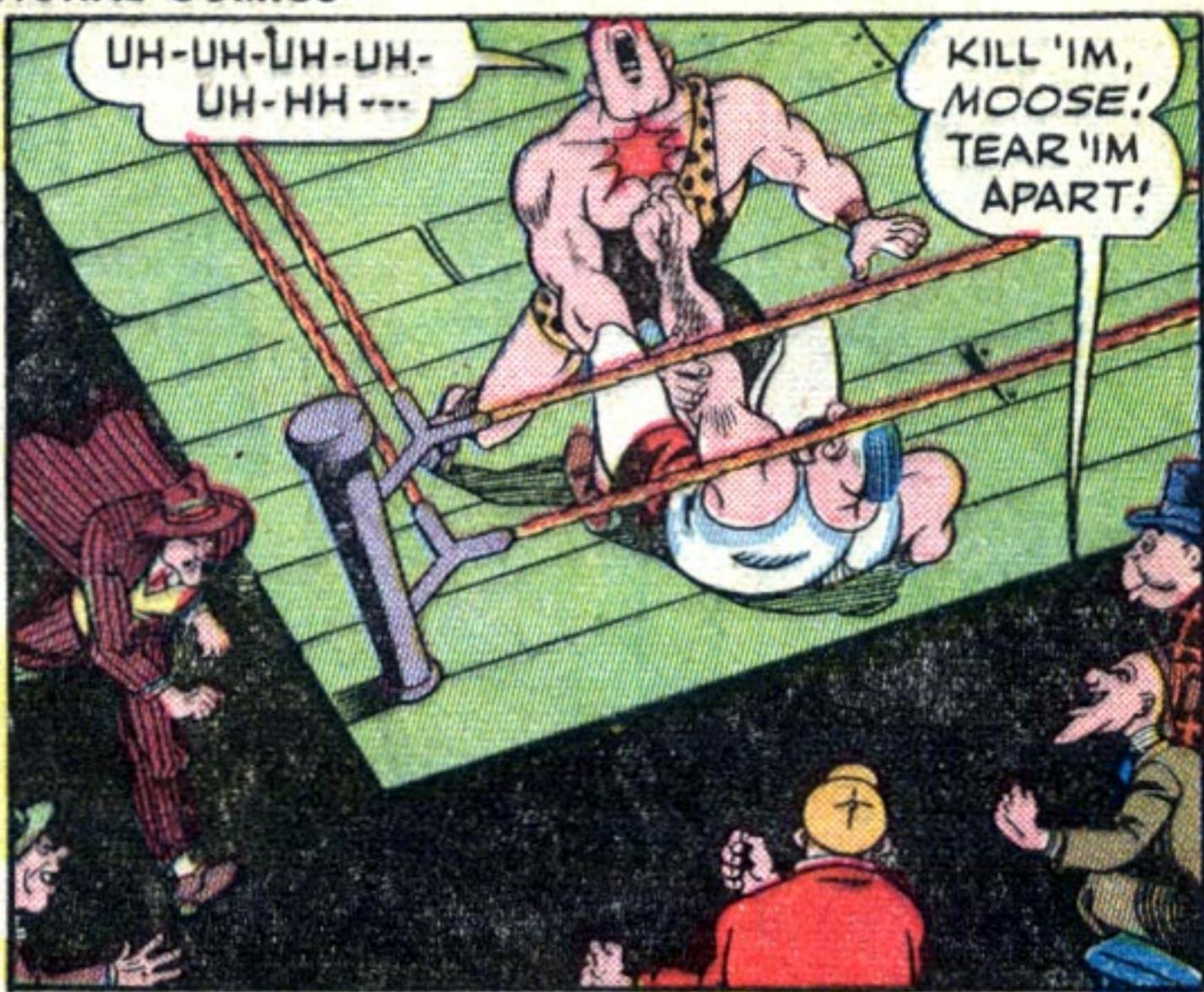
50¢ SEE THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD IN ACTION!

DON'T CROWD, FOLKS!
THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL!
KINDLY HAVE YOUR MONEY READY!





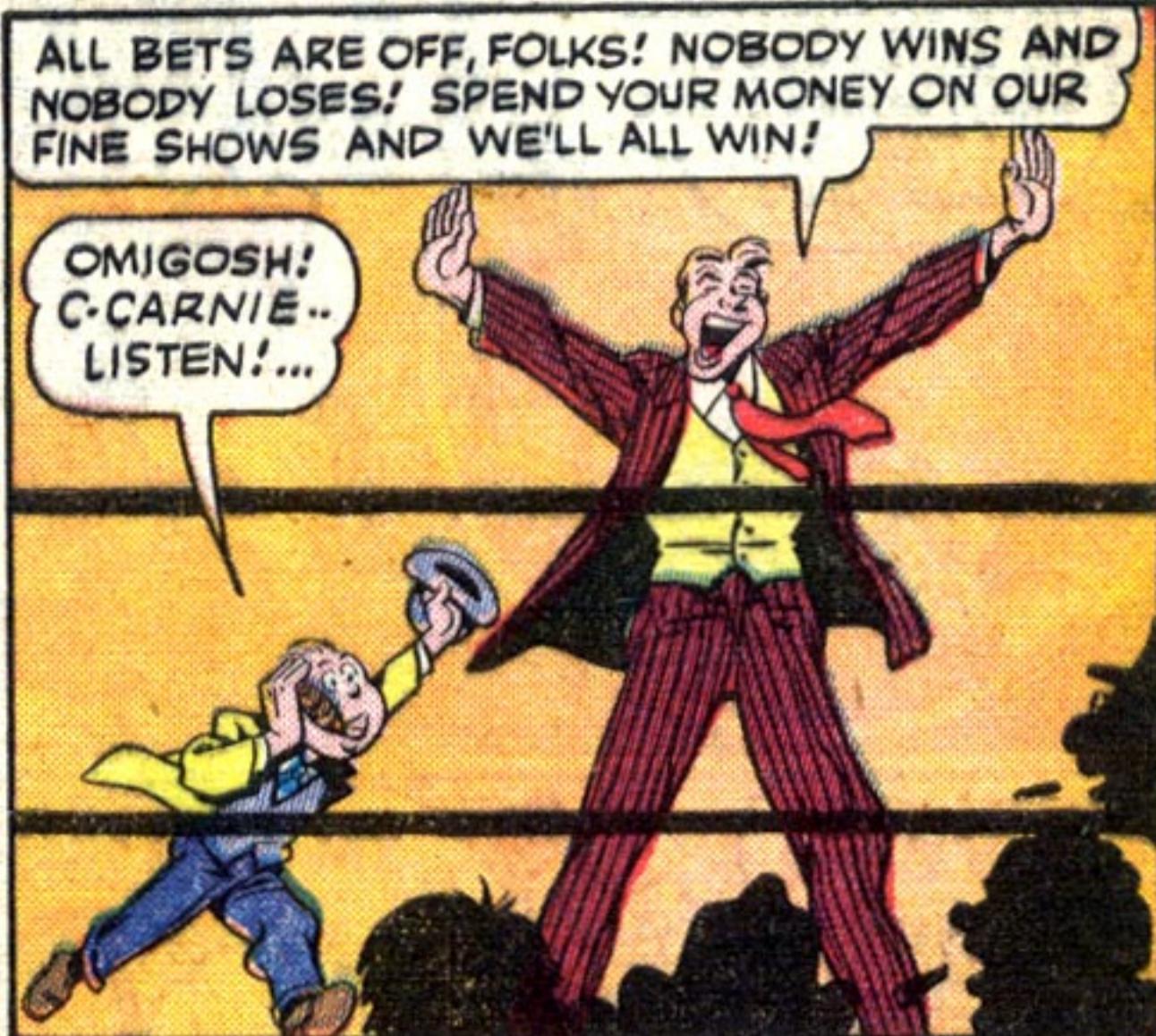




...AND IF I CATCH YOU RATS ON OUR LOT AGAIN, I'M LIABLE TO GET TOUGH!



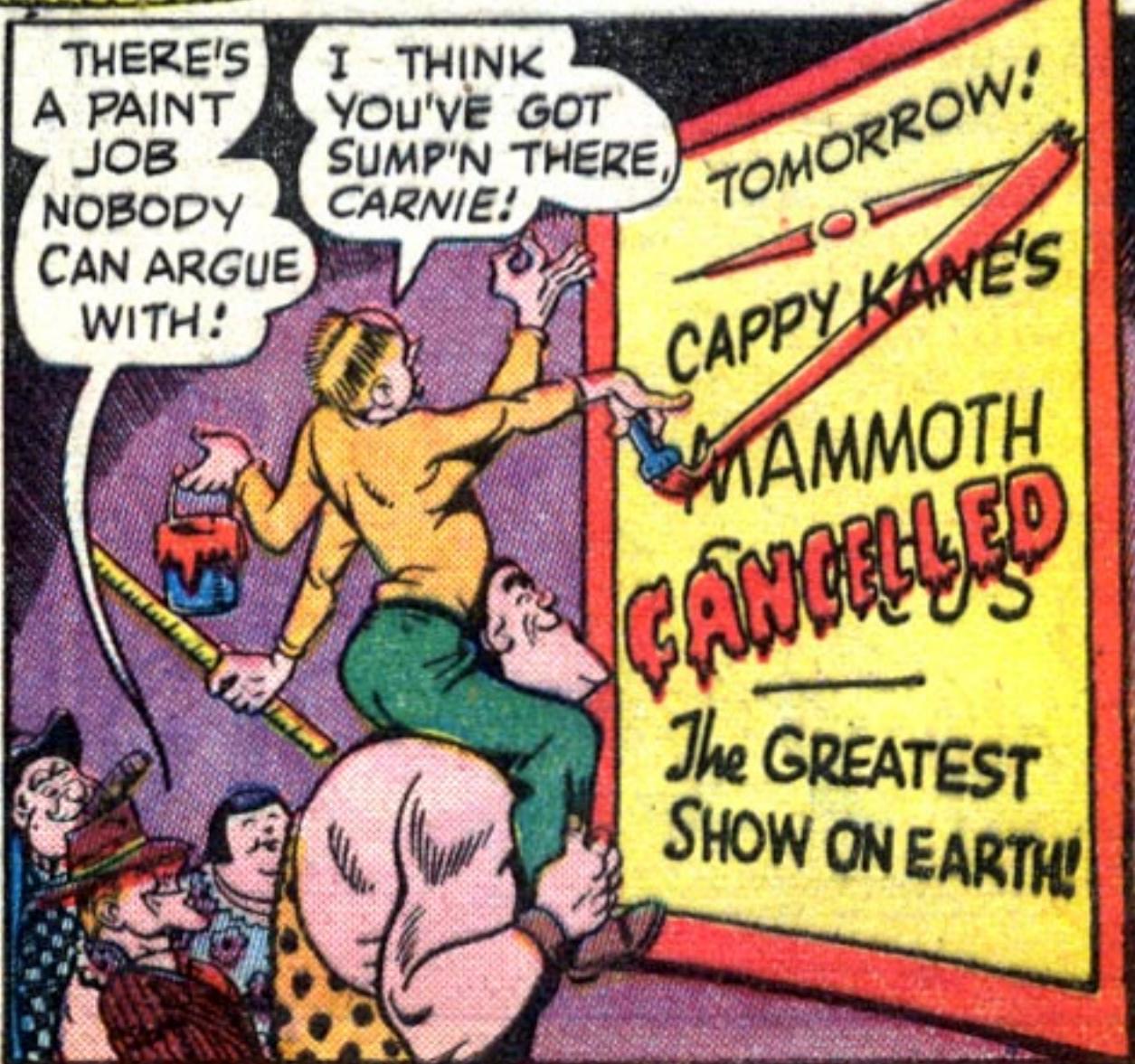
ALL BETS ARE OFF, FOLKS! NOBODY WINS AND NOBODY LOSES! SPEND YOUR MONEY ON OUR FINE SHOWS AND WE'LL ALL WIN!

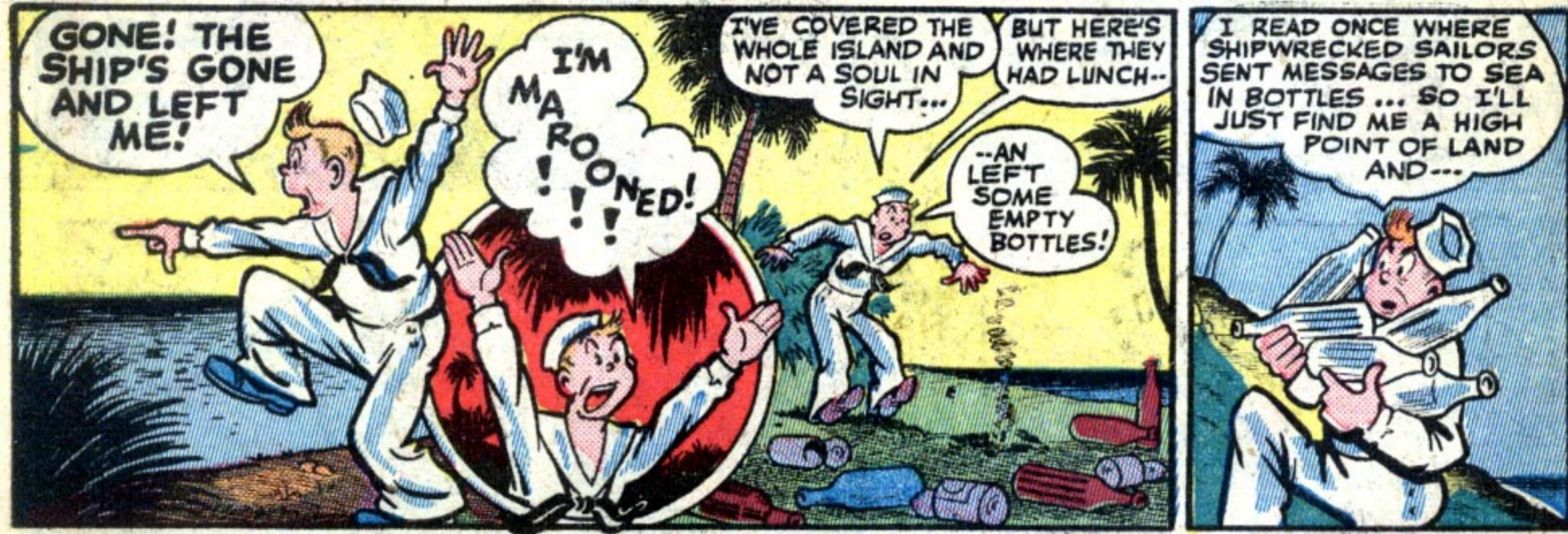
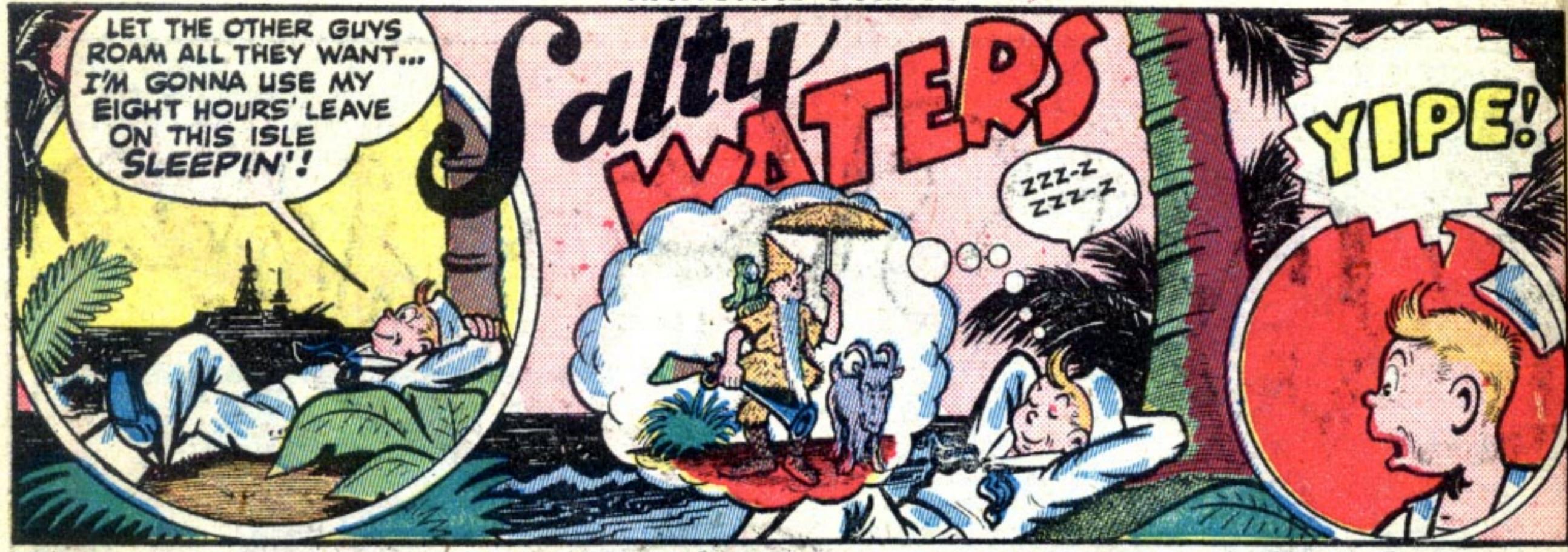


MOOSE LICKED SAMSON AND YOU LICKED MOOSE! THAT MAKES YOU THE STRONGEST GUY IN THE WORLD!



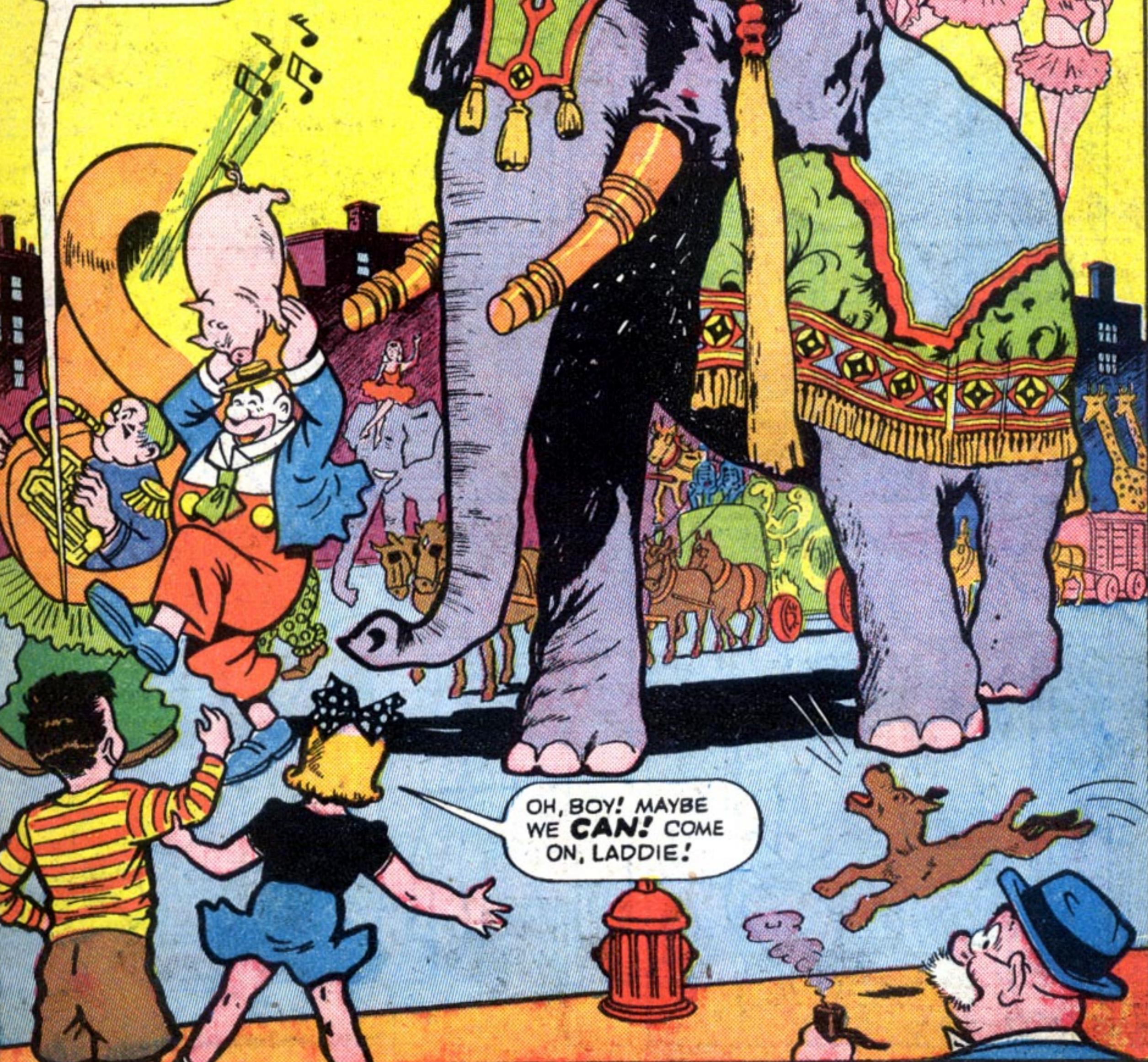
JUST A MINUTE, CLARENCE! YOU GOT THE RIGHT IDEA, BUT THE WRONG BANNER!

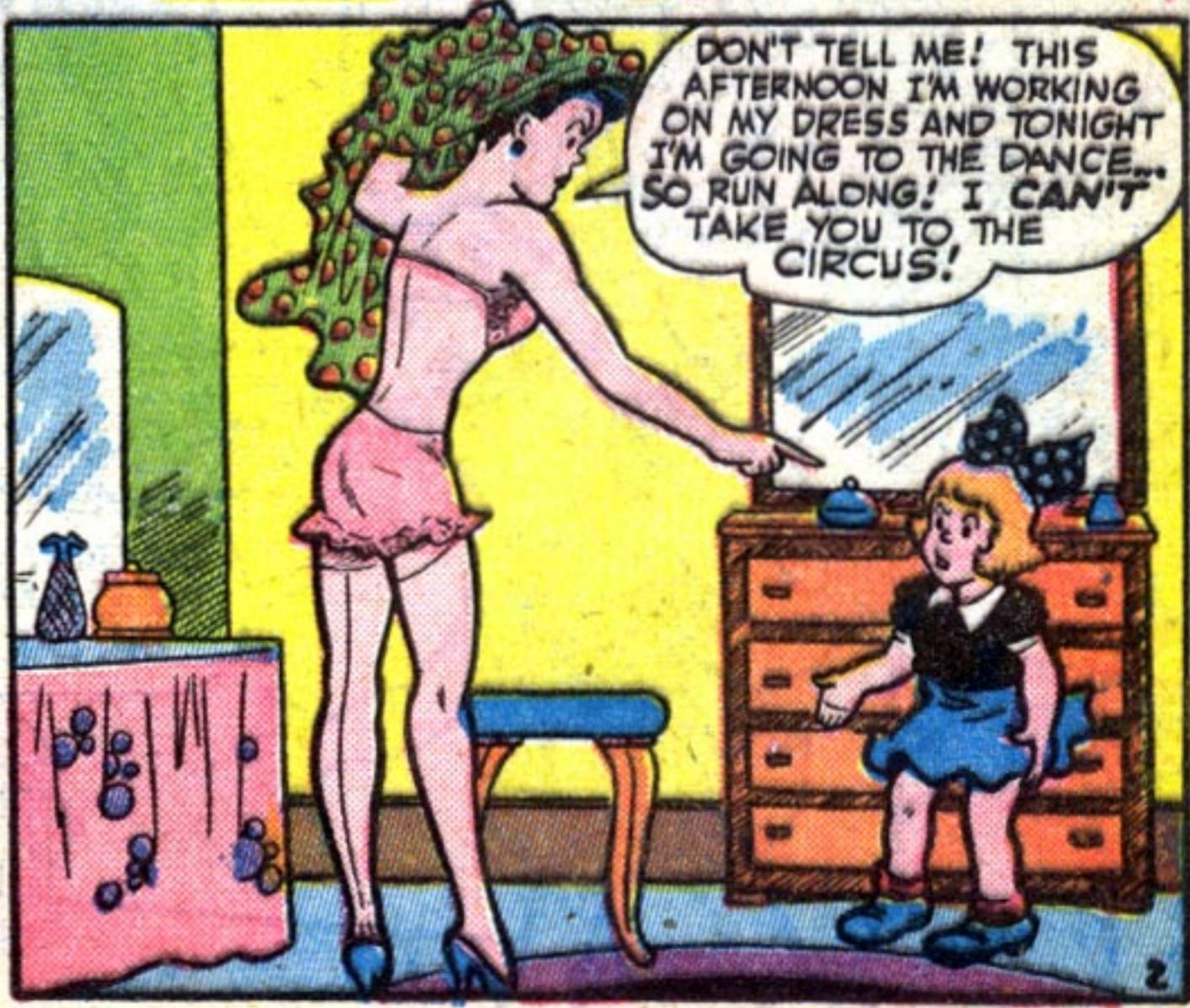
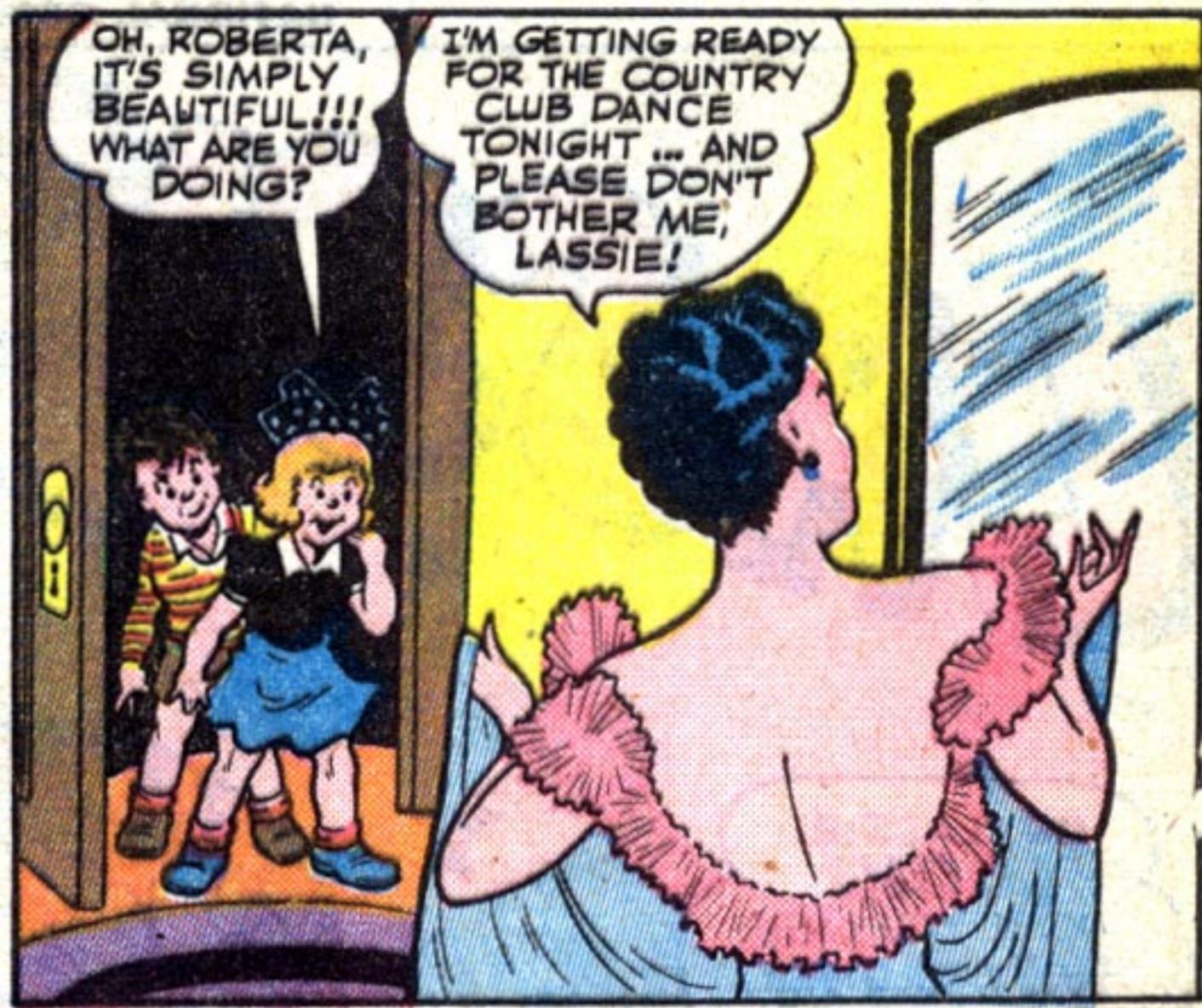


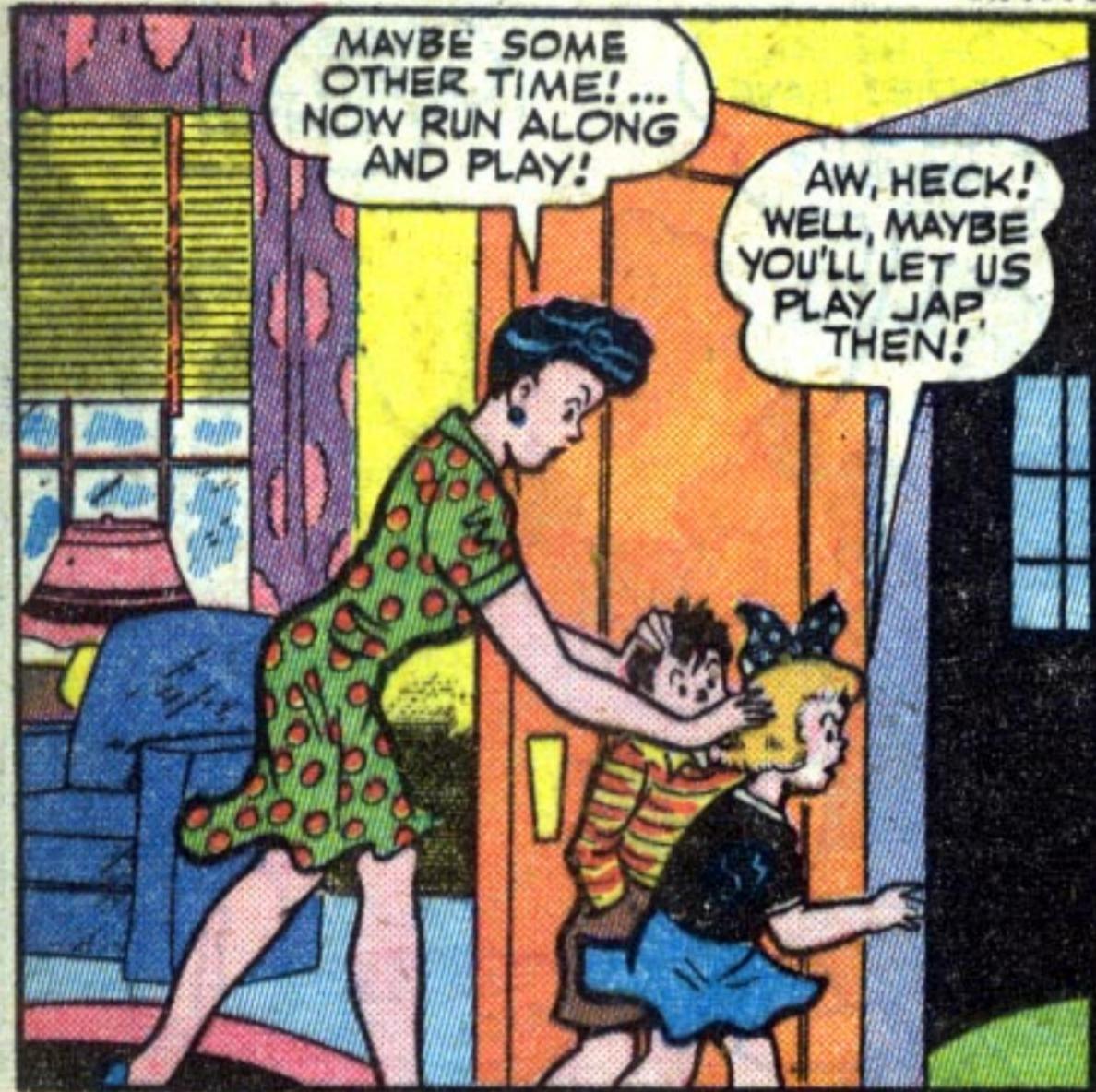


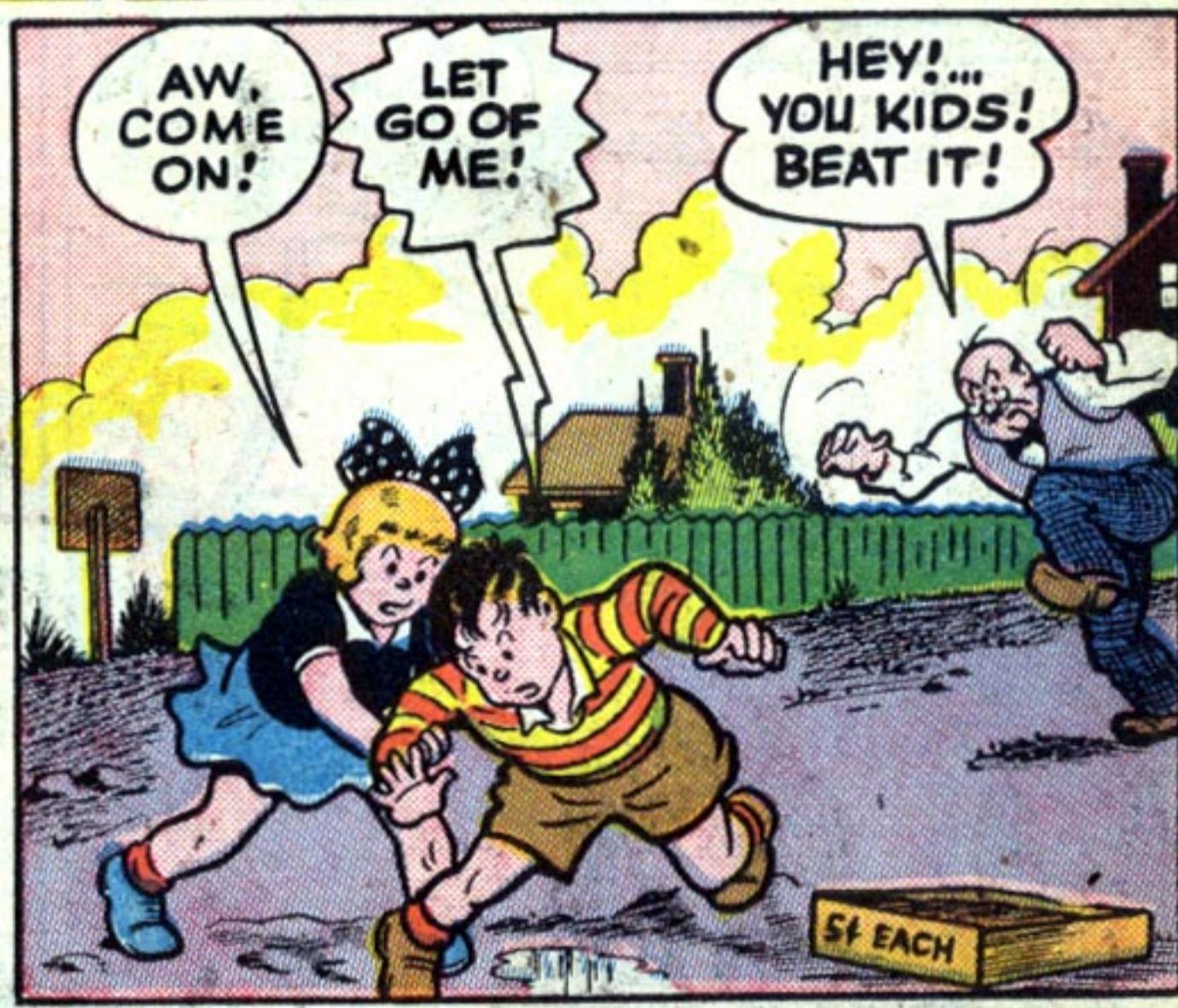
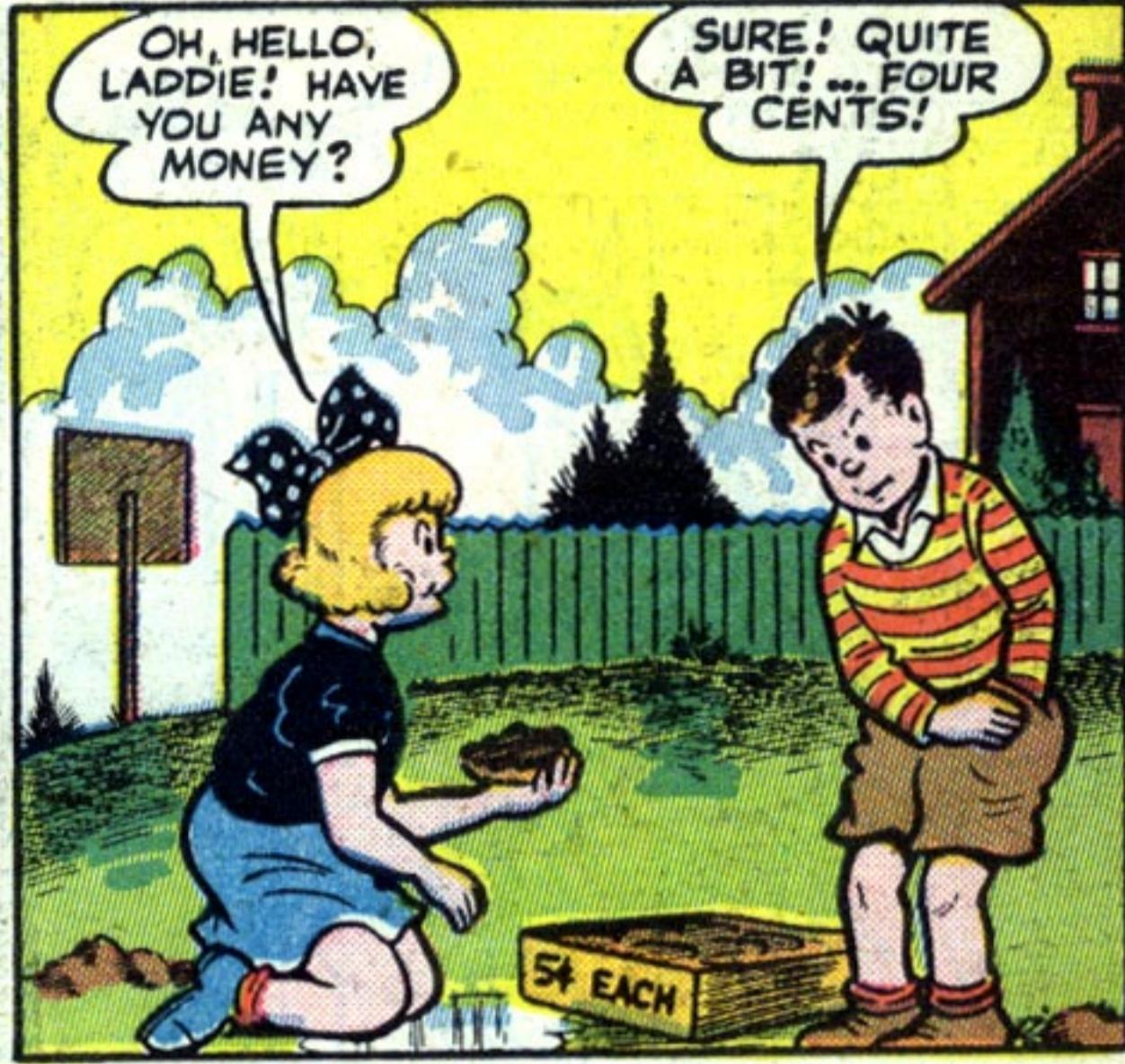
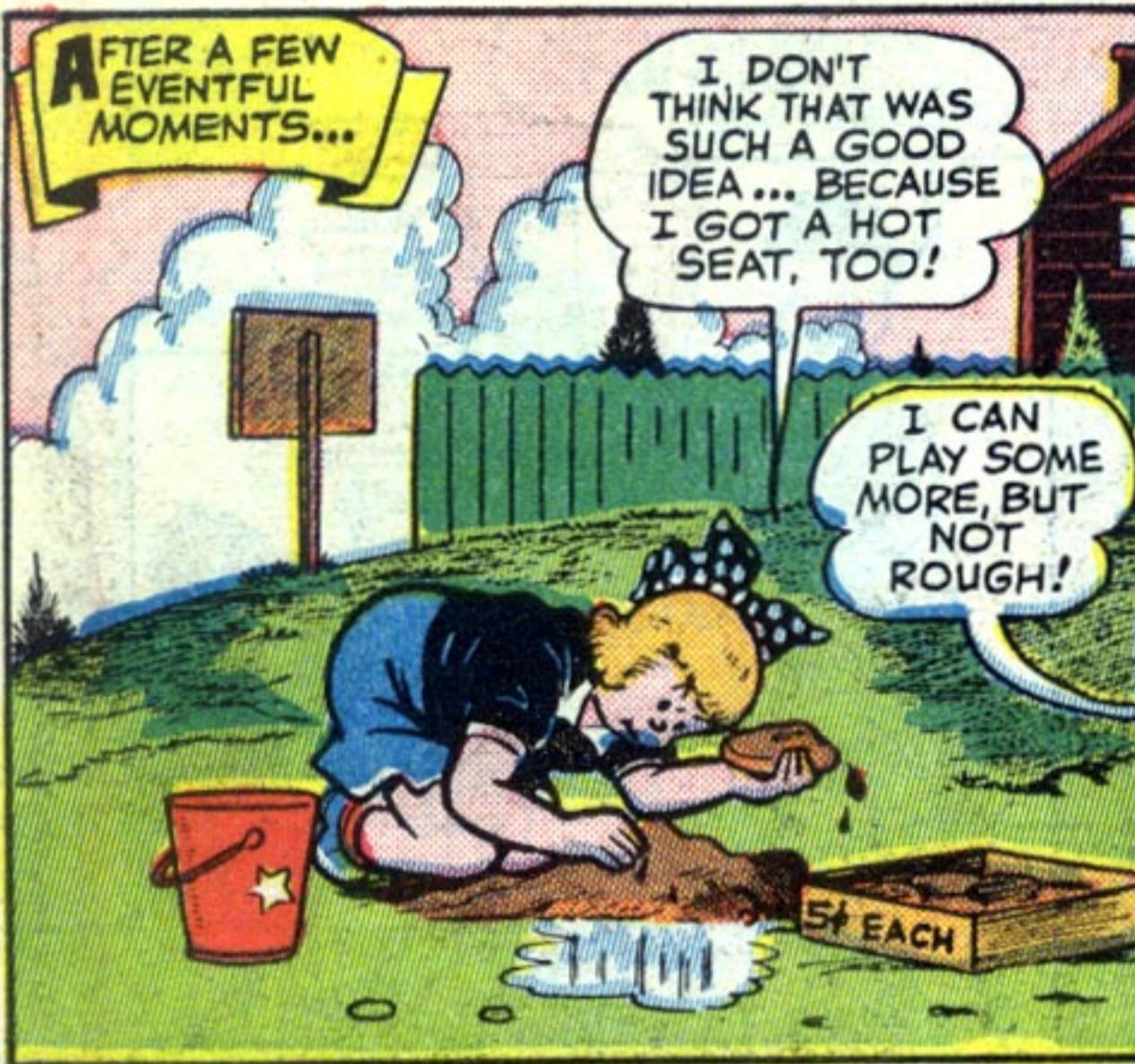
LASSIE and Sadie

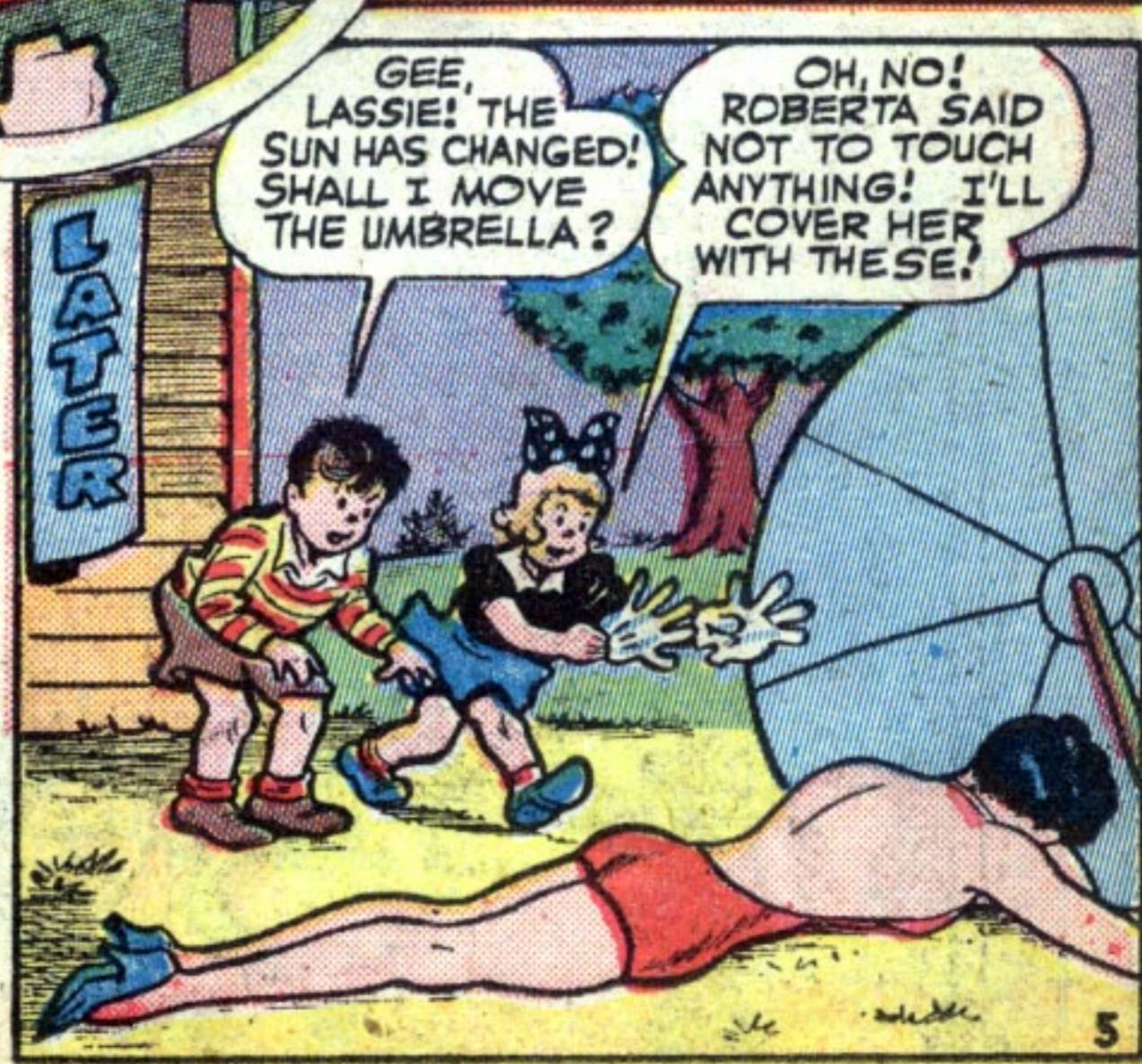
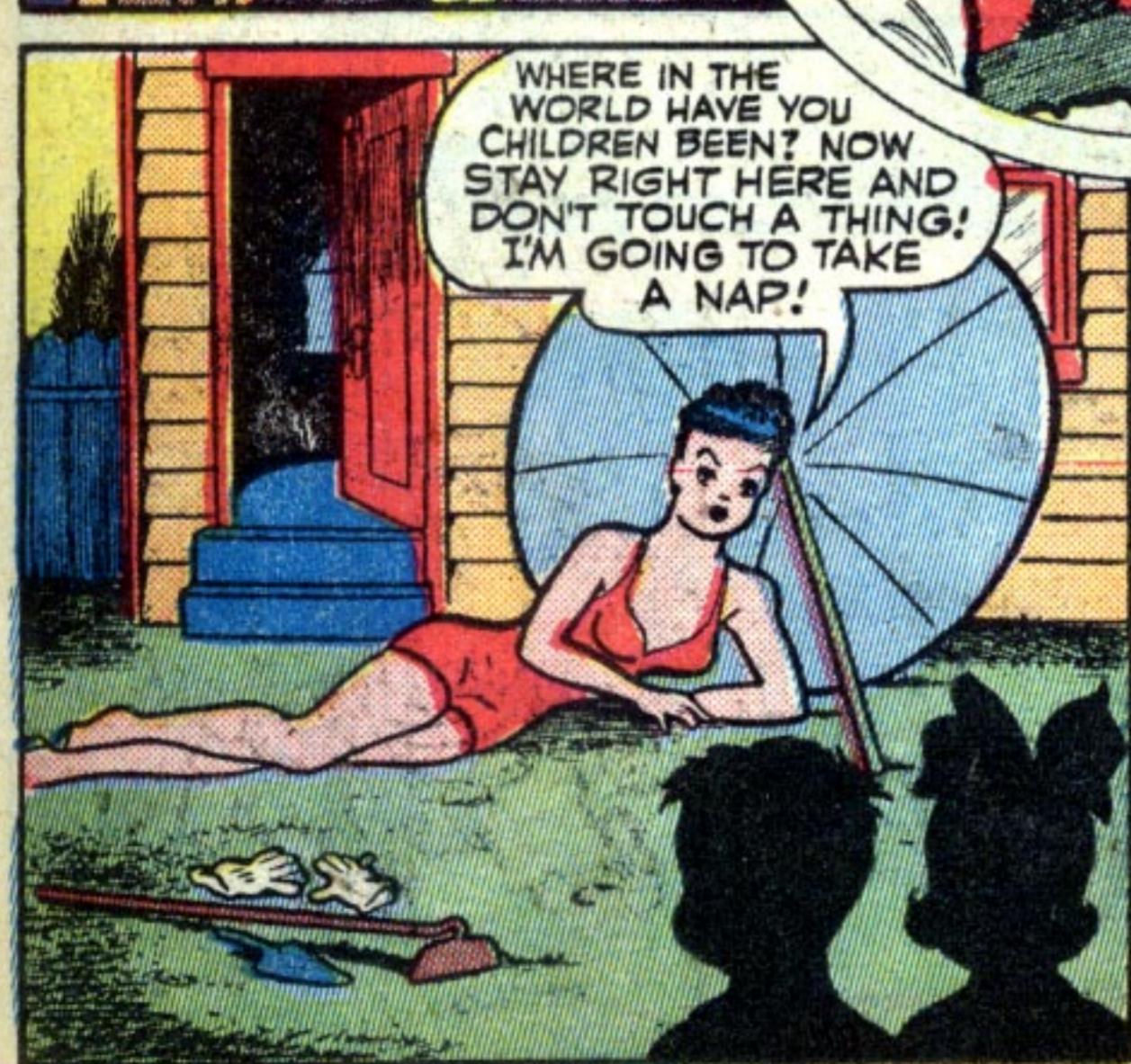
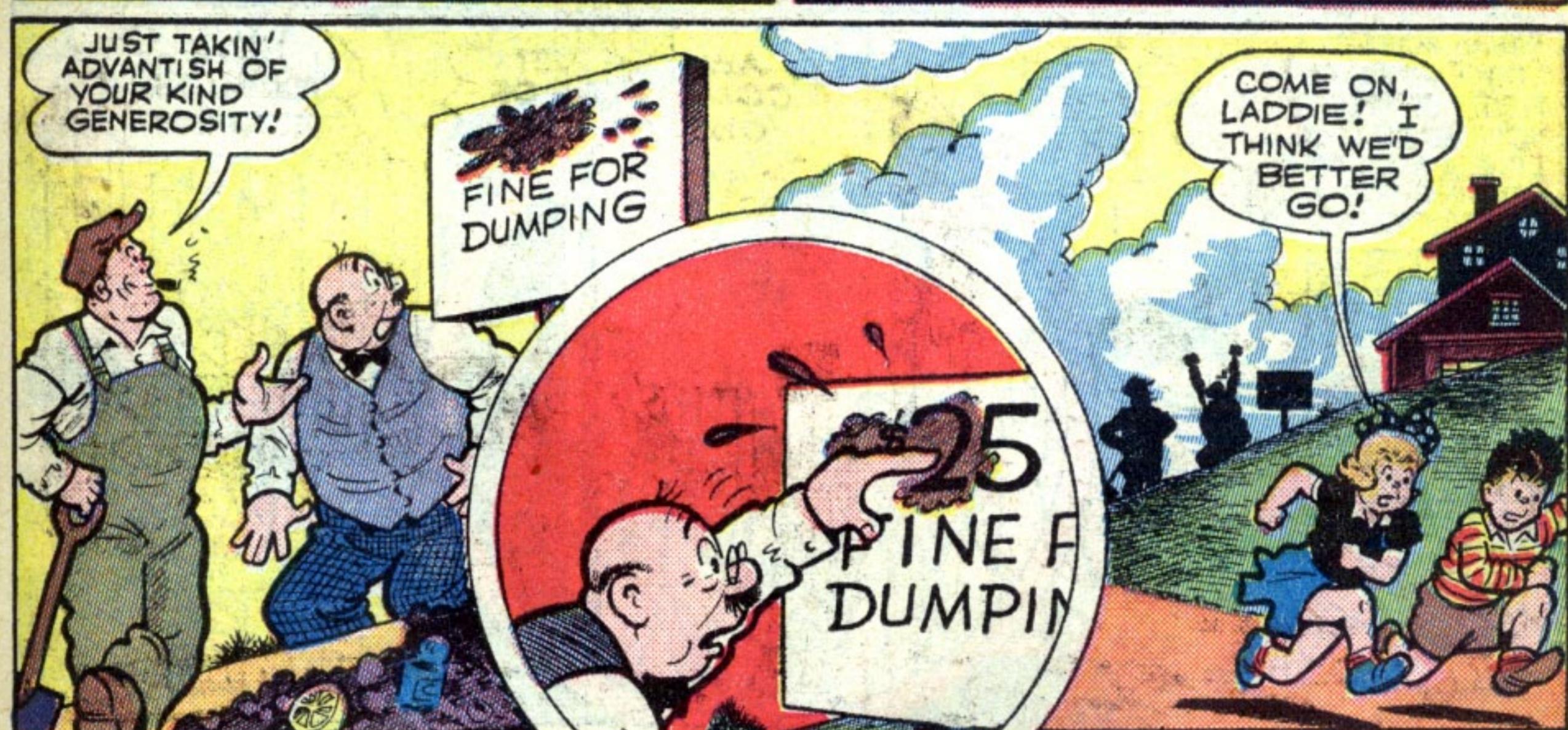
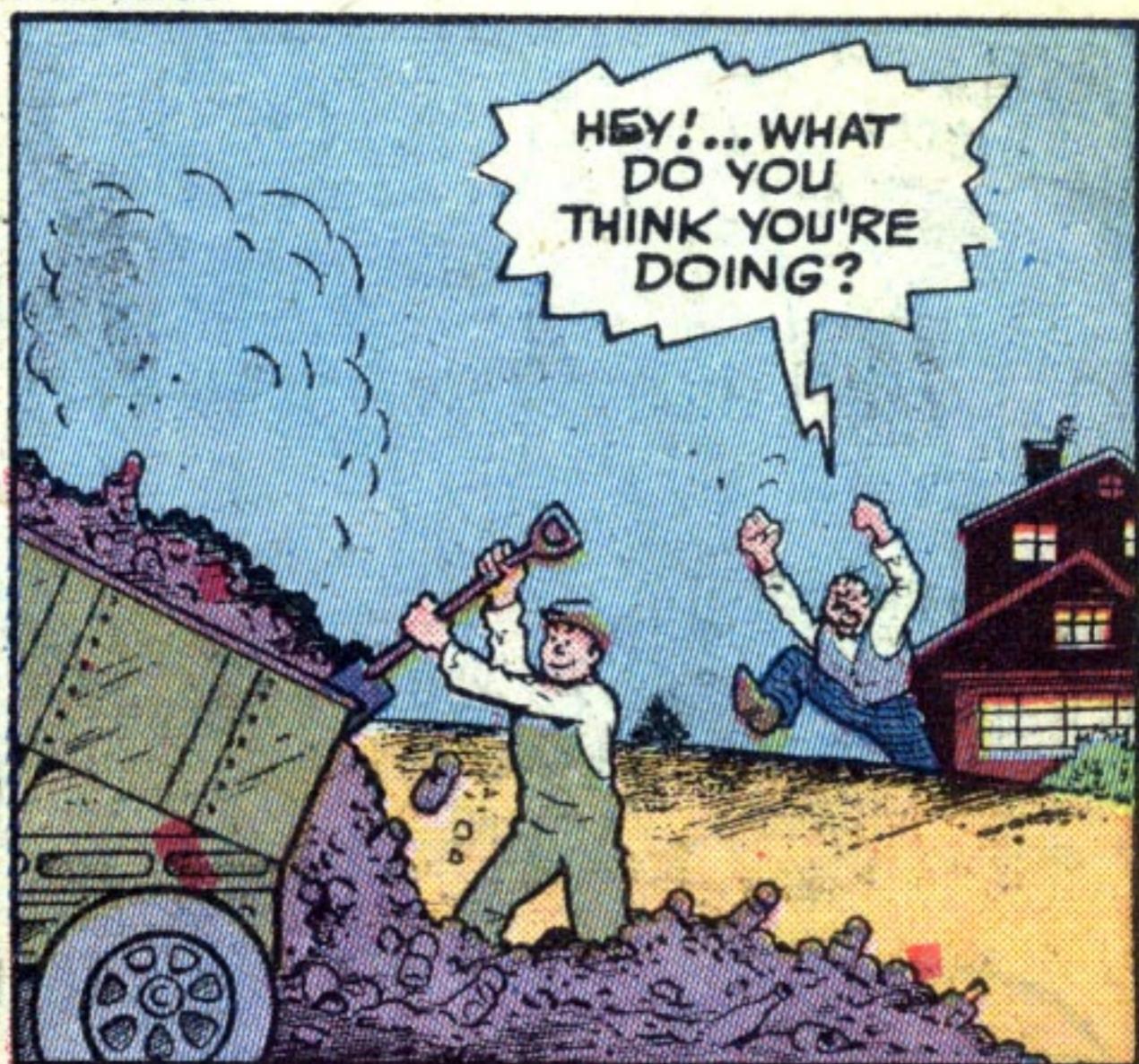
OH, LASSIE,
LOOK!
DON'T YOU WISH
WE COULD SEE
THE CIRCUS?

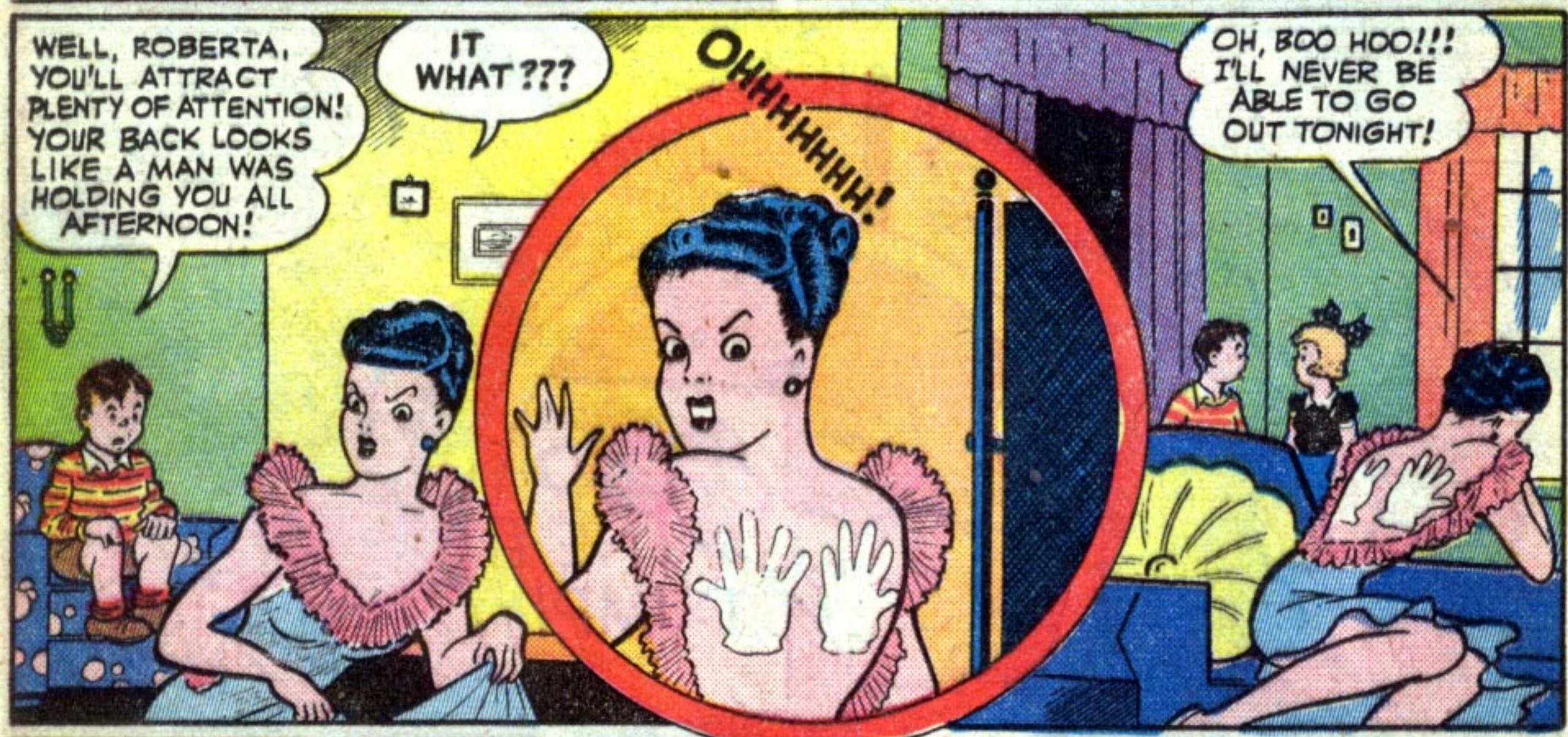
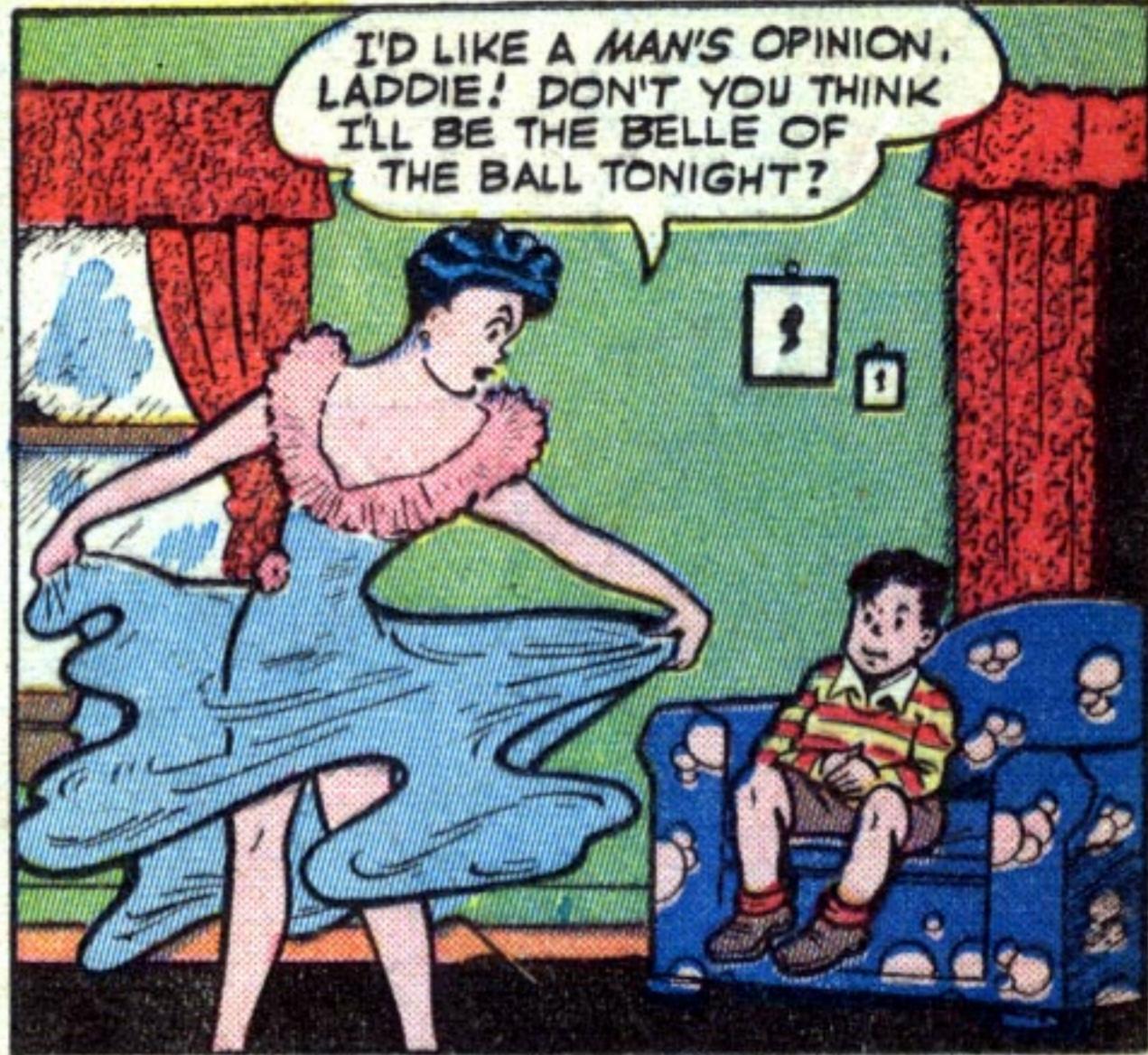
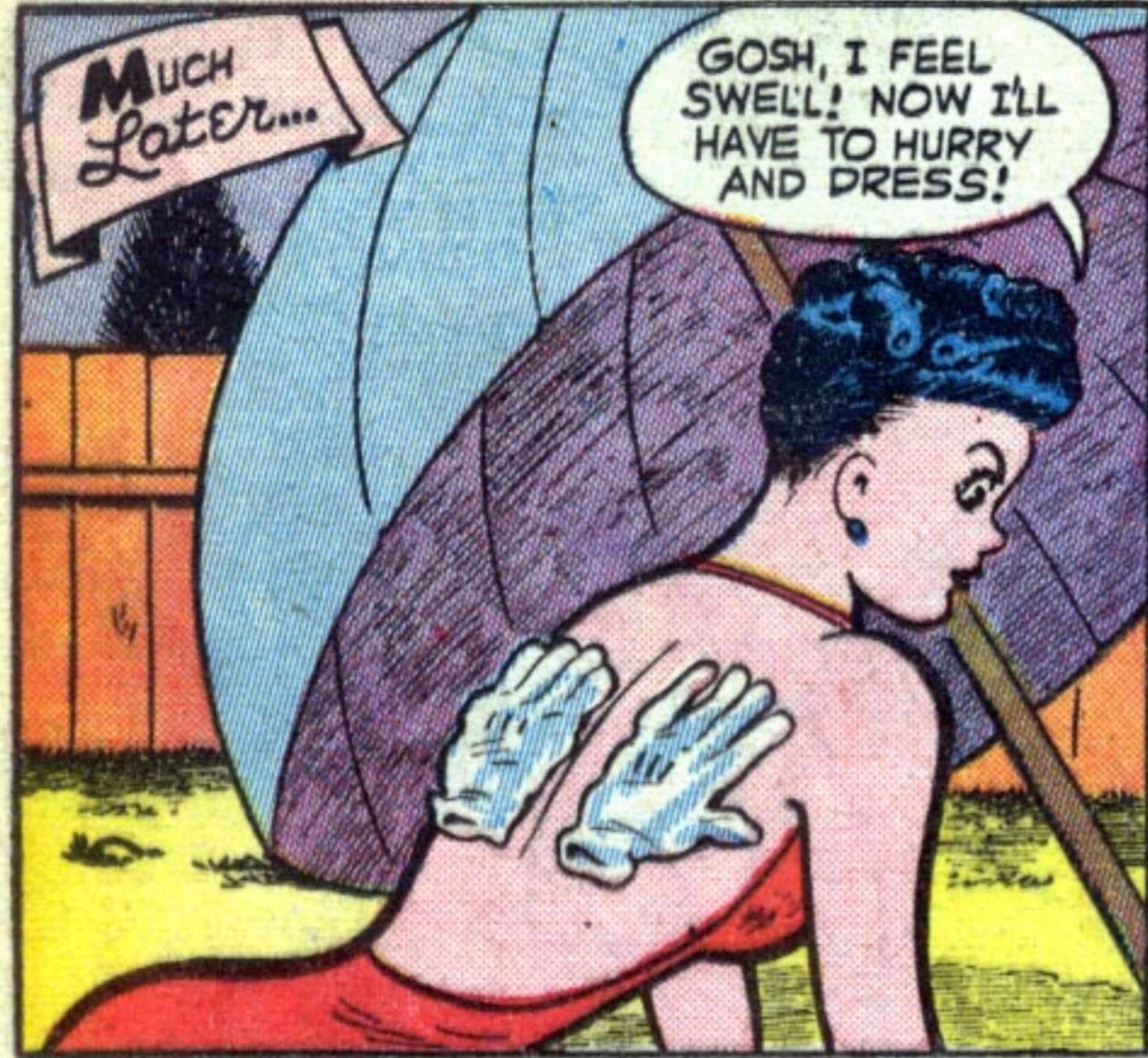


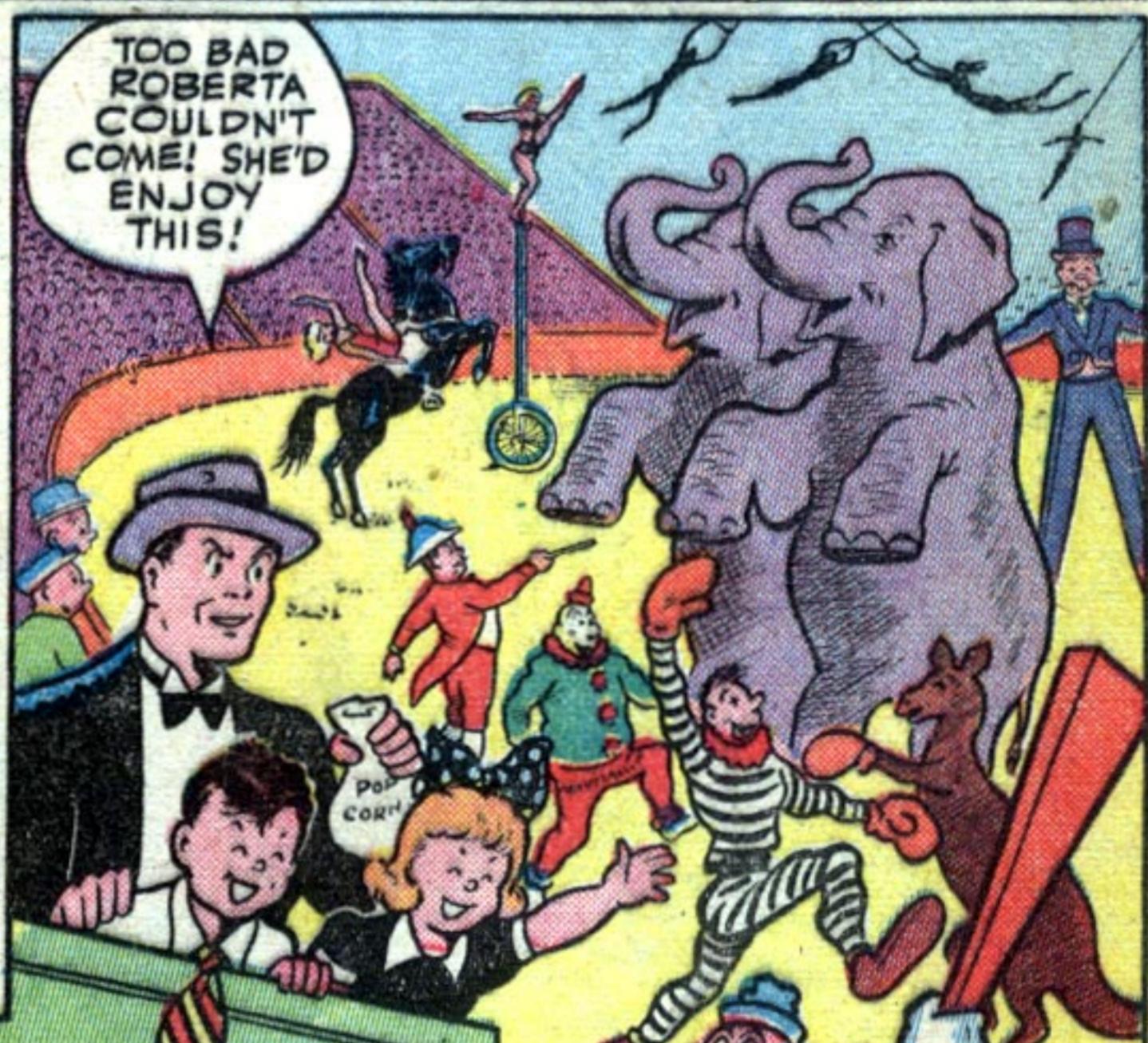
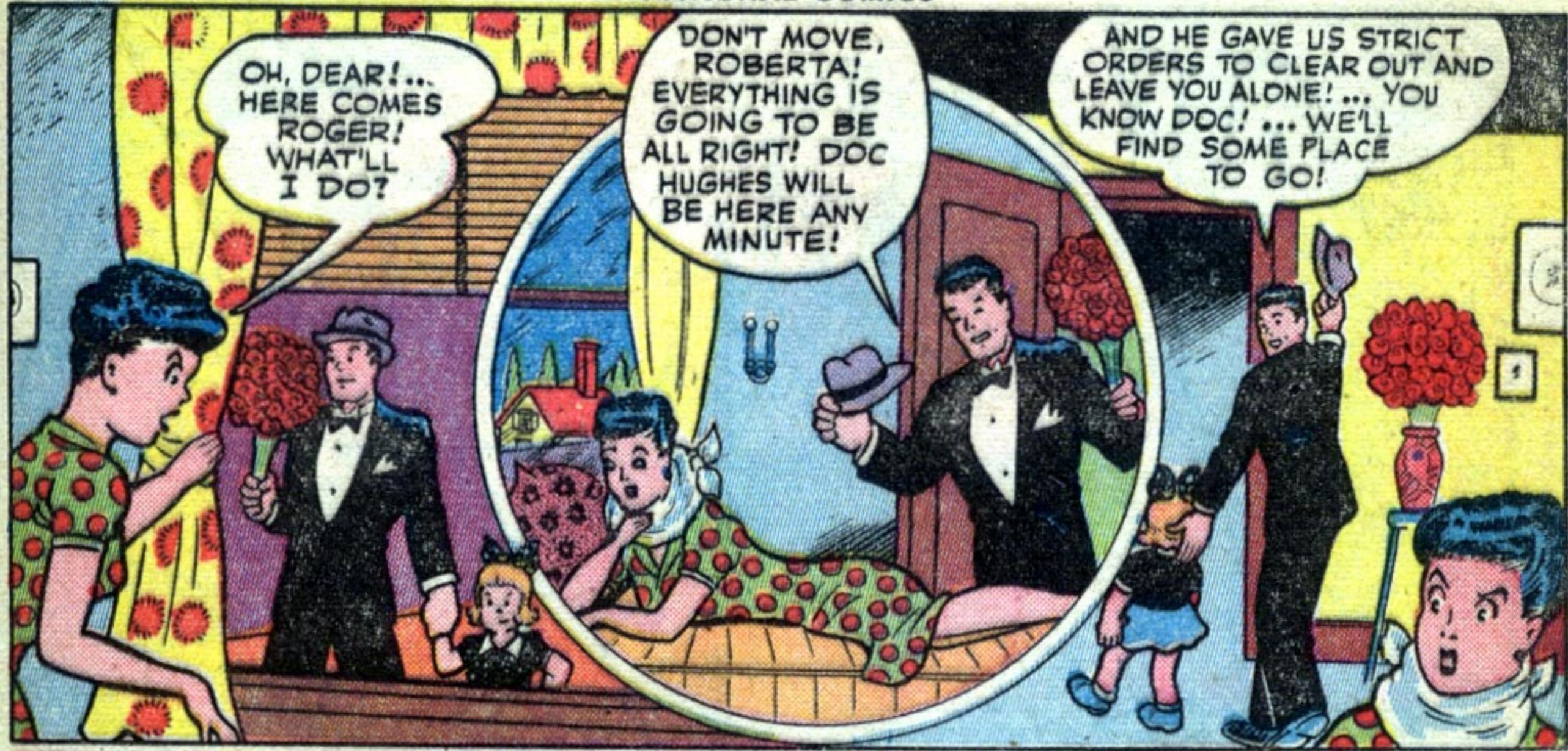












SALLY O'NEIL



CANDLES FLICKER AND CAST STRANGE,
EERIE SHADOWS! SPOOKS AND SHADES
COME OUT TO PLAY! --- AND THE NIGHT
BECOMES A MELEE OF ADVENTURE! ---
SALLY O'NEIL GOES INTO SOCIETY! ---
AND COMES OUT WITH A HANDFUL OF
CROOKS! ---
A SERIES OF WEIRD EVENTS AND A
MYSTERIOUS DEATH LEAD SALLY A
MERRY CHASE AS SHE HUNTS AND
HAUNTS A GHOST!

NATIONAL COMICS



WEDNESDAY NIGHT—
AND SALLY ARRIVES
AT THE PARTY...

THIS IS A
SPOOKY LOOKING
PLACE! WHY DO
THE RICH ALWAYS
WANT TO GO
SLUMMING?

WHAT A GHOSTLY WELCOME,
MRS. VANDERDOUGH! YOU
HAVE PROBABLY FRIGHTENED
AWAY THE RESIDENT
SPIRITS!

THIS IS AN
ODD ASSORTMENT
OF CELEBRITIES!

ISN'T IT GAY?
THE EVENING PROMISES
TO BE A GREAT
SUCCESS!

EVERYONE IS
TO GO INTO
THE LIBRARY
FOR GAMES!

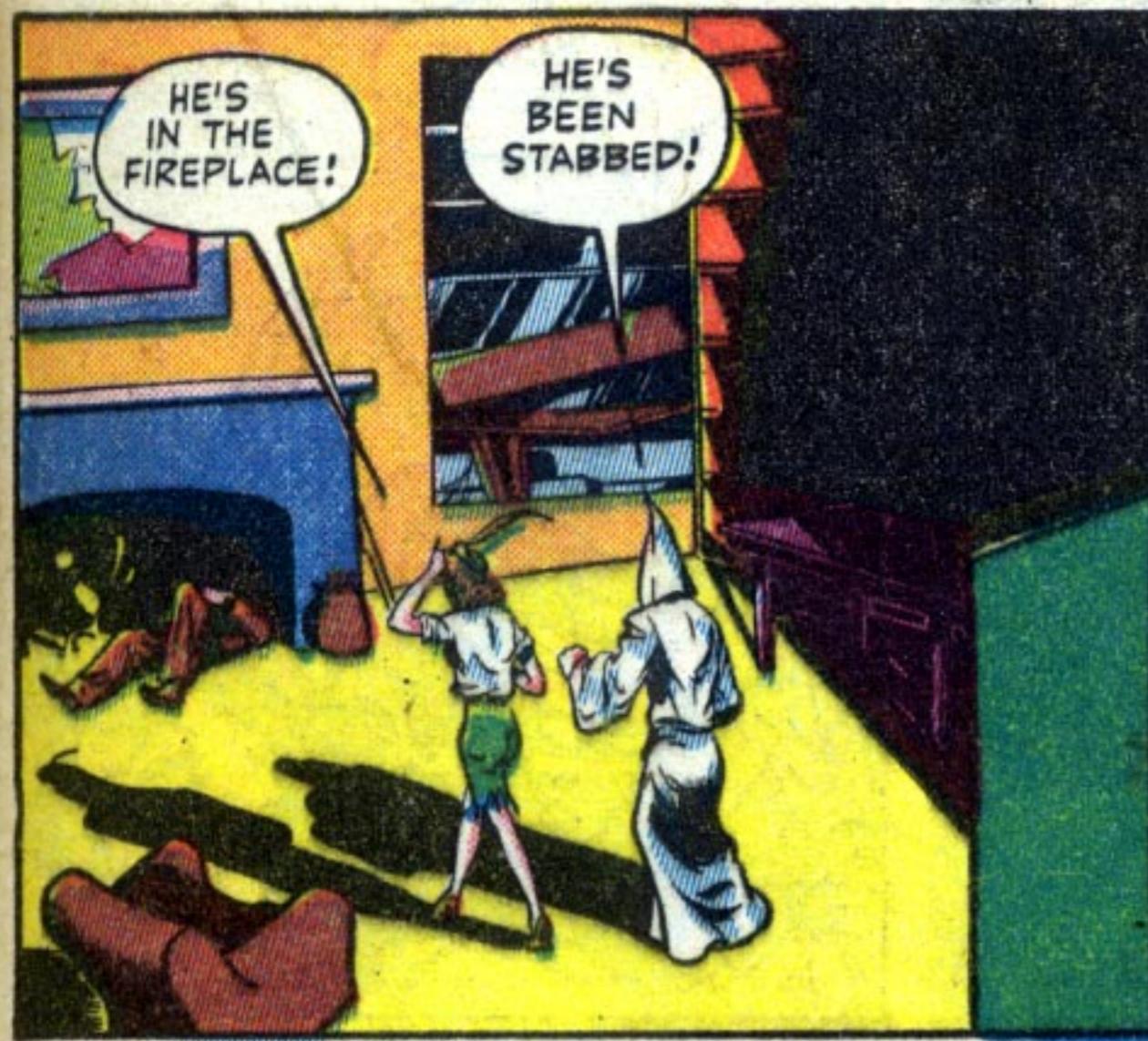
GEE,
I'D LIKE TO
BE AT HOME
WITH A GOOD
MYSTERY
BOOK!

IT'S HILDA!...
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!

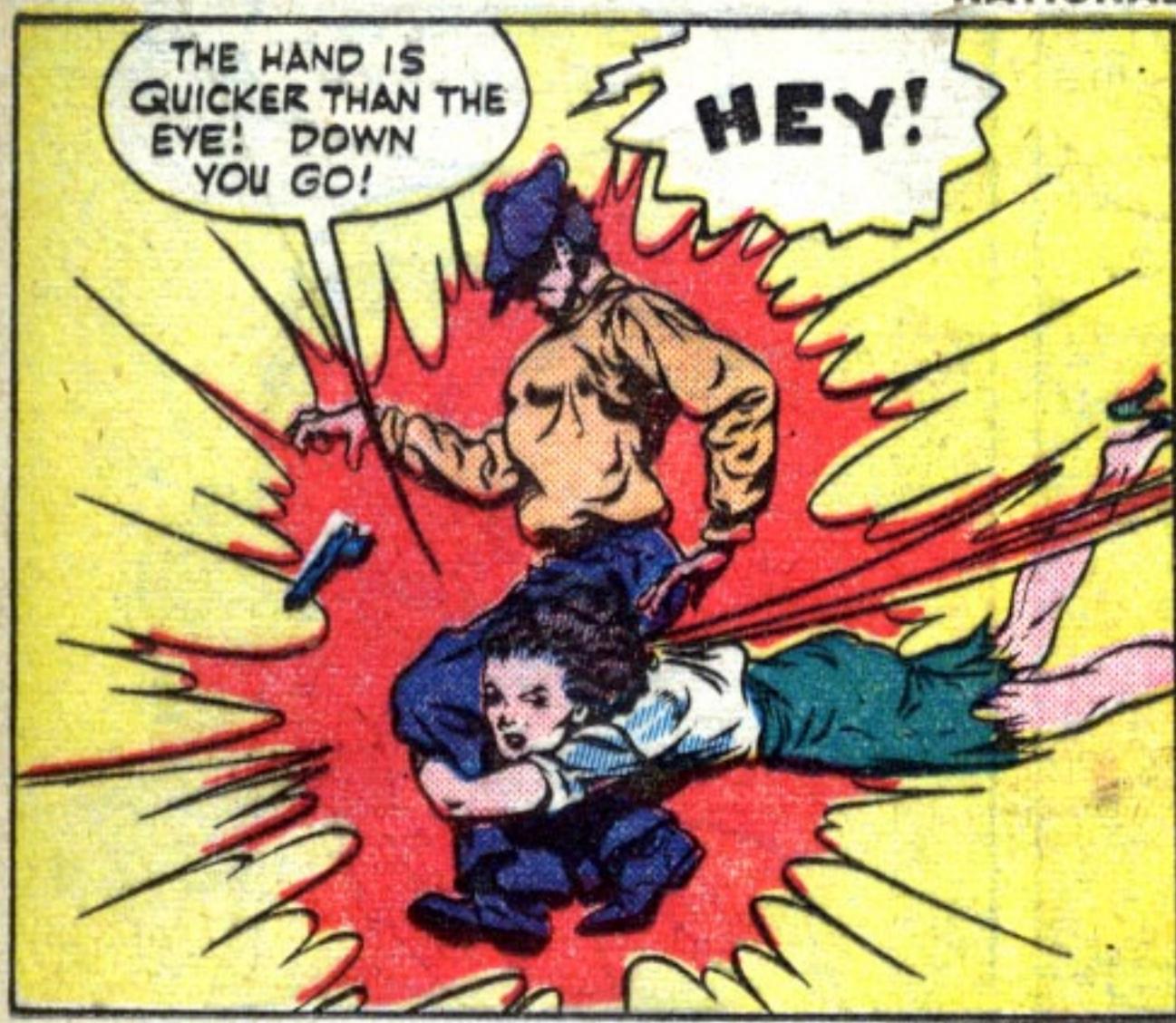
A MAN!
...HE'S...
DEAD!

WHAT
A NIGHT
FOR A
MURDER!









SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT ONE OF MY GUESTS IS A KILLER? THESE SCOUNDRELS WOULD DO ANYTHING!

UNDoubtedly!... I'VE MET THEM BEFORE!



REMEMBER ME? ... SALLY O'NEIL OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! THE CHIEF WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

I'D RATHER SEE A GHOST!



THAT REMINDS ME --- THERE'S A SPOOK MISSING!



JUST A MINUTE, GHOSTIE! NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE!

BESIDES, I WANT YOU AROUND! THE FUN IS JUST BEGINNING!



YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING GAMES ALL EVENING! ... NOW IT'S MY TURN!

WHOOP!



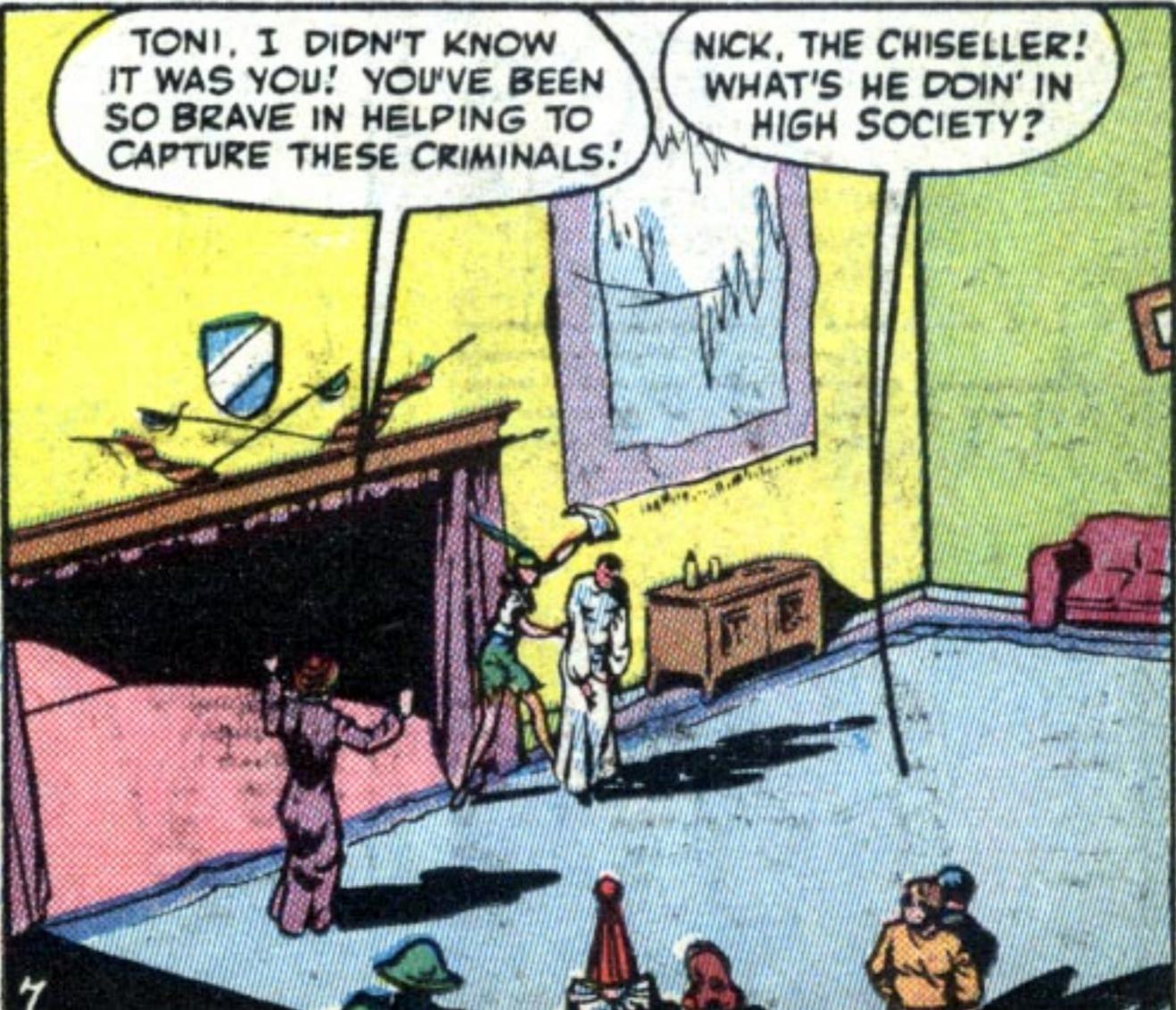
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE GHOST?

HE'S GONE INTO A SEANCE THAT'LL BRING HIM BACK TO LIFE!



TONI, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU! YOU'VE BEEN SO BRAVE IN HELPING TO CAPTURE THESE CRIMINALS!

NICK, THE CHISELLER! WHAT'S HE DOIN' IN HIGH SOCIETY?



NATIONAL COMICS

FOR ONE THING, HE'S A GREAT PLANNER OF PARTIES -- TO SUIT HIS OWN CONVENIENCE! ... DOES THIS BELONG TO YOU?

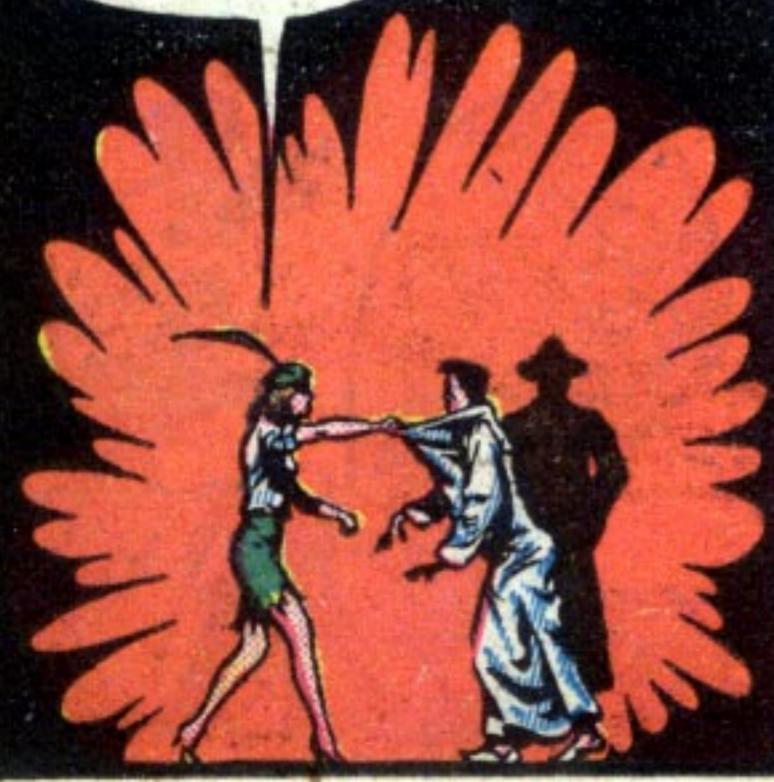
DA OPIUM!
DAT LOW-DOWN SKUNK!
HE WAS TRYIN' TO CUT IN ON US!

DOPE PEDDLERS, EH? YOU'VE CONFESSED YOUR RACKET, BOYS, AND THERE ARE WITNESSES!

YOU BRAINLESS FOOL!



YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY! YOU KNEW IMMEDIATELY THAT THE MURDERED MAN HAD BEEN STABBED; YET, AT THAT TIME, HE WAS HIDDEN FROM VIEW! THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT WAS THE KILLER!



THIS IS DREADFUL! MY SOCIAL REPUTATION IS RUINED!

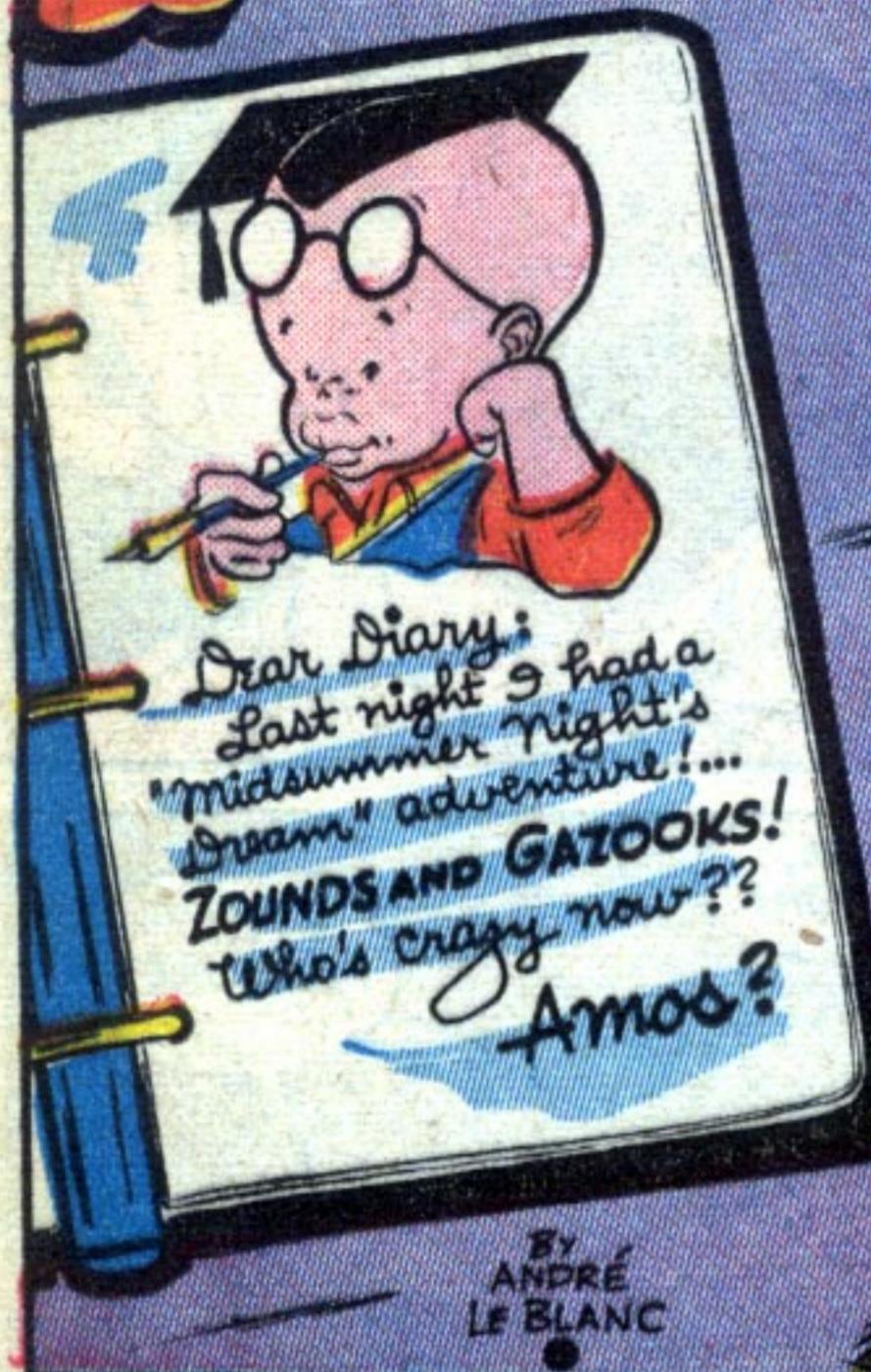


MAYBE YOU'VE DONE SOCIETY A SERVICE! AT LEAST, FOUR CROOKS ARE OUT OF CIRCULATION!

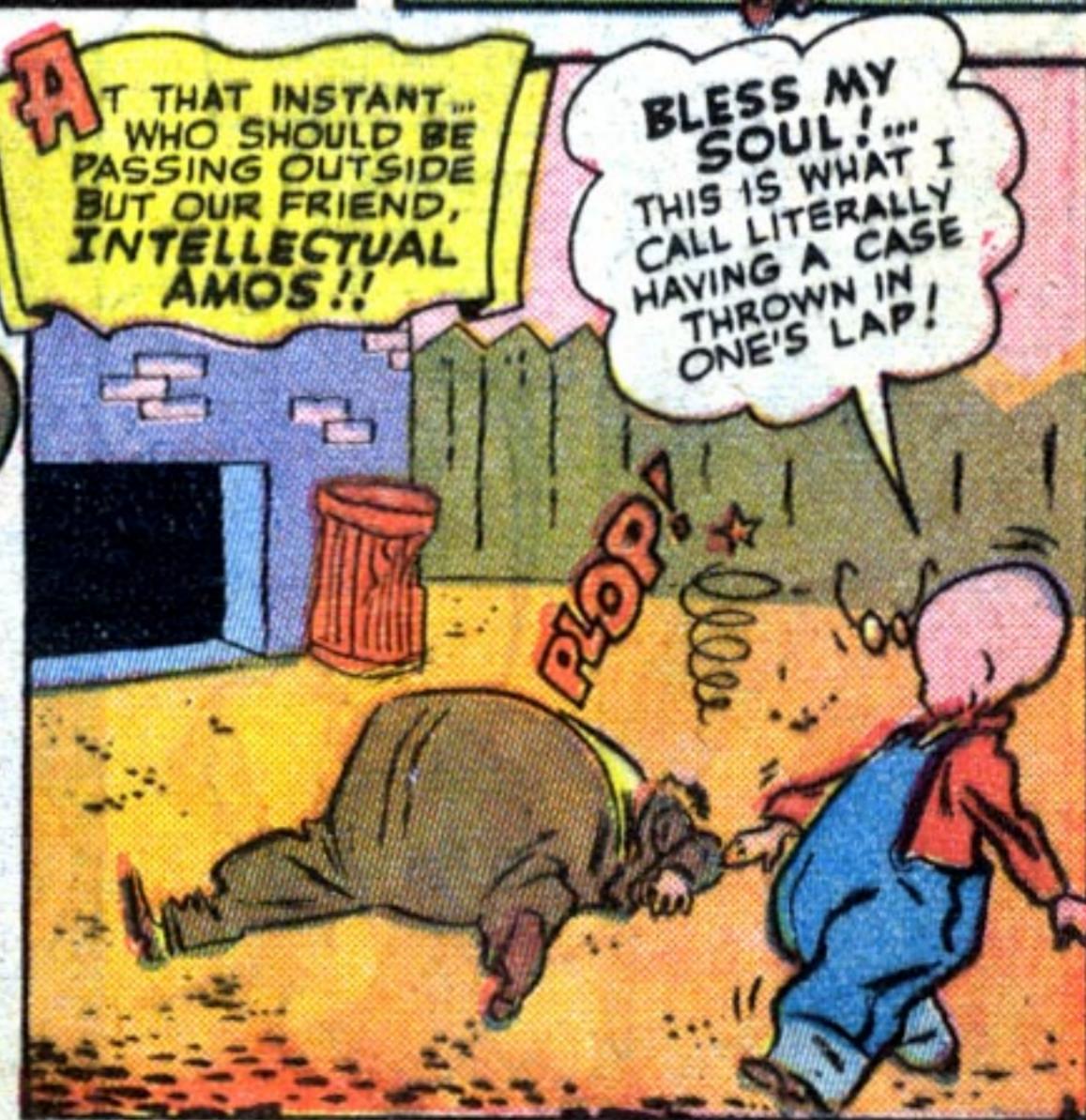
GOODBYE, MRS. VANDER-DOUGH! IT WAS A CHARMING PARTY! BUT AFTER THIS, BE MORE CAREFUL IN CHOOSING YOUR FRIENDS! WHEN YOU ASSOCIATE WITH CRIMINALS, YOU HAVEN'T A GHOST OF A CHANCE!



INTELLECTUAL AMOS

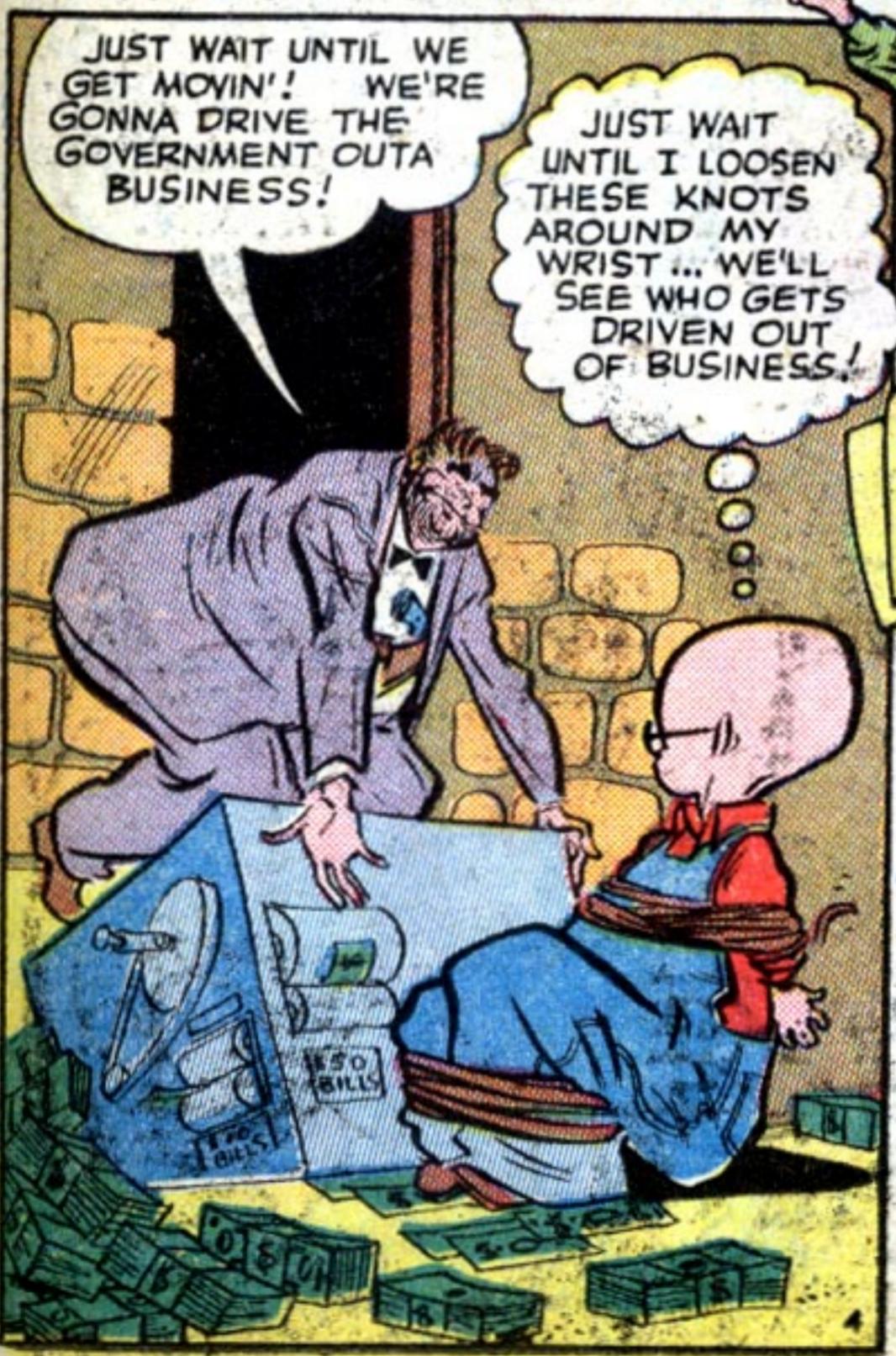
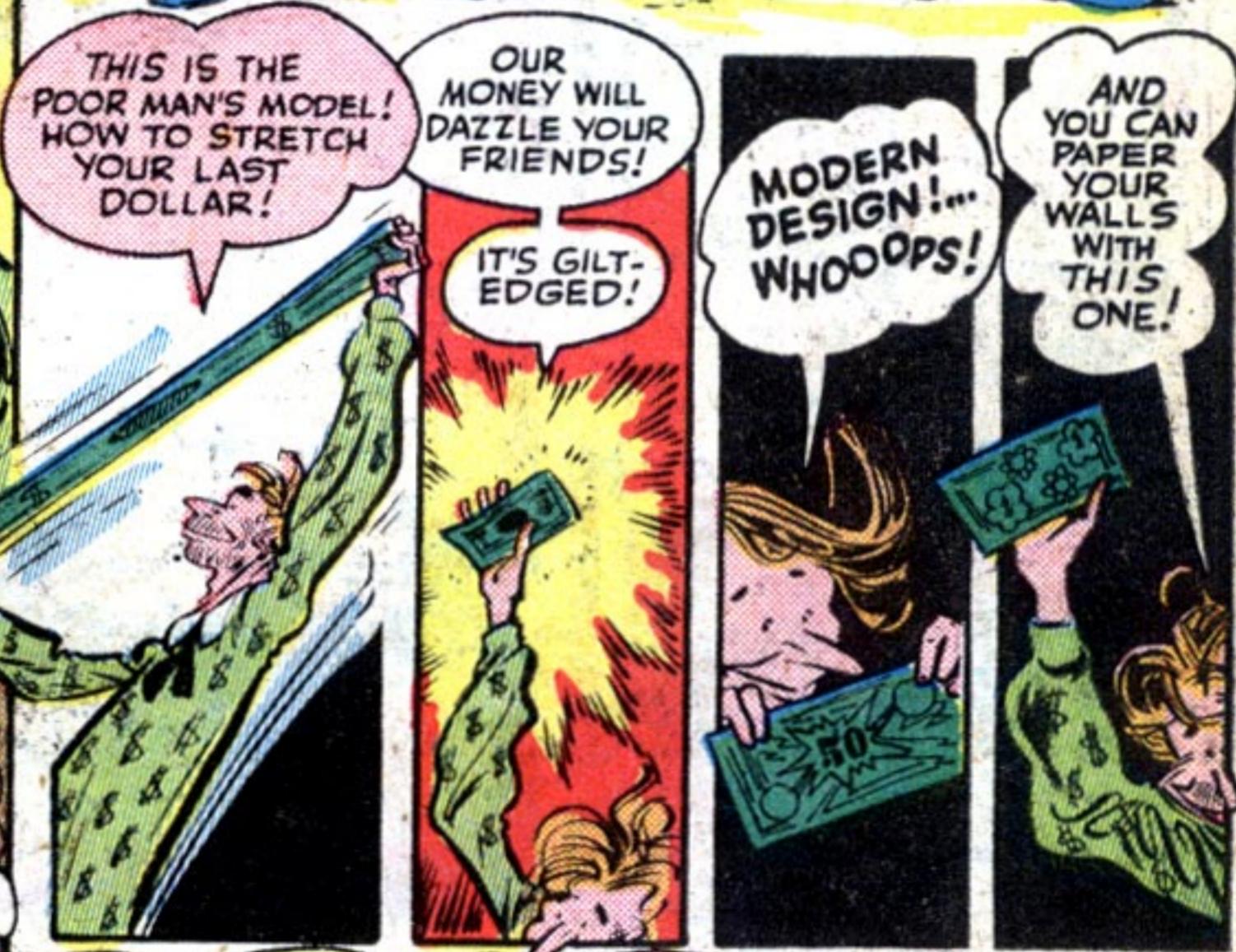
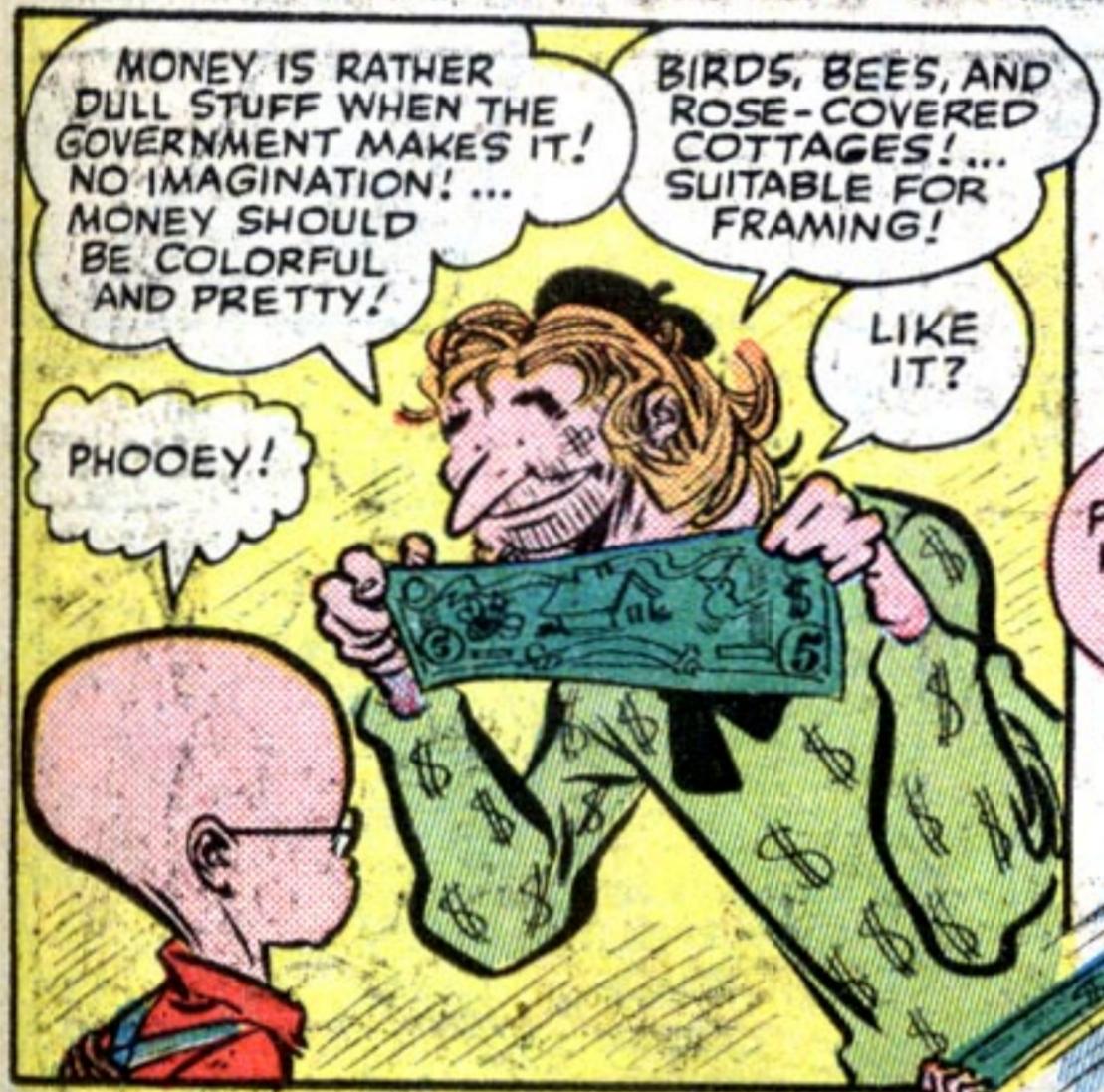
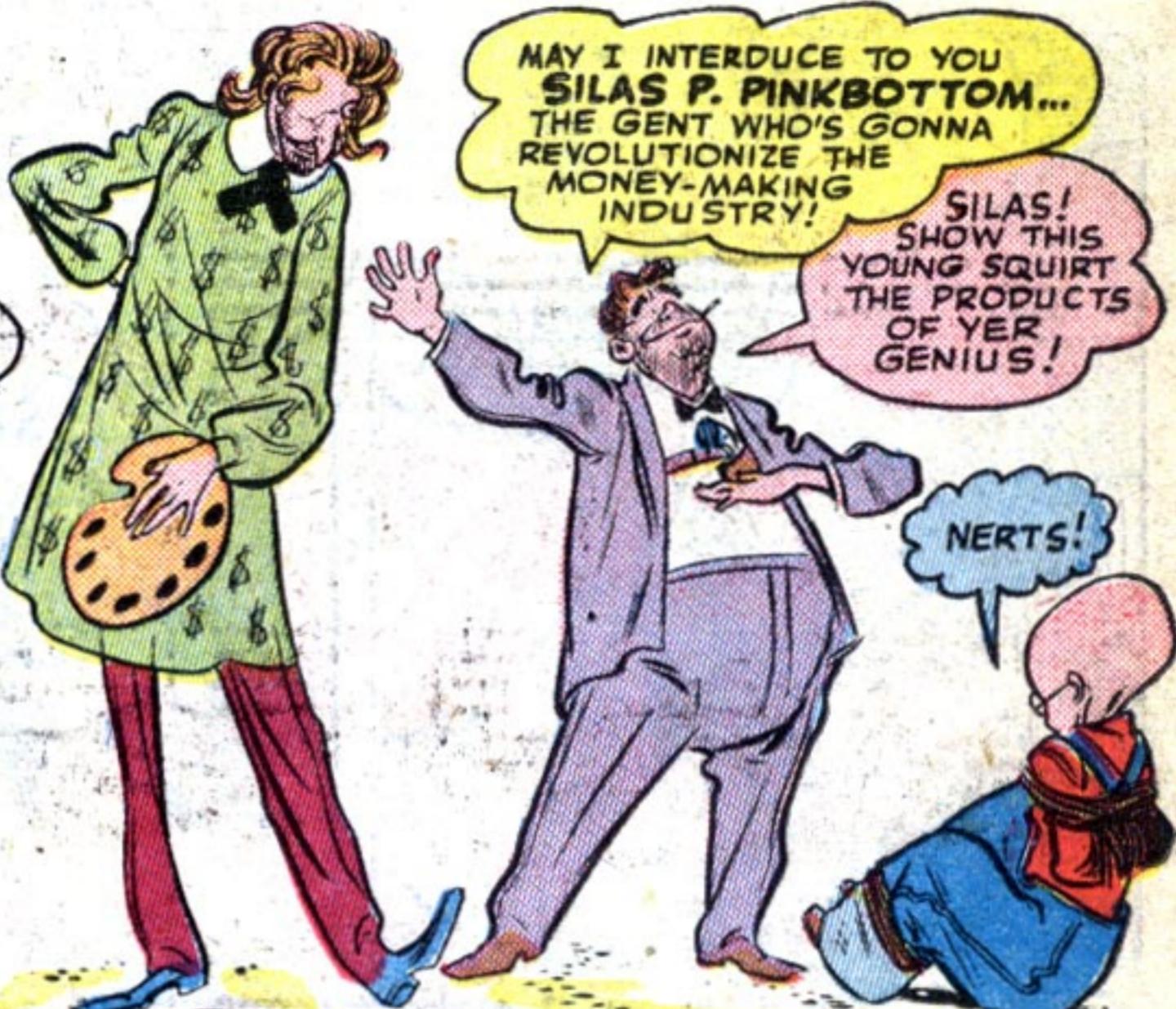
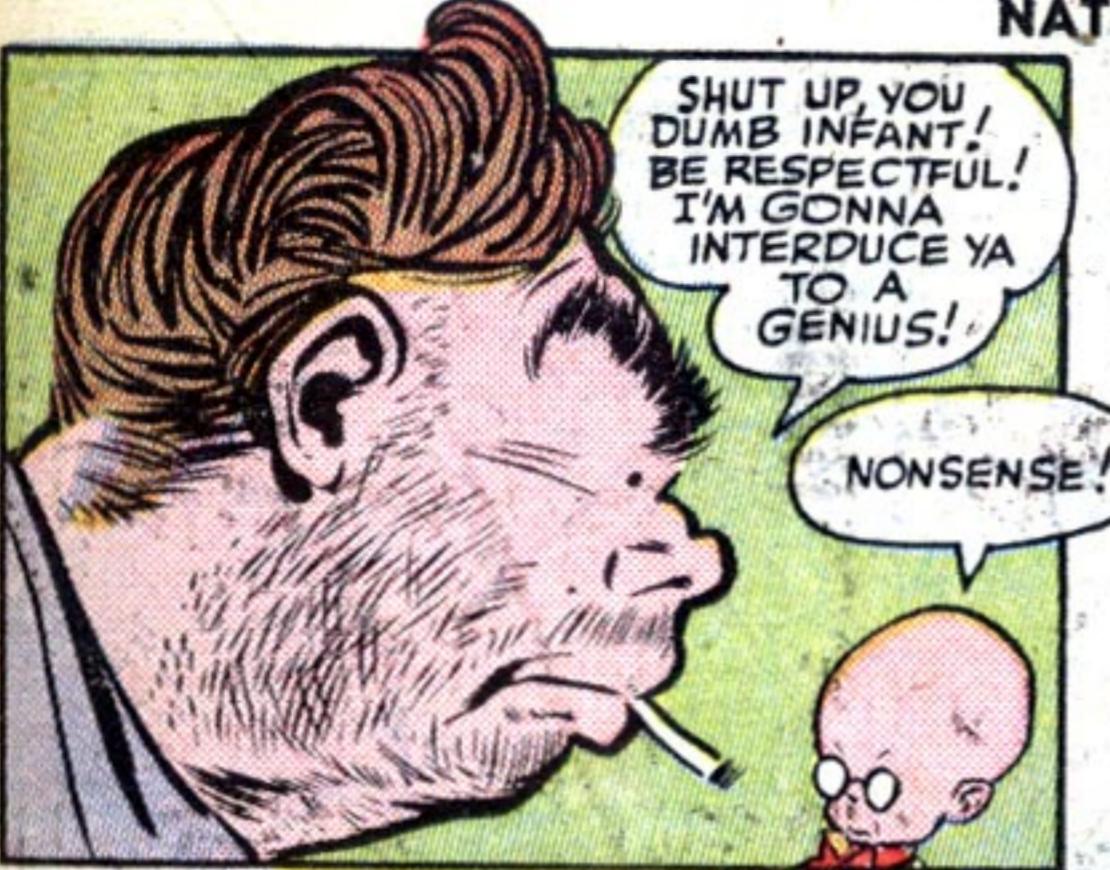


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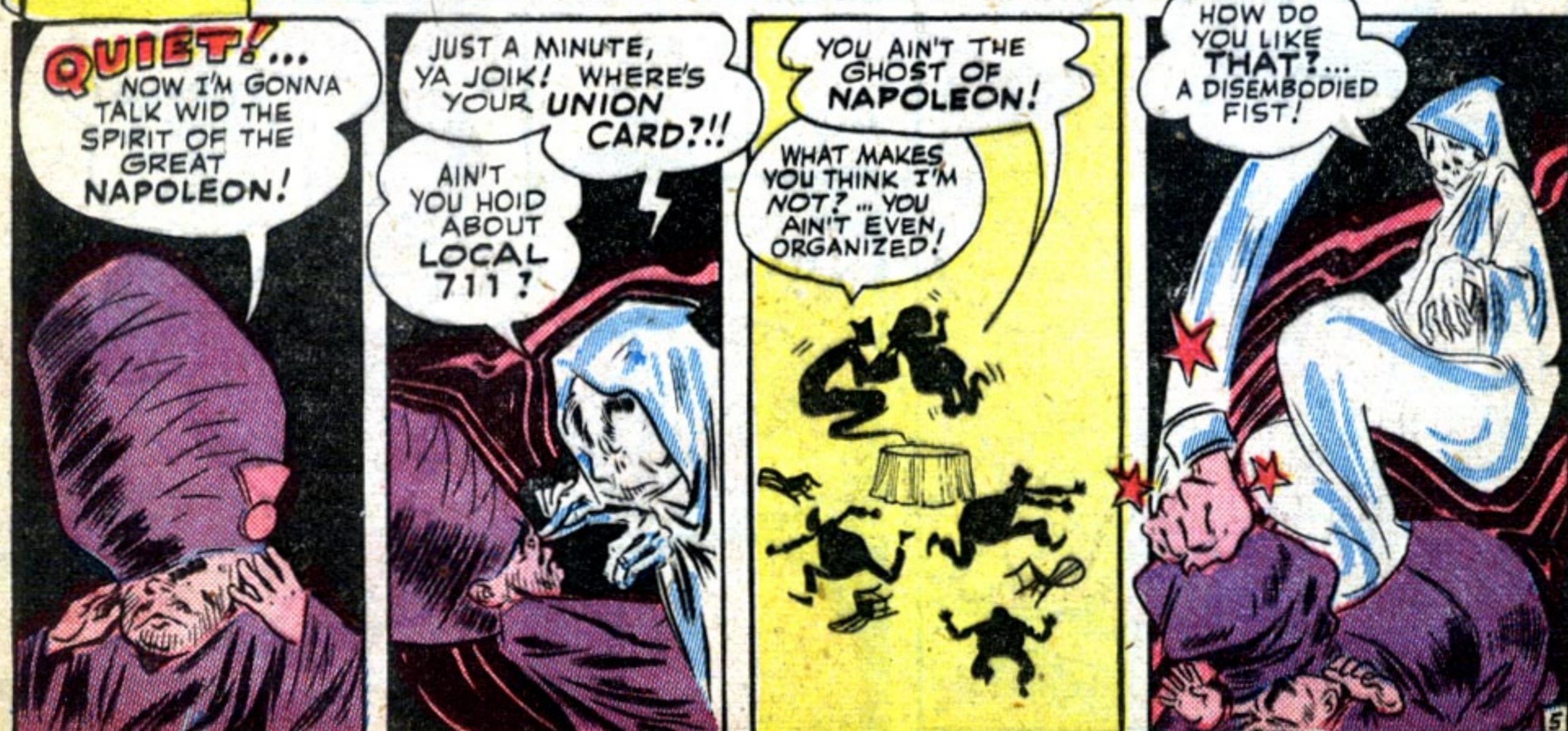
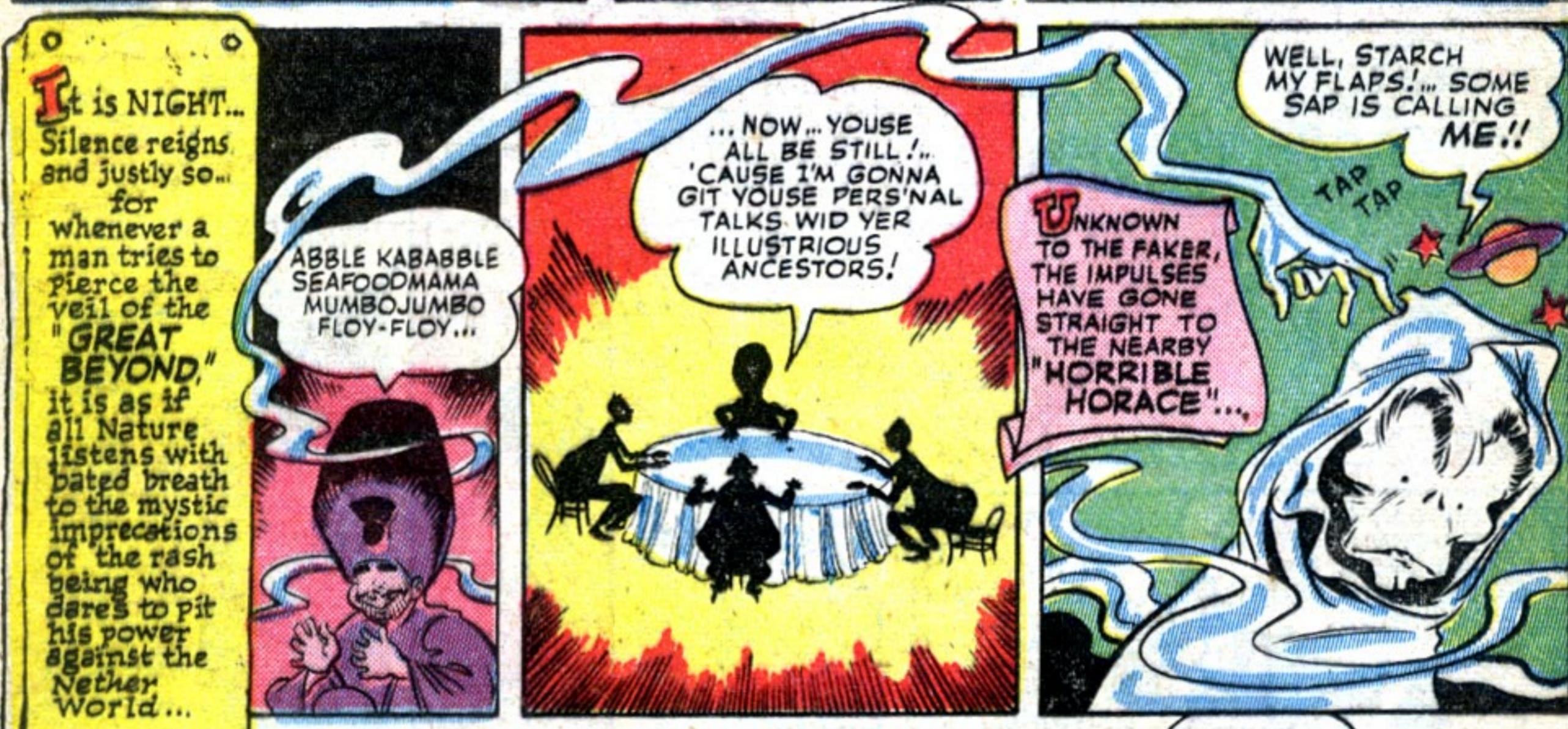


NATIONAL COMICS

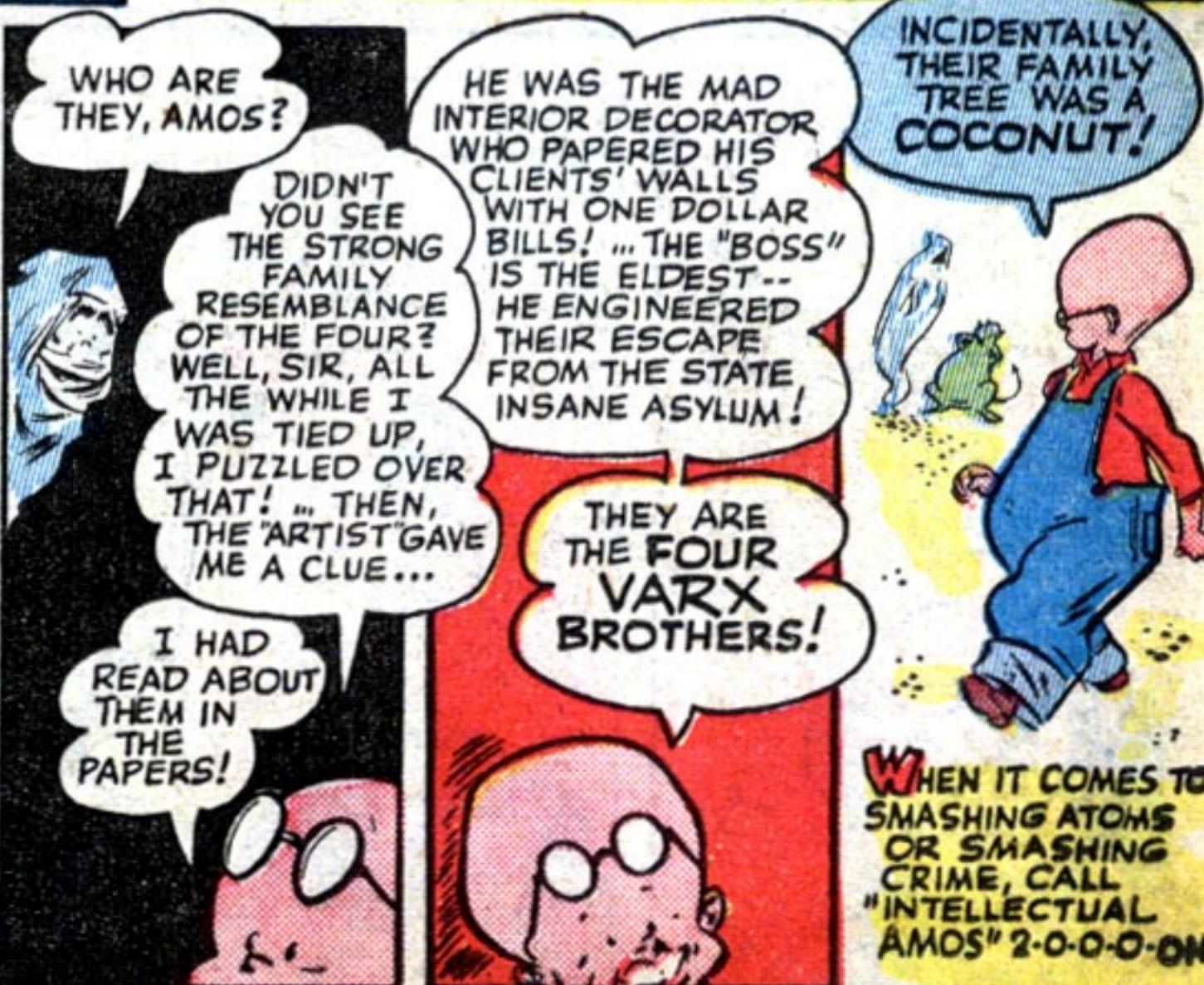
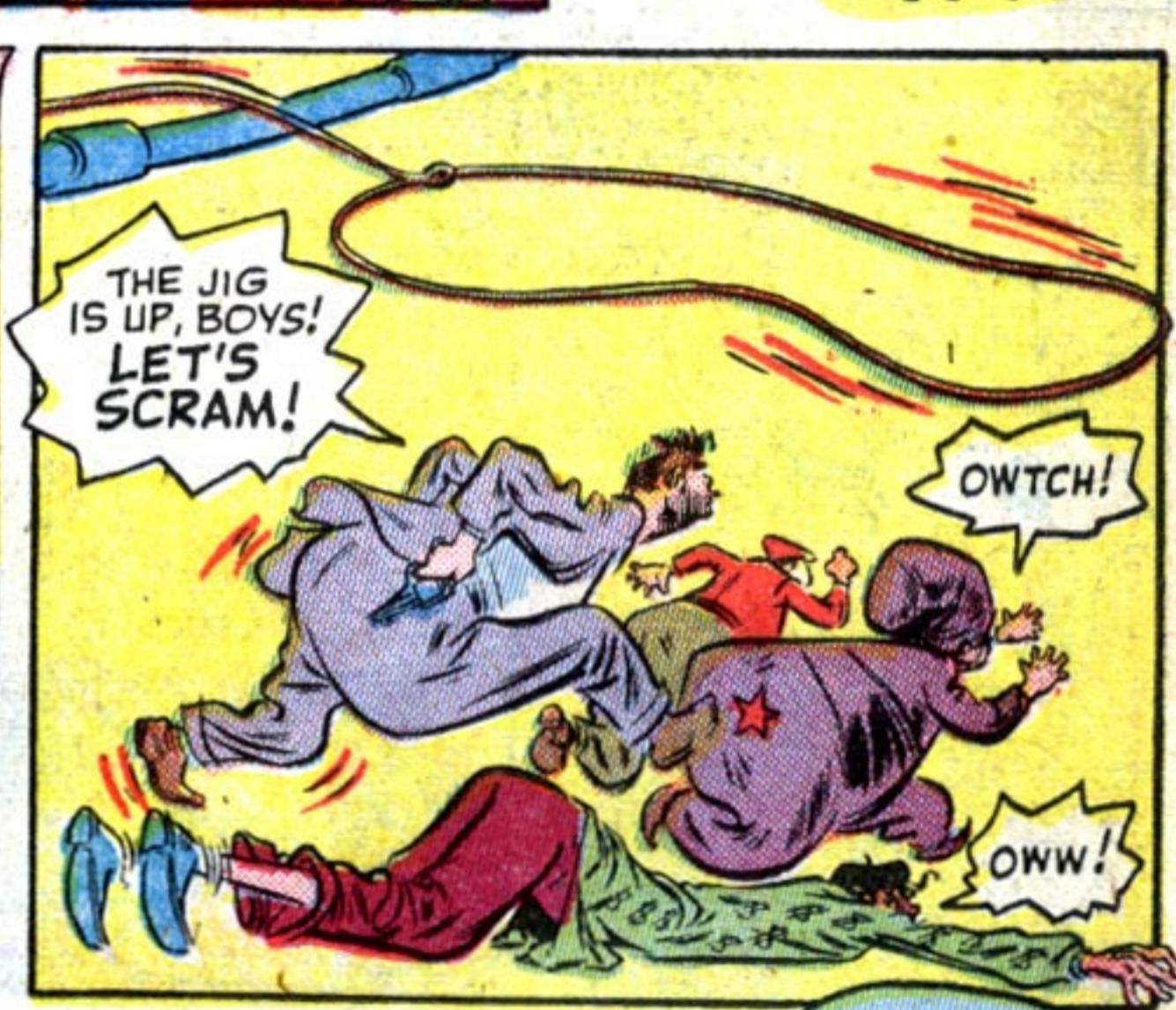
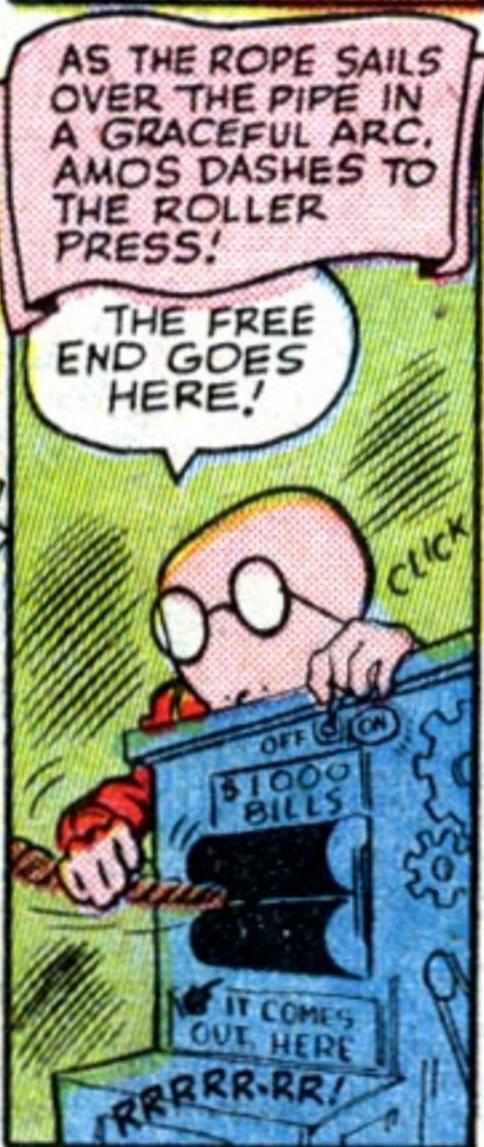
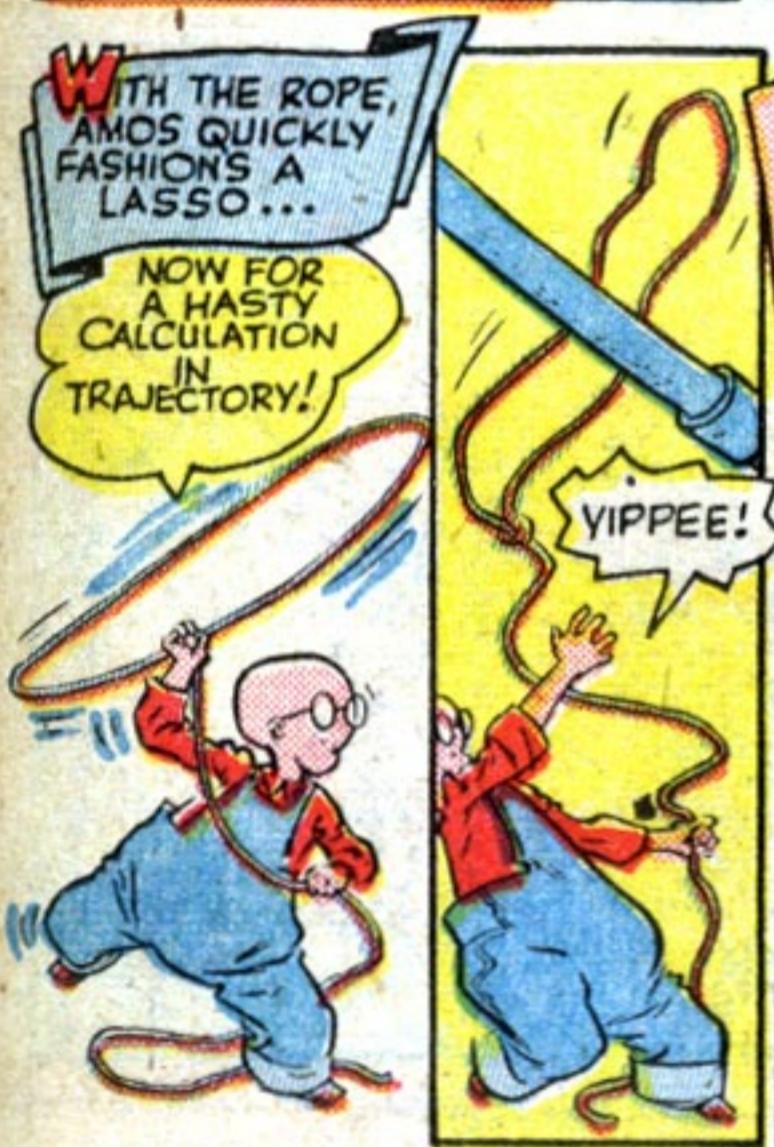




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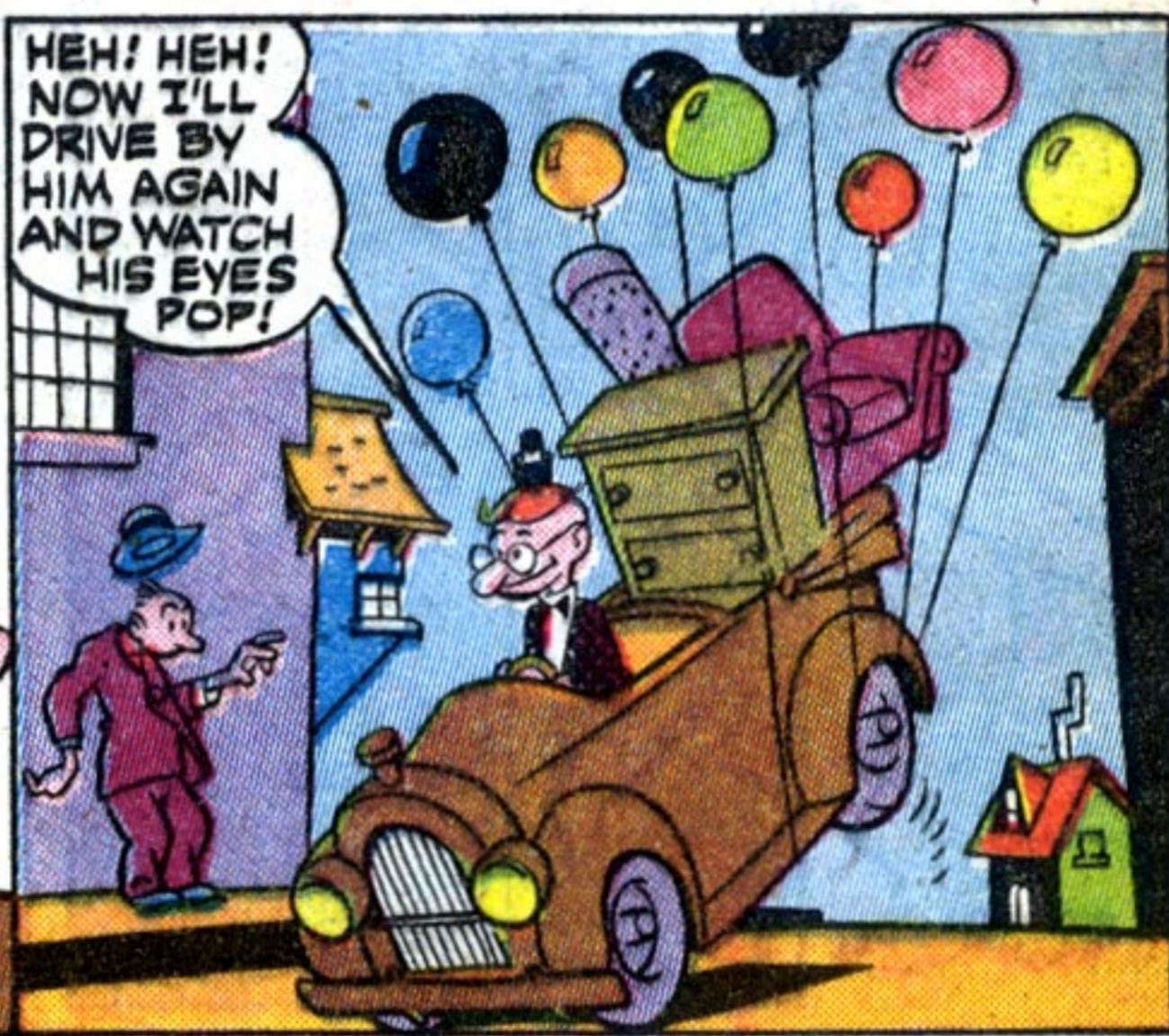
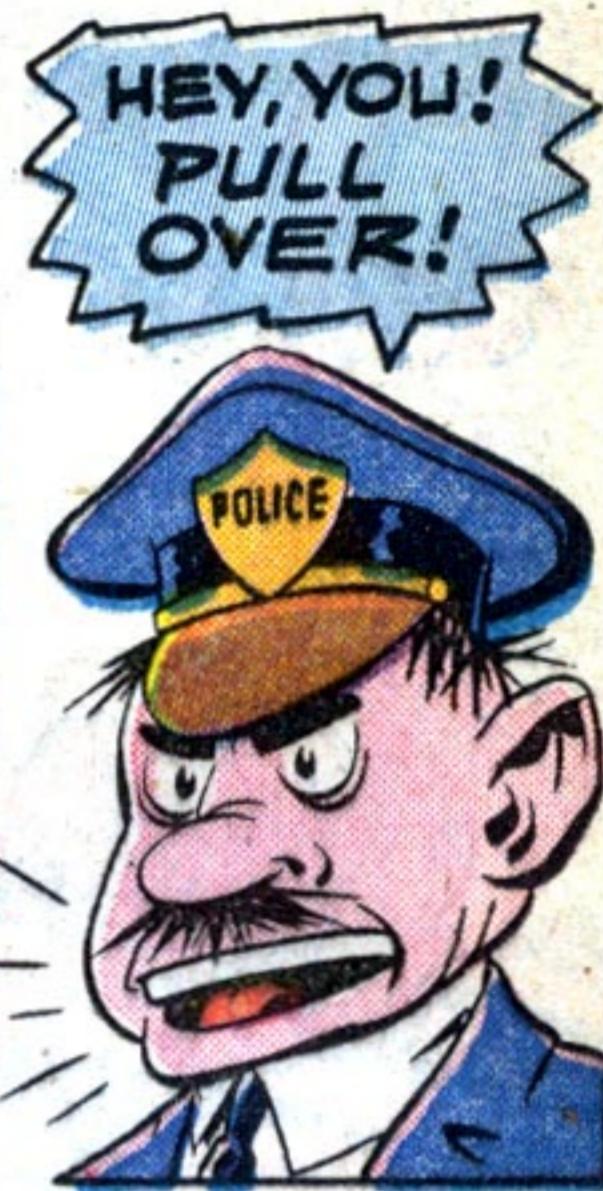
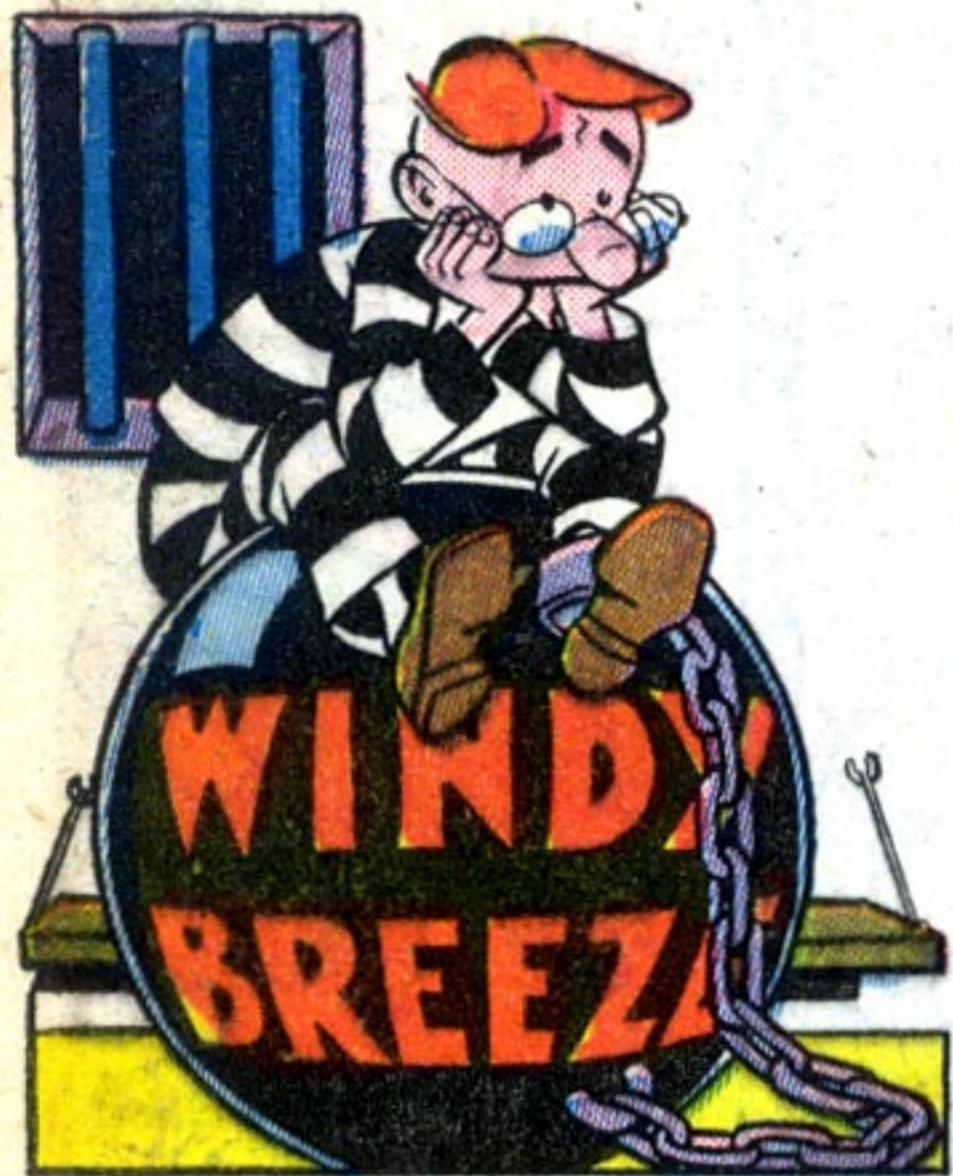


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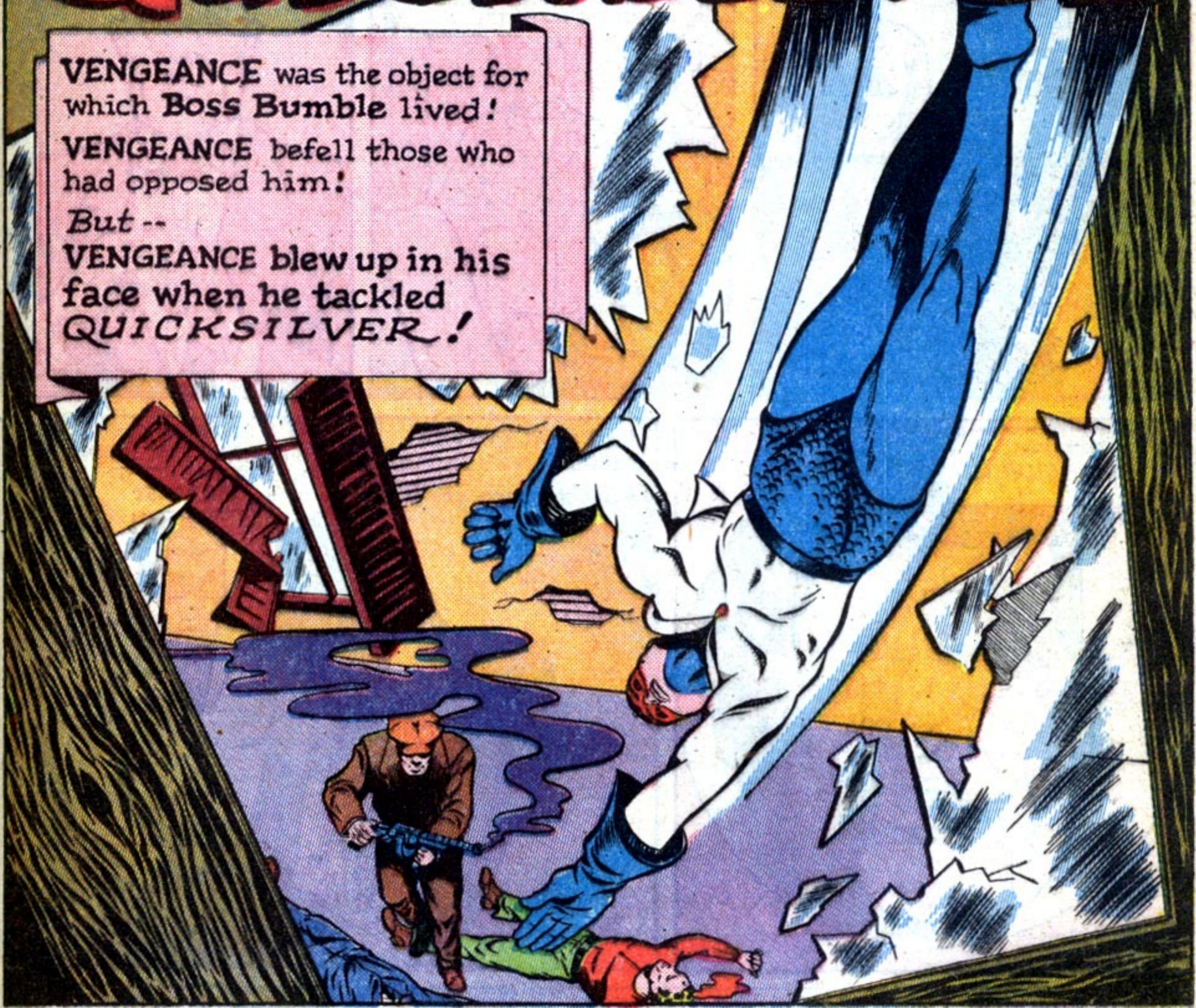
WHEN IT COMES TO SMASHING ATOMS OR SMASHING CRIME, CALL "INTELLECTUAL AMOS" 2-0-0-O-ON!

NATIONAL COMICS



QUICKSILVER

VENGEANCE was the object for which Boss Bumble lived! VENGEANCE befell those who had opposed him! But -- VENGEANCE blew up in his face when he tackled QUICKSILVER!



At the State hospital for the criminally insane...

YOU CERTIFY BUMBLE AS COMPLETELY CURED, DOCTOR?

HE'S PASSED EVERY TEST, WARDEN! OUR TREATMENT HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL!

HE WAS TRAPPED BY QUICKSILVER! HIS OWN CRIME LIEUTENANTS WERE READY TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM: CONVICTED HIM OF ROBBERY AND MURDER!

BUT HE WAS CERTIFIED INSANE AND SENT HERE INSTEAD OF TO THE CHAIR! NOW THAT HE'S WELL --- COME IN, BUMBLE!

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YOU'RE FREE AGAIN,
BUMBLE, AND WELL!
WE HOPE YOU'LL
BE A GOOD
CITIZEN!

I HOPE SO, TOO,
SIR! THANKS FOR
THE CARE YOU
GAVE ME!

But as Bumble emerges
into the open ...

FOOLS! I FADED INSANITY
TO ESCAPE DEATH! WHEN I
KNEW THE CHARGES WERE
HALF-FORGOTTEN, I FADED
A CURE! I HAVE THREE
SCORES TO SETTLE! ---

FIRST, THE RATS WHO
TURNED AGAINST THEIR
BOSS! SECOND, THE JUDGE
WHO TRIED ME! THIRD---

THIRD ---
QUICKSILVER!

And **QUICKSILVER**
remembers Bumble, too....

I SOMEHOW CAN'T
IMAGINE THAT KILLING
THUG AS FIT TO
BE FREE!

While Bumble's
old friends...

CHEER UP, DIRK!
THE PAPERS SAY
THAT BUMBLE'S
NOT A KILLER -- THAT
HE DOESN'T EVEN
REMEMBER HIS
CRIME DAYS!

THE PAPERS
ALSO REPRINTED
THE WHOLE STORY
OF HOW WE
RATTED ON
HIM!

MAYBE HE --

OPEN IT, AVIE!
STAND READY
FOR TROUBLE,
ROMBY!

SOMEBODY
KNOCKING!

KNOCK
KNOCK



IT'S QUICKSILVER!
QUICK, ROMBY--
PLUG HIM!

I WOULDN'T,
ROMBY!

2C

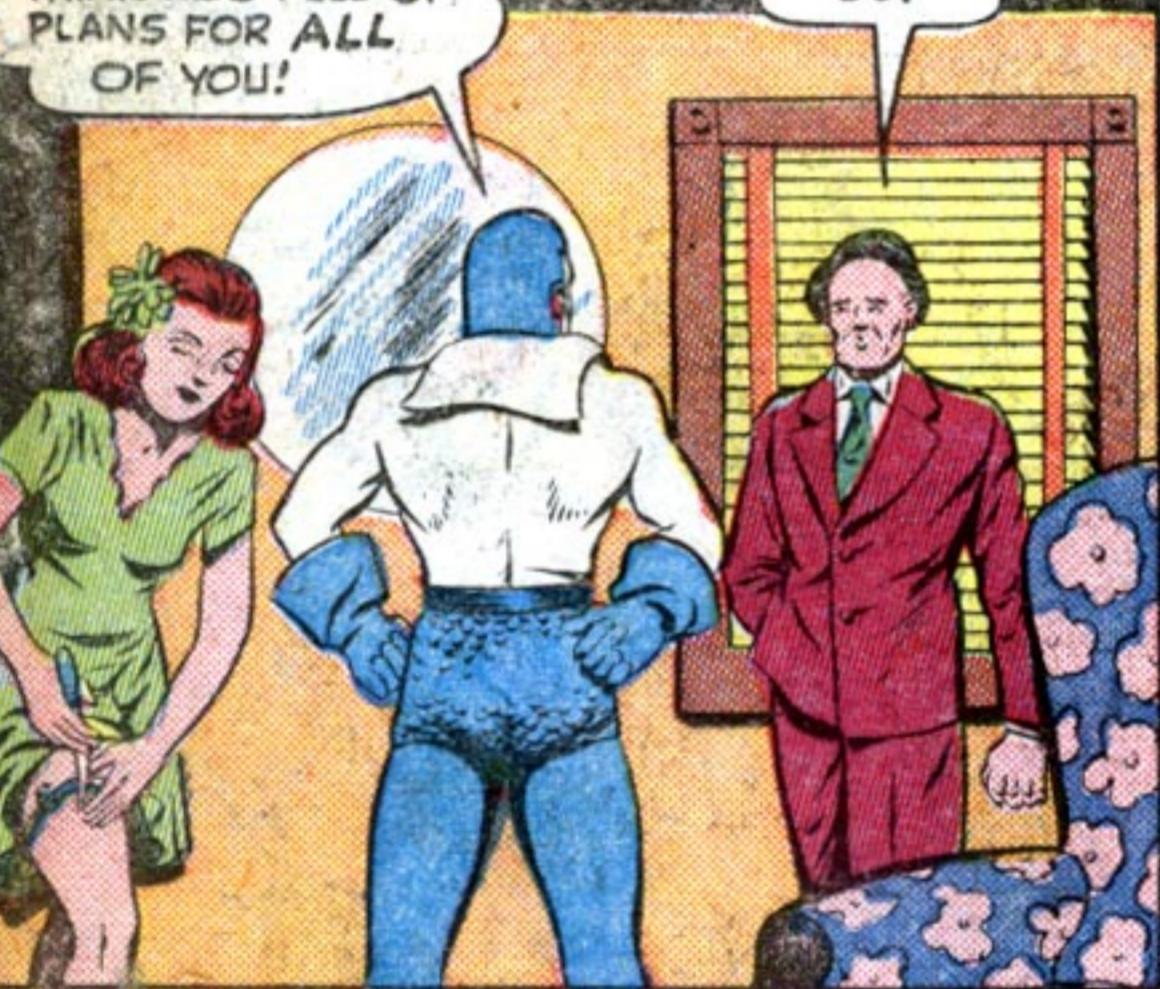
MAYBE I'M HERE
TO HELP YOU!
BUMBLE'S OUT--

WE KNOW IT!
SO WHAT?

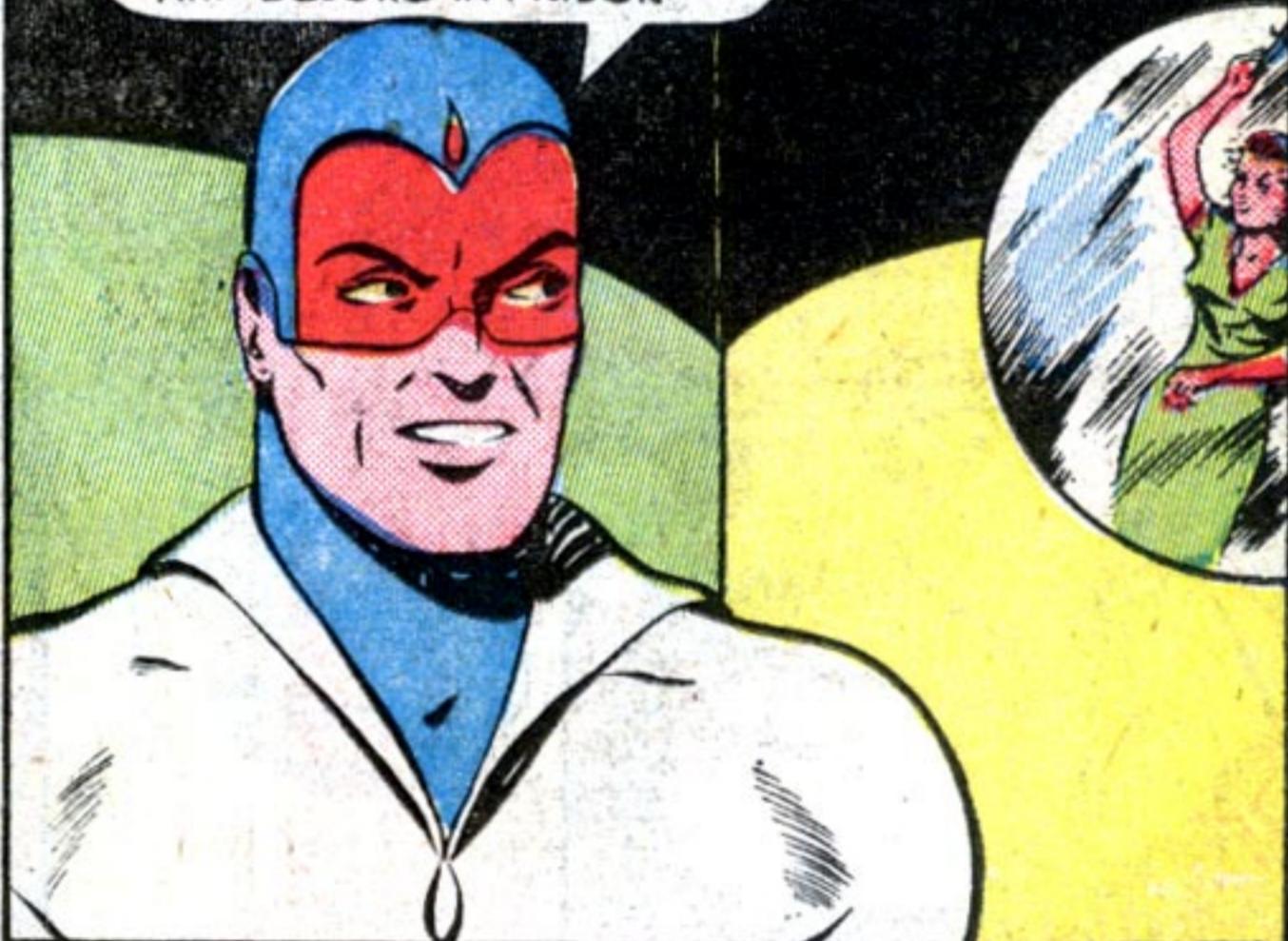


I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO
BELIEVED HE WENT SANE
TO HIS TRIAL! AND I
THINK HE'S FULL OF
PLANS FOR ALL
OF YOU!

WHY ARE YOU BEING
SUCH A GOOD GUY
ABOUT WARNING
US?



BECAUSE I'VE BEEN CHECKING
UP! -- I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN
RUNNING BUMBLE'S RACKETS
AND BELONG IN PRISON---



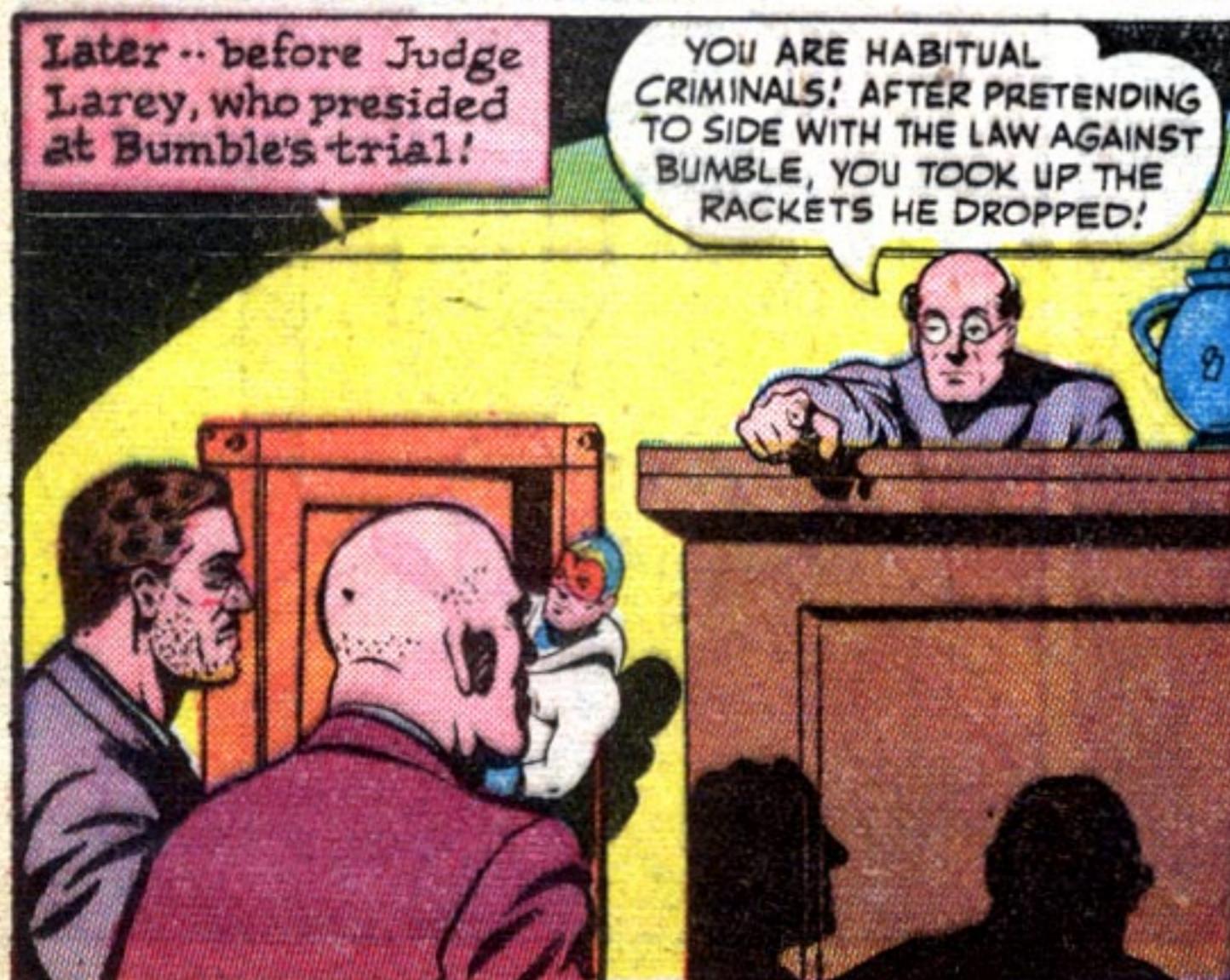
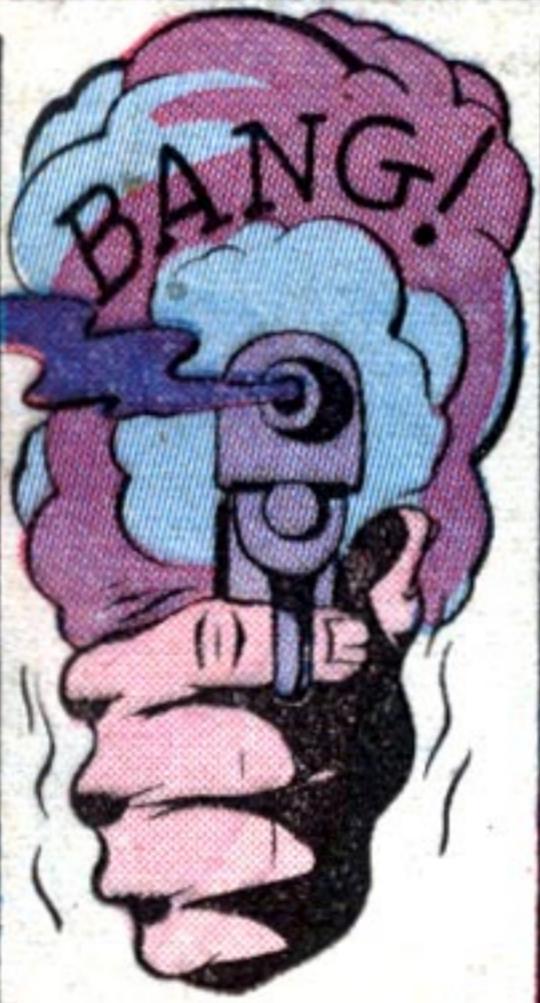
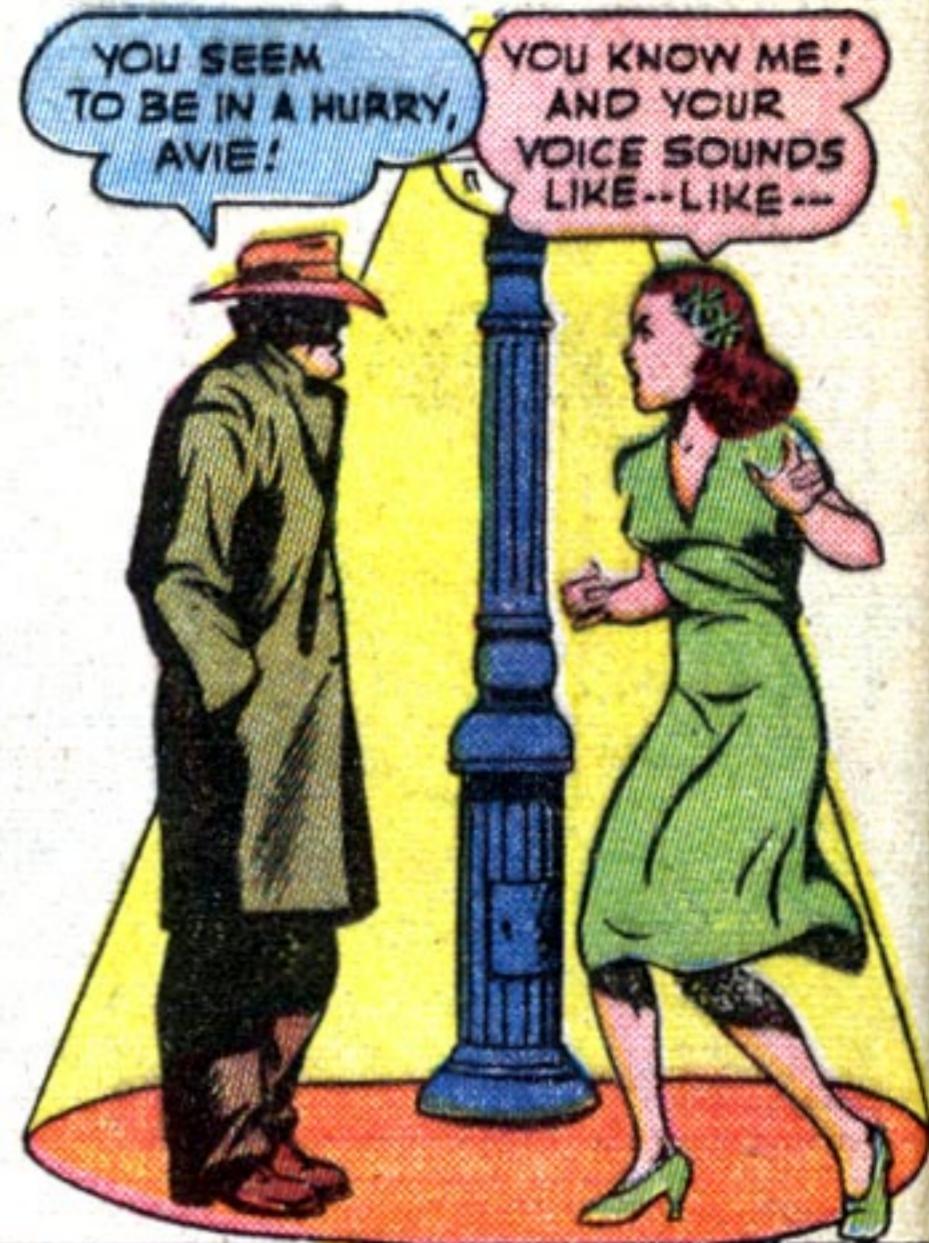
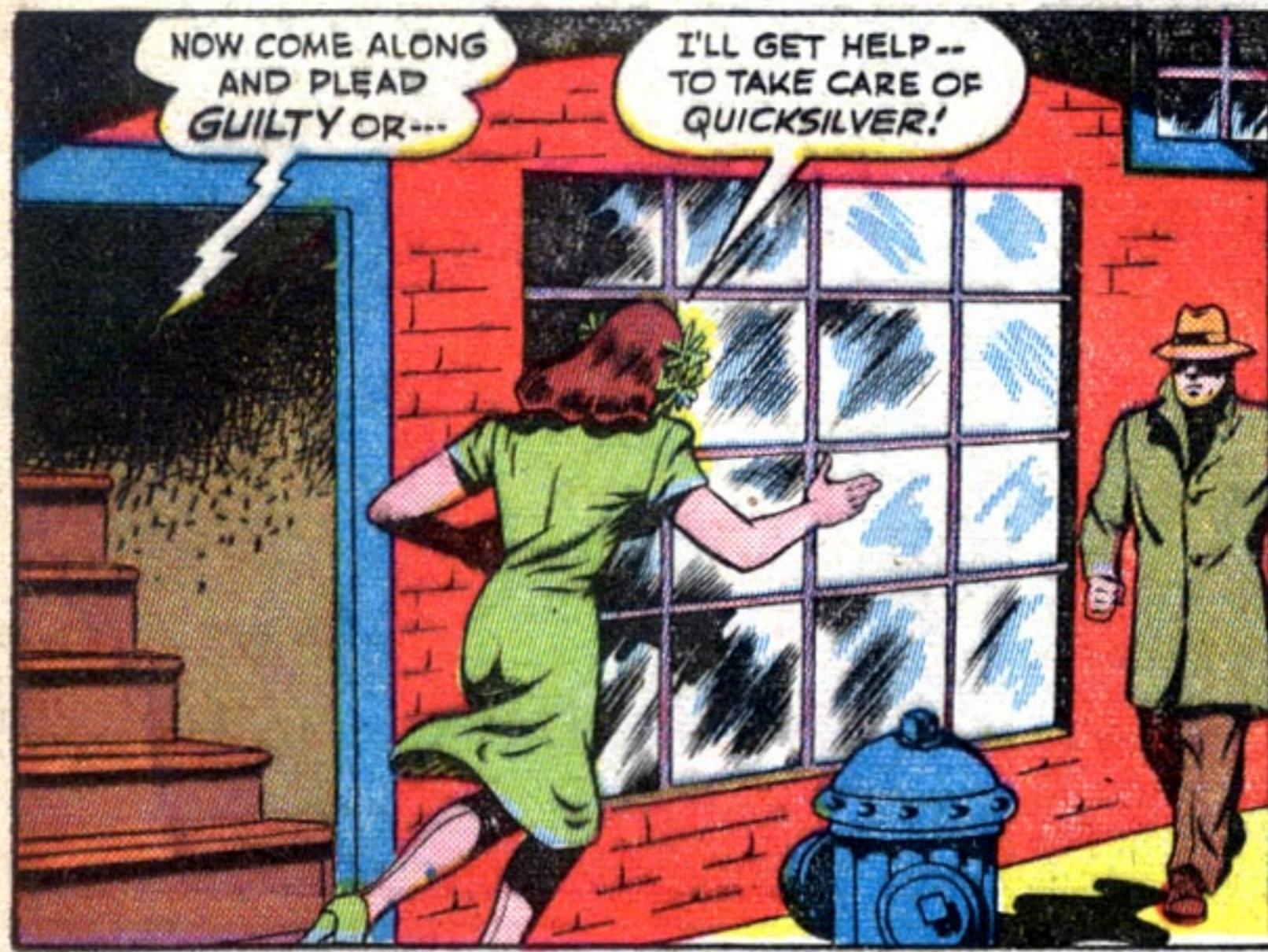
VERY DRAMATIC,
AVIE--BUT NOT
QUICK ENOUGH!

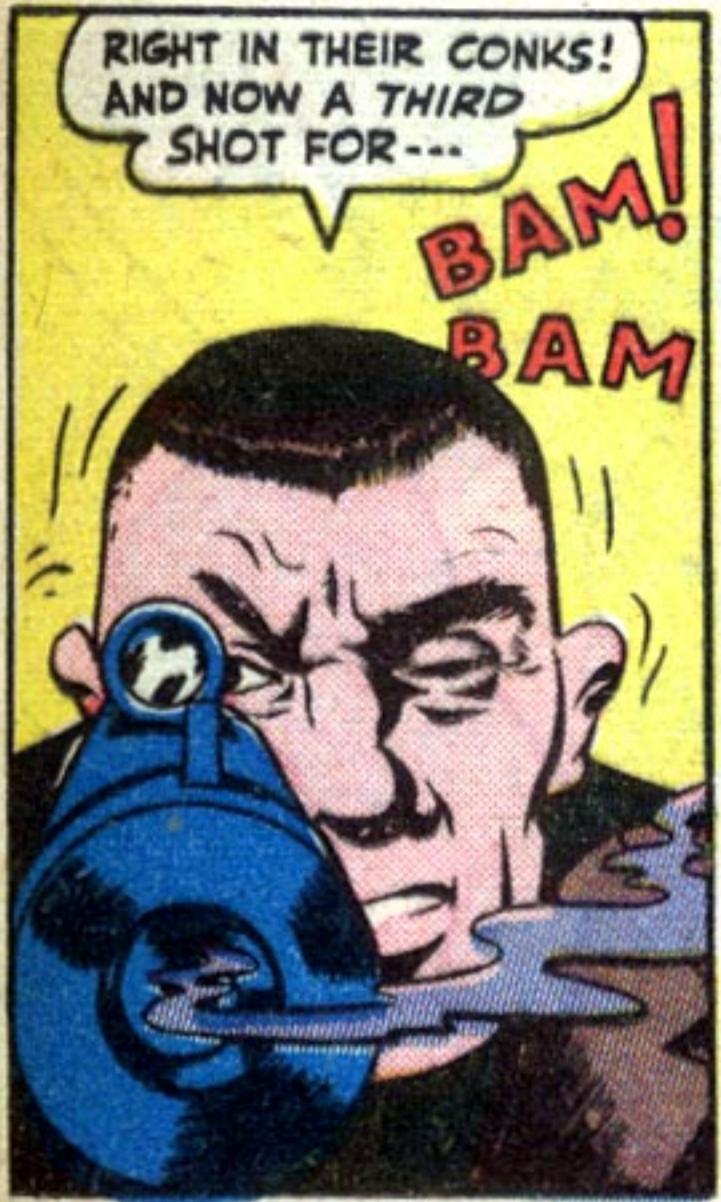
YOU DIRTY
POLICE STOOGE!



BY ATTACKING
ME, YOU ADMIT
YOUR GUILT!



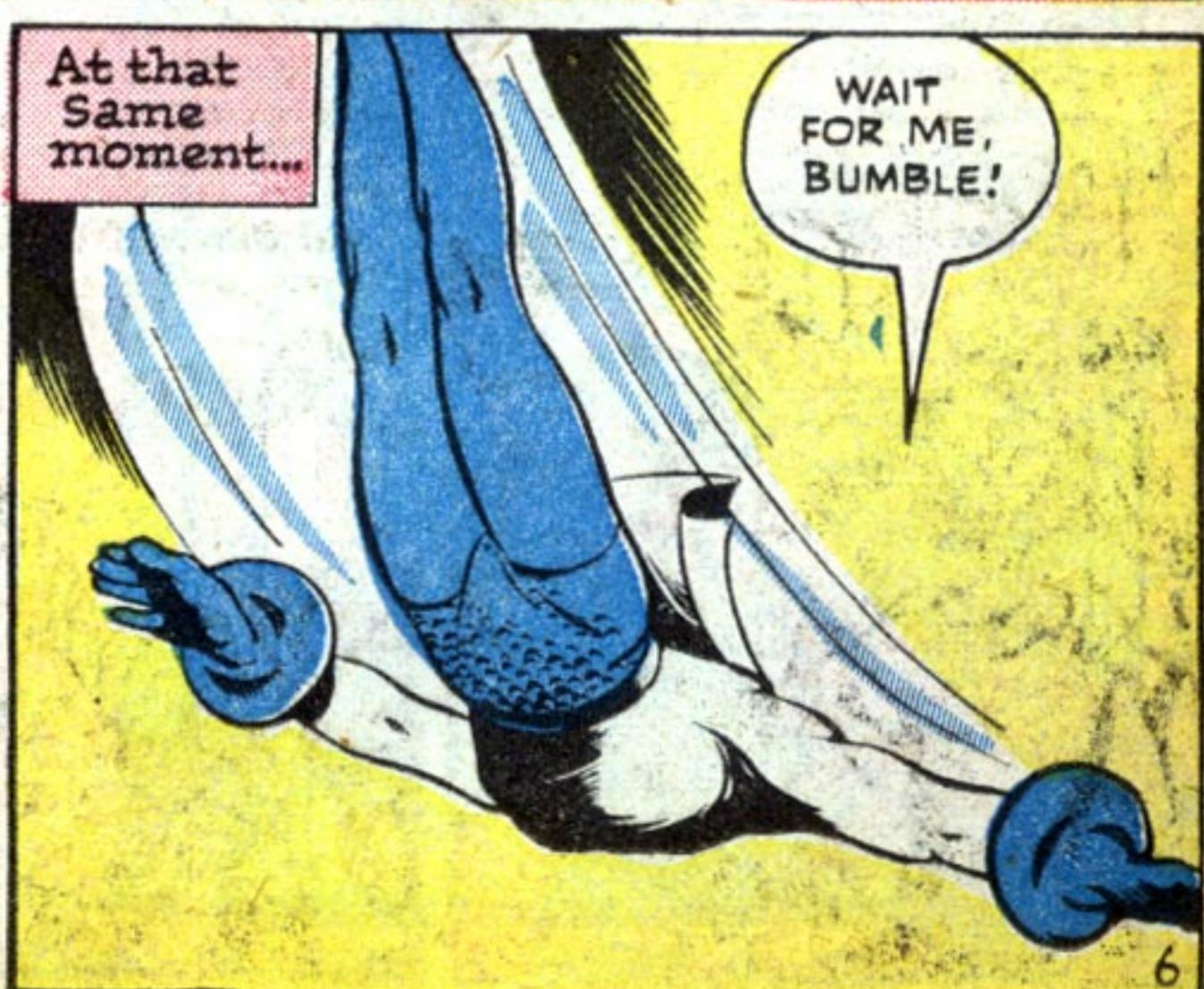




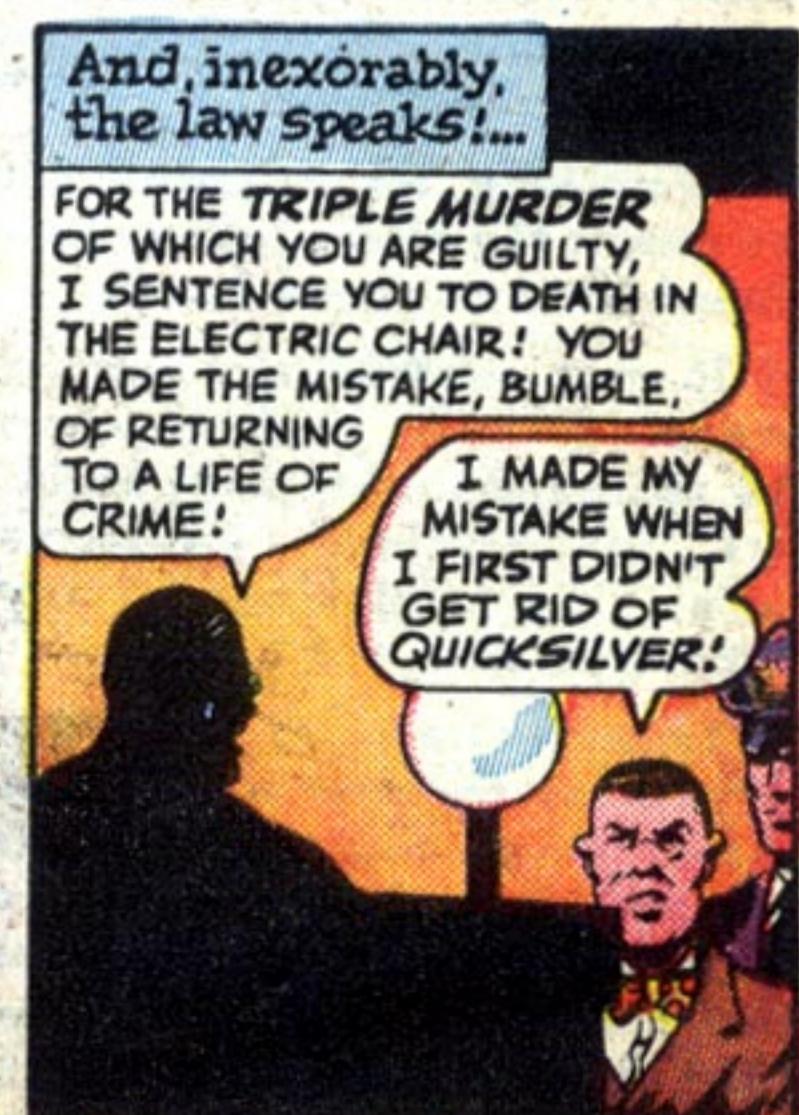
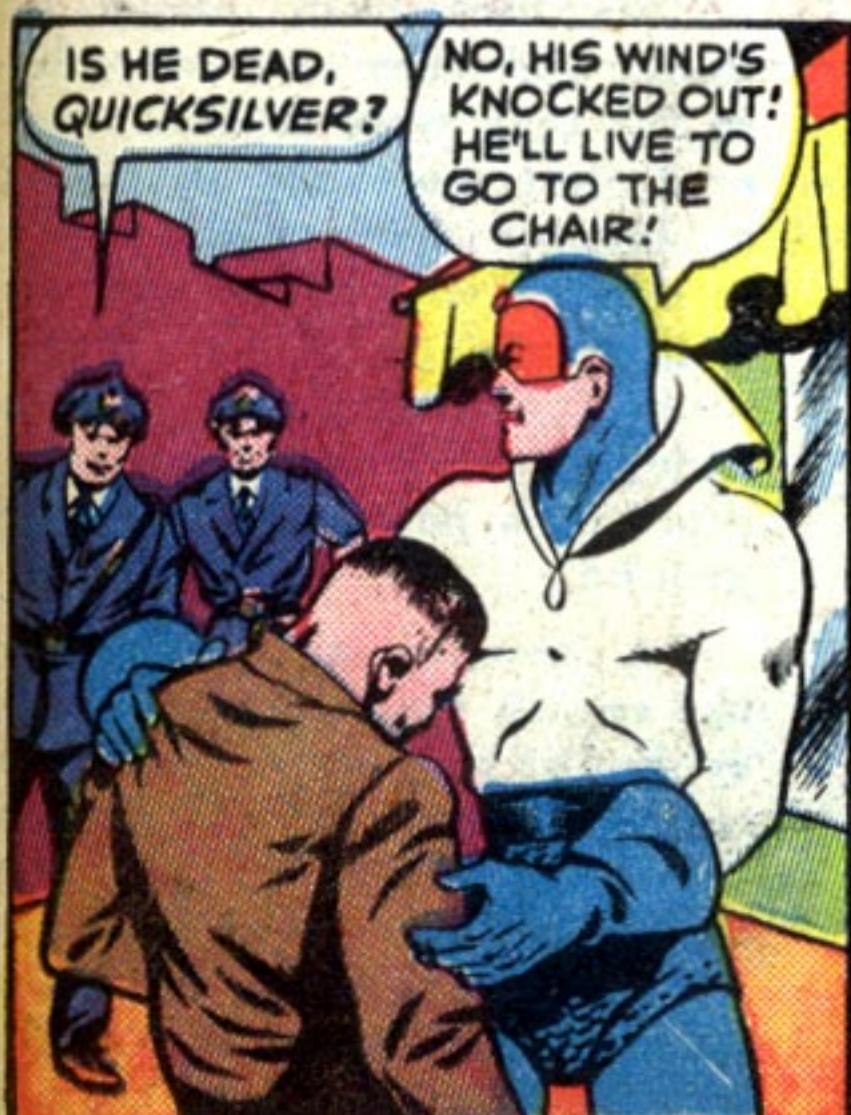
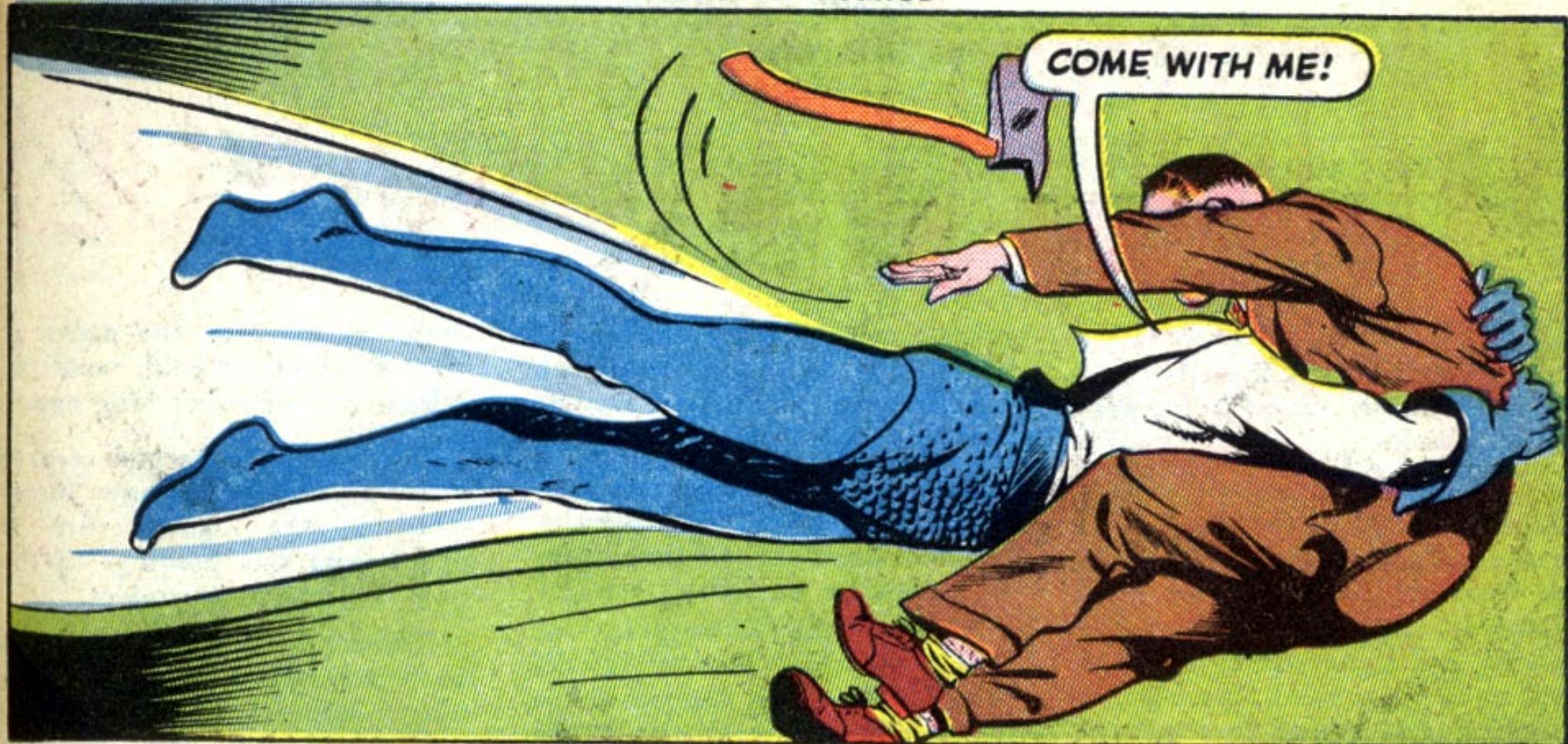
COARSE WORK, BUMBLE!
I'VE CALLED THE POLICE
TO CORNER YOU!

PERHAPS THE
POLICE WON'T
BE NEEDED!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT
ME YET, QUICKSILVER--
AND YOU WON'T!



COME WITH ME!



MOTORIZED DRAGONFLIES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S giant aircraft industry has pups—or more accurately, perhaps, chicks.

One of them, painted a brilliant scarlet, five feet long with a seven foot wingspread, landed in a Los Angeles front yard recently. Neatly missing the phone and light wires, it glided in on a beautiful three-point landing and rolled to a graceful stop.

The lady of the house, more or less popeyed, made a cautious approach. She had been hearing plenty about glider bombs and her first thought was that maybe the Japs were up to something.

Johnny next door speedily reassured her.

"Oh, gee, a Class C model!" he shouted, making a dive for the prize. "It musta flew in from the Rosecrans field. That's five miles away. Let's see whose it is!"

On a small plate behind the engine was a legend:

"Please return to Jimmy Jones, 6611 West Atlanta Blvd., or notify him where plane can be found. Telephone LI 9450."

Beseeching his neighbor not to molest the plane, Johnny hastened home to phone Jimmy.

It may surprise the average person to learn that there are 10 thousand model plane builders in Southern California alone. The total United States crop runs into the millions.

It may also come as a surprise that the manufacture of model plane engines and kits nationally is considerably more than a million dollar business and that the government considered model plane building such a stimulus to aviation

morale as to justify the recent unfreezing of a sizable stock of critical materials to resume making model motors.

A Los Angeles factory has announced that the popular "Bunch Tiger" 1/4 h. p. motor will soon be available.

This is the powerplant of many of the Class C model planes that have landed in so many yards in and about Los Angeles and, to reveal the whole truth, on a number of roofs, gardens, telephone lines and power wires.

This motor, weighing 7 1/2 ounces, turns up a quarter horsepower at 10 thousand r.p.m. It will run nearly three minutes on an ounce of fuel and can spin 400 hours without needing to be overhauled.

Automotive engineers are not impressed, however. The fuel is expensive, being one part castor oil and a shot of catalytic ether to three parts of high test gas. And an engine speed of 10 thousand r.p.m. is far too fast for full-sized propellers. Besides, a motor weighing 30 ounces, or nearly two pounds per horsepower, is woefully inefficient by modern automotive standard.

But model plane props are only eight inches long and model engines take only a thimble full of fuel for a flight, so what the heck!

The Tiger is a two-cycle engine, with sleeve valve action and surprisingly few parts. Suspicion is that some of its principles are embodied in German "doodle bombs," the small pilotless projectiles loosed on London, but that is something for jet propulsion wizards to figure out.

Ray Accord, president of the Los Angeles Aero Modelers,

manages most of the meets at the Rosecrans field, one of which was held not long ago.

Holder of numerous records himself, Accord is now interested in the manufacture of props, and has holdings in the new Tiger motor project.

"Model plane building is both nourished by and stimulates interest in, the aviation industry," he said. "Many craft plants learned their trade building models. Many of the hottest test pilots in the air services learned the principles of flight by tossing models into the air, and finding out firsthand about rudder and elevator effects and the angle of attack.

"The fact that kids build their planes from kits, or better, by shaping parts from stock materials assures development of craftsmanship and an intimate knowledge of the principles of flight.

"Our present day models are the result of evolution and have been influenced by modern automotive design.

"We first built planes too light, and they not only flew so far they were seldom recovered, but were apt to shatter on landing. The object now is to make flights which will stay within range of the judges' vision, with planes sturdy enough to withstand anything short of a power dive into the ground.

"A timing mechanism like the switch on an electric toaster limits the power run in a contest flight to 20 seconds. How much longer than that the plane flies depends upon the flatness of its glide, but more on the luck of sailing into a thermal (ascending current

of air), such as are made use of by soaring birds."

A good model plane costs about \$50, and usually takes two to three weeks to build, unless the builder spends all his time on the job. Then his progress, of course, depends on his skill.

It requires practice and dexterity to fly a plane, as well as a wholesome gift for caution in handling machinery.

The prop, spinning at 10 thousand revs a minute, is a small but very dangerous gadget, and most model plane makers have scarred hands. Metal or plastic props are prohibited at contests because instead of merely mangling a finger they tend to slice them off!

A plane, weighing eight or nine pounds and flying at 45 or 50 miles an hour, is a formidable missile, and spectators, relentlessly shoved off contest fields, do not strenuously resist being shoved.

A special feature of the last model plane meet near Los Angeles was the rocket plane entered by Duke Fox, of Burbank, California. This was a balsa creation, with elevator in front, wing behind, sustaining the weight of the explosive charge.

Its flights were erratic, two striking the ground, but two others shooting skyward in such swift spirals that Ray Accord believes they may be preliminary to organized contests,

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like the boys fly now with gas motor models.

Not that rocket model planes are particularly new; they are not. They are several years old, but never gained much popularity. Jet-propelled model planes, on the other hand, have yet to make their bow. But since they are actually flying in the war, it will not be long until some enterprising youngster will come out with a fully equipped "Squirt."

While working as a technical writer in the Engineering Department of Lockheed Aircraft Company, I had occasion to talk with many of the aeronautic engineers. I remember many of them recalling the days when he used to build and fly models. And a whole lot of them still kept up the hobby of building model planes. Out of some of these designs had come many startling innovations in aircraft design. And that is the reason that the Government is now releasing the embargo on various vital materials so that the kids may resume building and designing their dragonfly models. Today's model may be tomorrow's plane!

They started with rubber band models. Now only "little kids" use rubber powered motors. They have progressed to the real gasoline engine powered craft. It may one day be steam, or jet-propulsion.

Model testing and racing is not confined to airplanes. Re-

cently around Los Angeles there has been a tendency for certain groups of youngsters to race tiny gas-powered boats. Echo Park Lake is one of the testing grounds for these functions, and on any Sunday morning one may see a dozen or more of these snappy little water bugs zipping across the placid waters of the lake.

I know many men who are model train enthusiasts, spending hundreds of dollars and many hours of time building and operating whole railroad systems and seeming to get a great amount of pleasure out of it. In fact, my supervisor at Lockheed—a graduate engineer (Caltech)—was a great model train hobbyist. I recall one time trying to convince him of the advantages of monorail, but he shied off. I still believe that if someone built a model monorail train he would stand a good chance of making considerable money—at least after the war is over.

Ever witness a model auto race? It is one of the most thrilling spectacles anyone could watch. I saw several of these races at Culver City some years ago in which the tiny cars would turn up ninety miles an hour. From many of these models I understand that automotive engineers have gleaned considerable knowledge which was incorporated in large size motorcars.

Yes, models are excellent stimulators.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

ND MARCH 3, 1933 of NATIONAL COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1934.

State of Connecticut } ss.

County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old

Greenwich, Conn., Claire G. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn. Comic Magazines, Inc., 312 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1934.
LOTIS J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1940.)

NATIONAL COMICS

CHIC CARTER

by
VERNON
HENKEL

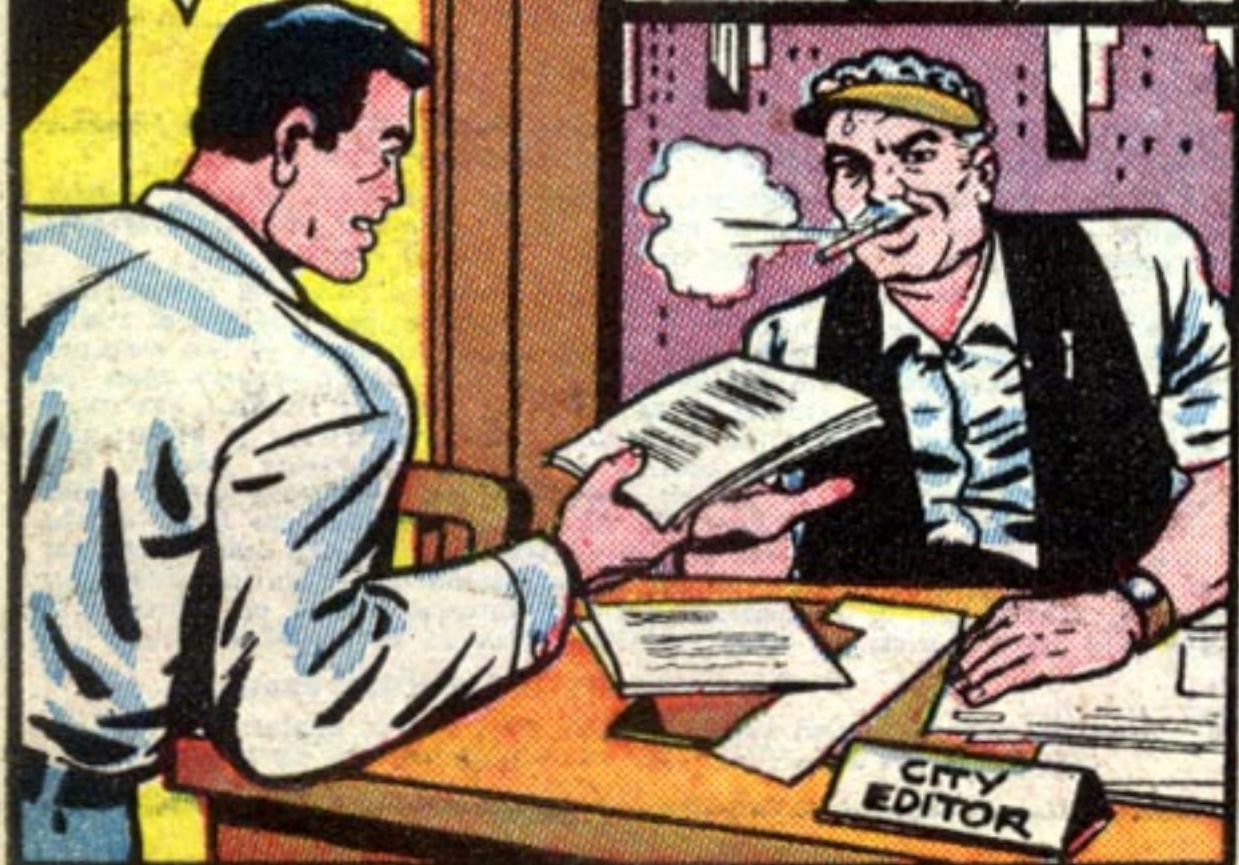


HERE'S THE STORY ON BIG JOE RYAN! HE'S PRACTICALLY MEASURED FOR CONVICT STRIPES WHEN THIS STORY GOES OUT!

YOU'RE DOING OKAY!

KEEP PUNCHING! AND DON'T FORGET TO WEAR YOUR BULLET-PROOF VEST!

TCH-TCH! YOU DON'T THINK BIG JOE RYAN WOULD BE SO CRUDE AS TO RUB ME OUT? HE'S TOO SMOOTH FOR THAT!



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I'M LOOKING FOR A MR. CHIC CARTER! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I MIGHT FIND HIM?

JUST KEEP LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD! CARTER'S MY NAME!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. CARTER, THAT YOU ARE A MAN WHO WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A LITTLE EXCITEMENT -- AND THE PROPER REMUNERATION!

I WANT YOU TO GO TO THIS ADDRESS AND PICK UP A SILVER BRACELET! BRING IT TO MY APARTMENT -- AND I WILL PAY YOU FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

HMM! THAT'S A BIG SALARY FOR AN ERRAND BOY! WHAT'S THE CATCH?



THE BRACELET IS VERY VALUABLE TO ME! CERTAIN PEOPLE WOULD DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT MY GETTING IT! I NEED SOMEONE I CAN TRUST TO GET IT FOR ME!

FOR FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS, EH? ... ALL RIGHT, I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!

LATER - IN A SMALL JEWELRY STORE OFF THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE



CHIC
CARTER!

JEWELRY
STORE

NATIONAL COMICS



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SHORTLY AFTERWARD,
THE POLICE ARRIVE...

YOU'LL PREFER
CHARGES FOR STEALING
YOUR BRACELET?

OF COURSE! I
WANT THIS
MAN
PUNISHED
AS HE
DESERVES!

I NEVER
THOUGHT YOU
WERE A THIEF,
MR. CARTER!

I'M NOT! BUT
I CAN'T
FIGURE OUT
WHAT
HAPPENED!

BUT THIS FITS IN NICELY WITH
THE PLANS OF BIG JOE RYAN!
I ROT IN A PRISON CELL... AND
HE GOES HIS MERRY WAY! I'LL
SWEAR HE'S MIXED UP IN
THIS SOMEHOW!

TOO BAD
YOU CAN'T
PROVE IT!

LISTEN - GIVE ME
FIVE MINUTES ALONE
WITH BIG JOE RYAN
AND MAYBE I CAN
PROVE IT!

GOSH,
CARTER!
I DON'T
THINK
THAT WOULD
BE LEGAL!

YOU'D LOOK GOOD
IN A SERGEANT'S
UNIFORM! MY
NEWSPAPER WILL
GIVE YOU CREDIT
FOR NAILING BIG
JOE RYAN -- AND
YOU'LL GET THAT
PROMOTION!

I'VE
BEEN IN
LINE FOR
PROMOTION
FOR FIVE
YEARS! IF
FIVE
MINUTES
WILL GET IT
FOR ME, IT'S
WORTH A
CHANCE!

ONLY FIVE
MINUTES NOW!
AND NO
SHENANIGANS!

OKAY! YOU CAN
WATCH THE
DOOR TO BE
SURE I DON'T
RUN OUT ON
YOU!

THIS IS BIG
JOE RYAN'S
PLACE!

HE AIN'T SEEIN'
'NOBODY!

OUT OF MY
WAY, BLACKIE!

YOU'RE ASKING
FOR TROUBLE!

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SORRY, MR. CARTER!
YOUR FIVE MINUTES
ARE UP!

LET ME.
ANSWER
THE
PHONE!



COME BACK HERE,
RYAN! YOU CAN'T
WALK OUT ON THIS
ONE!



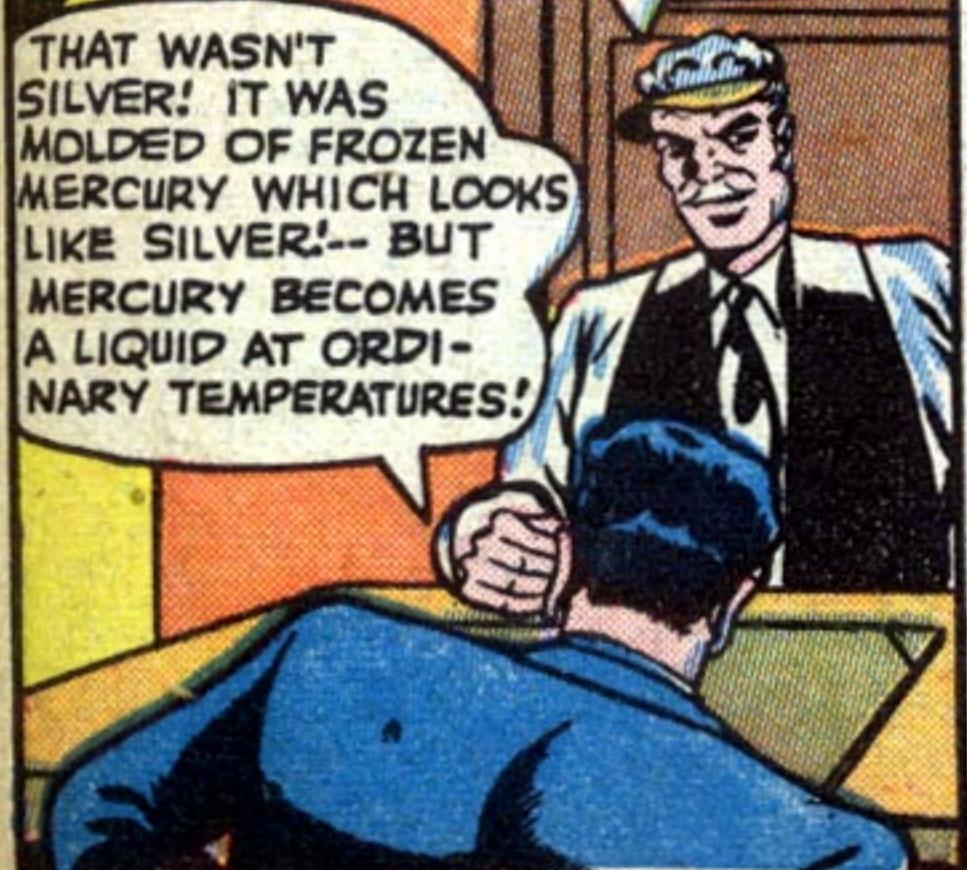
BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS GO AWRY - WHEN THERE'S A TALKATIVE WOMAN INVOLVED! LOUELLA COULDN'T RESIST PHONING TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT! AND THAT'S GOING TO SAVE ME FROM A HOT SPOT--AND PUT YOU IN THE COOLER!



LATER...

RYAN, BLACKIE, THE JEWELER, AND THE GIRL ARE ALL SAFE IN JAIL! BUT WHAT DID HAPPEN TO THAT SILVER BRACELET?

THAT WASN'T SILVER! IT WAS MOLDED OF FROZEN MERCURY WHICH LOOKS LIKE SILVER! -- BUT MERCURY BECOMES A LIQUID AT ORDINARY TEMPERATURES!



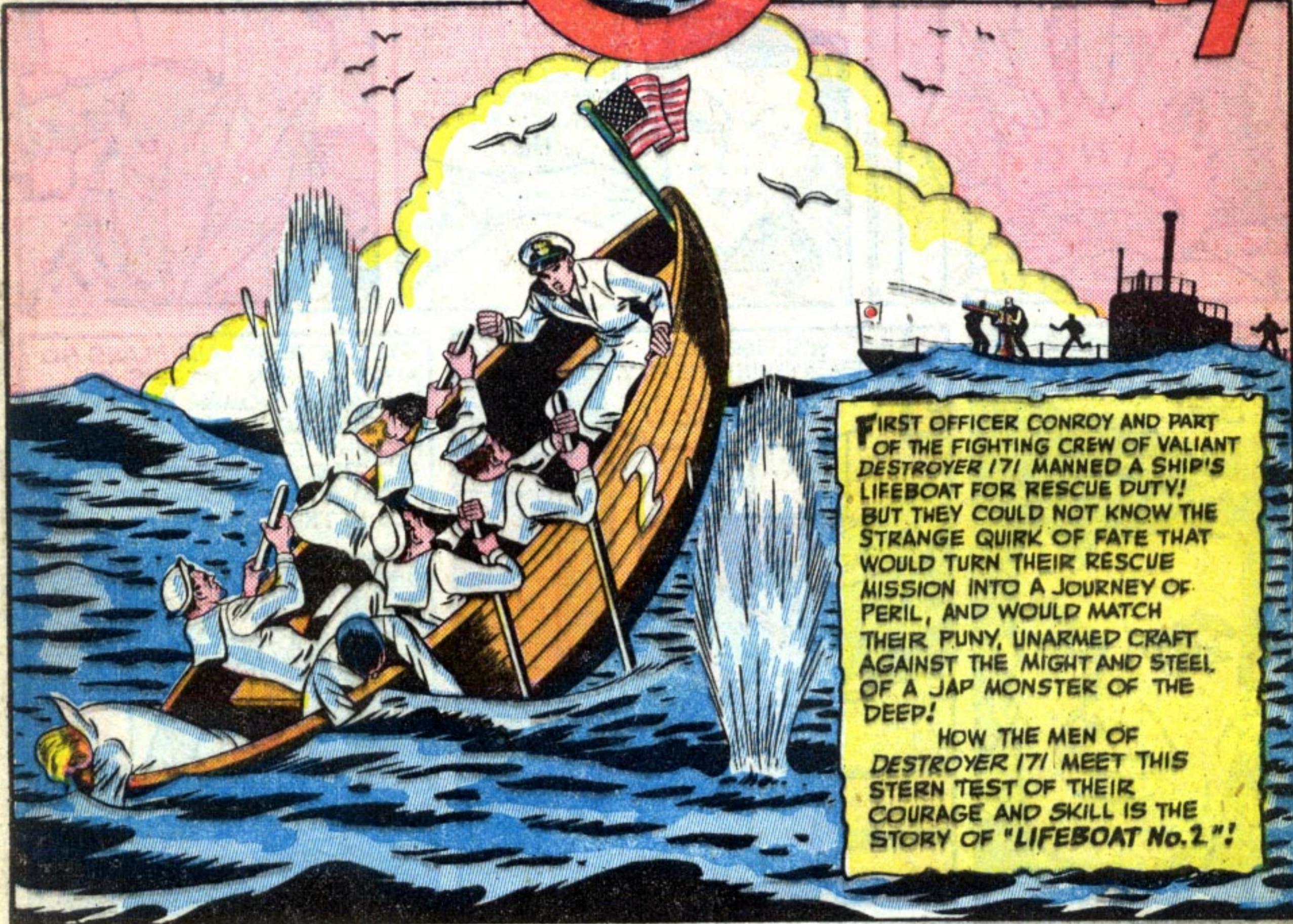
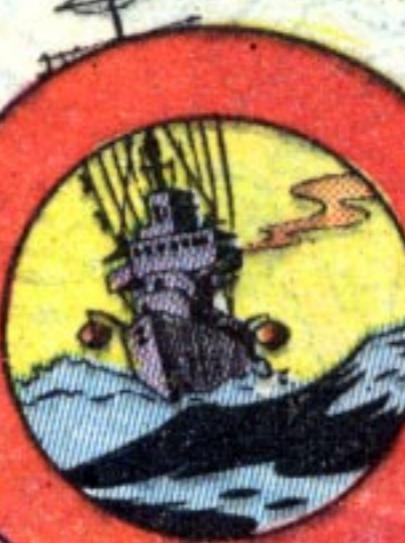
SO THE BRACELET JUST MELTED AWAY INTO THE POROUS LINING OF THE CASE! I'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT ON IF LOUELLA HADN'T MENTIONED HG, WHICH IS THE CHEMICAL SYMBOL OF MERCURY!



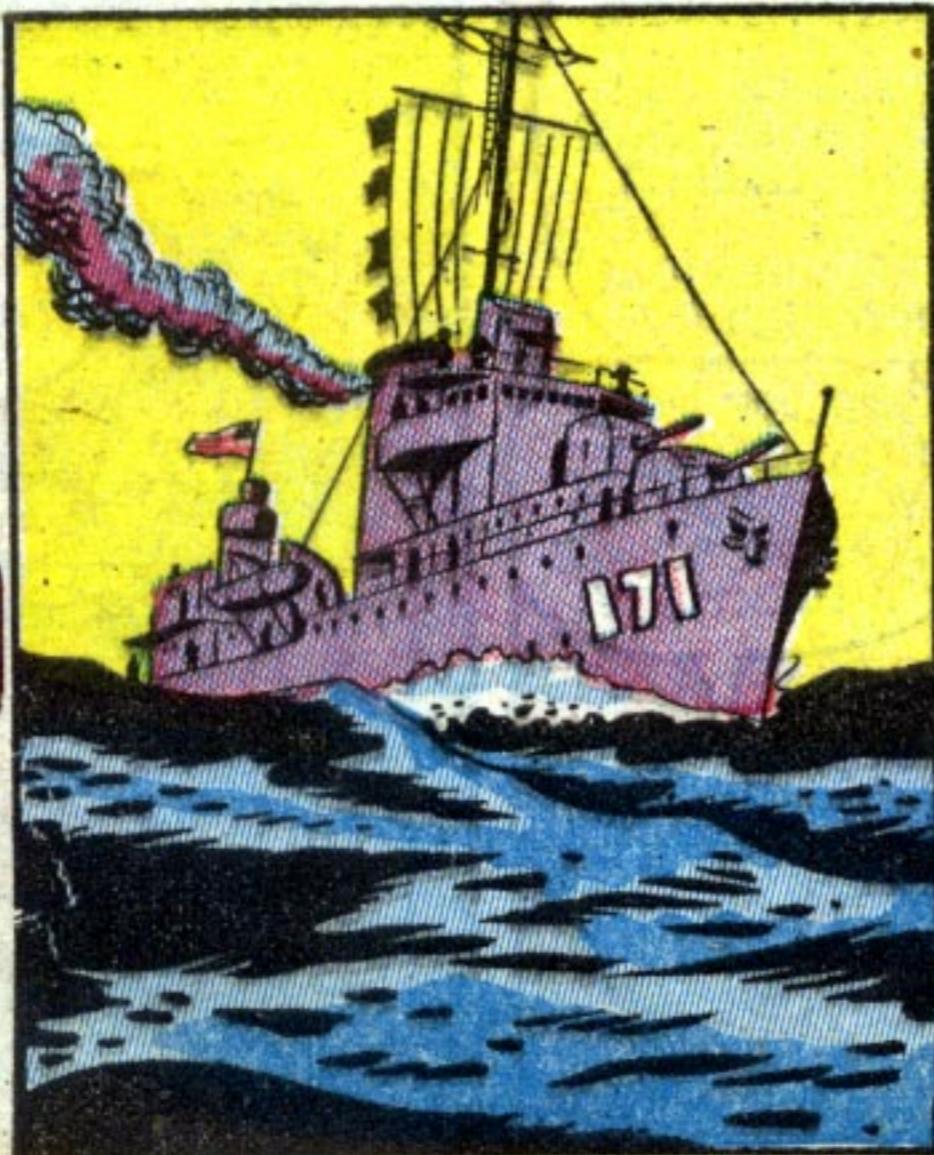
GOOD MORNING, SERGEANT!
YOU LOOK GOOD IN THAT UNIFORM!



DESTROYER 171



UP FROM THE WINDSWEPT COASTS OF SOUTH CHINA CAME THE STORM THAT TOSSSED DESTROYER 171 LIKE A CHIP IN A GALE...



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WE'D BETTER GET
INSIDE, MR. CONROY!
OR WE'LL BE
BLOWN FROM
THE BRIDGE!

AYE,
SIR!

WE'RE HOLDING
A TRUE COURSE!
WE'LL RIDE OUT
THE STORM!

THANKS
TO YOU,
COMMANDER
BLAKE!

I WISH I WERE
LIKE YOU, SIR!
YOU KNOW
EXACTLY
WHAT TO
DO IN ANY
EMERGENCY!

THAT'S NOT SO,
CONROY! ...I
SIMPLY DO THE
BEST I CAN
UNDER THE
CIRCUMSTANCES!
THAT'S ALL ANY
COMMANDER
CAN DO!

RAFT SIGHTED!
FOUR DEGREES
STARBOARD!

I'M AFRAID WE'RE
TOO LATE! ..DOUBT
IF THERE'S ONE
MAN ALIVE ON
THAT RAFT!

IT'S A RAFT, ALL
RIGHT! I DON'T SEE
HOW IT'S SURVIVED
THIS STORM!

AS THE DESTROYER HEAVES
AND PITCHES IN A ROLLING
SEA, A STARBOARD LIFE-
BOAT IS SWUNG OUT...

WE'LL STAND
BY TO PICK YOU
UP, CONROY!
GOOD LUCK!



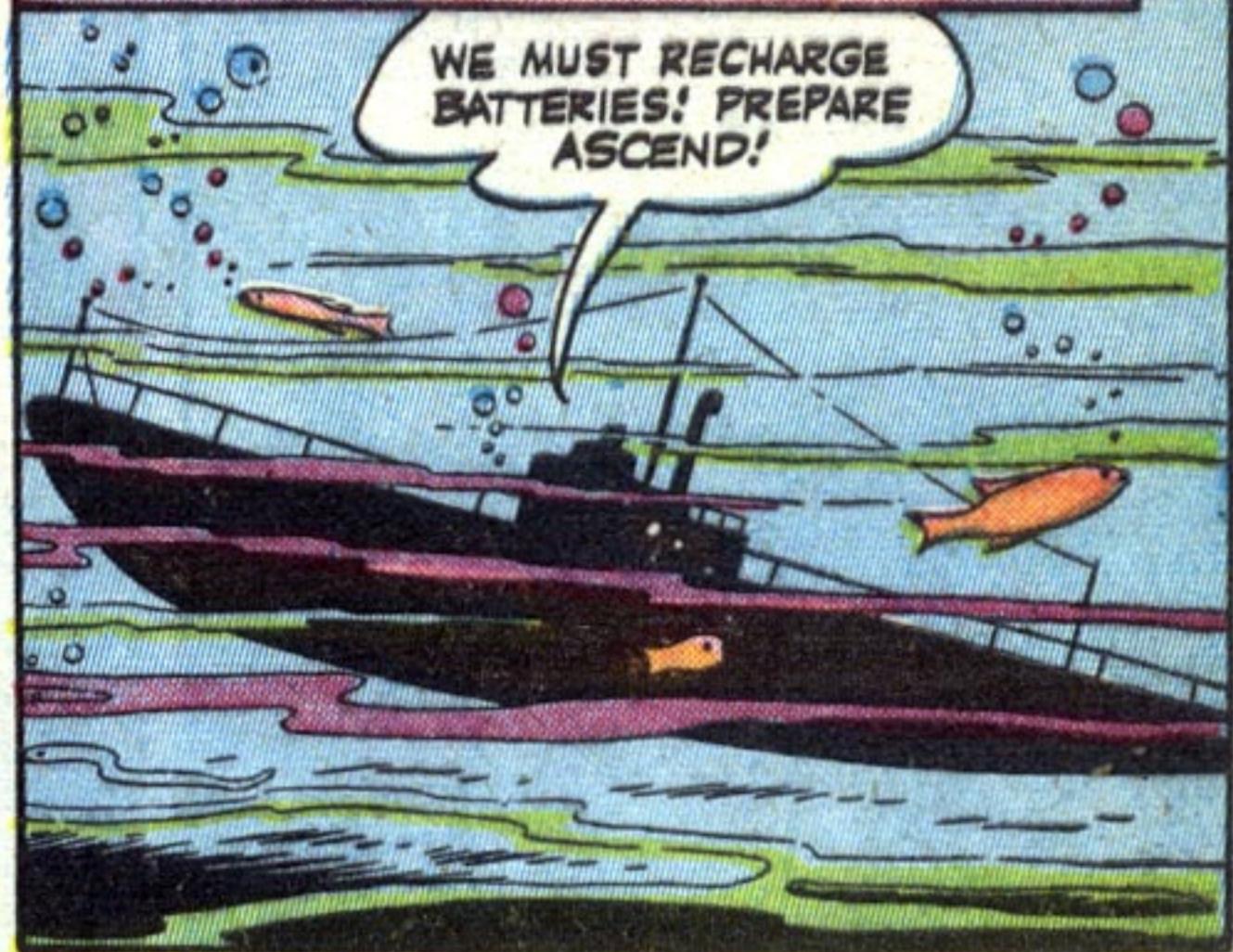
WE'LL SIT AND WAIT! HOW COULD I LET THIS HAPPEN? I'M THE STUPIDEST \$#%&!! ON THE WHOLE SEVEN SEAS!

WHAT NOW, SIR?



AT THIS MOMENT, BARELY FIFTY YARDS DISTANT FROM THE LIFEBOAT...

WE MUST RECHARGE BATTERIES! PREPARE ASCEND!



LOOK!

IT'S A JAP SUB!



GET MOVING! MAYBE WE CAN FIND THE PAWNEE BEFORE THAT SUB SEES US!



ENEMY LIFEBOAT MUST NOT REVEAL PRESENCE! KILL THEM ALL!

見廻死!



DIG IN THOSE OARS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!

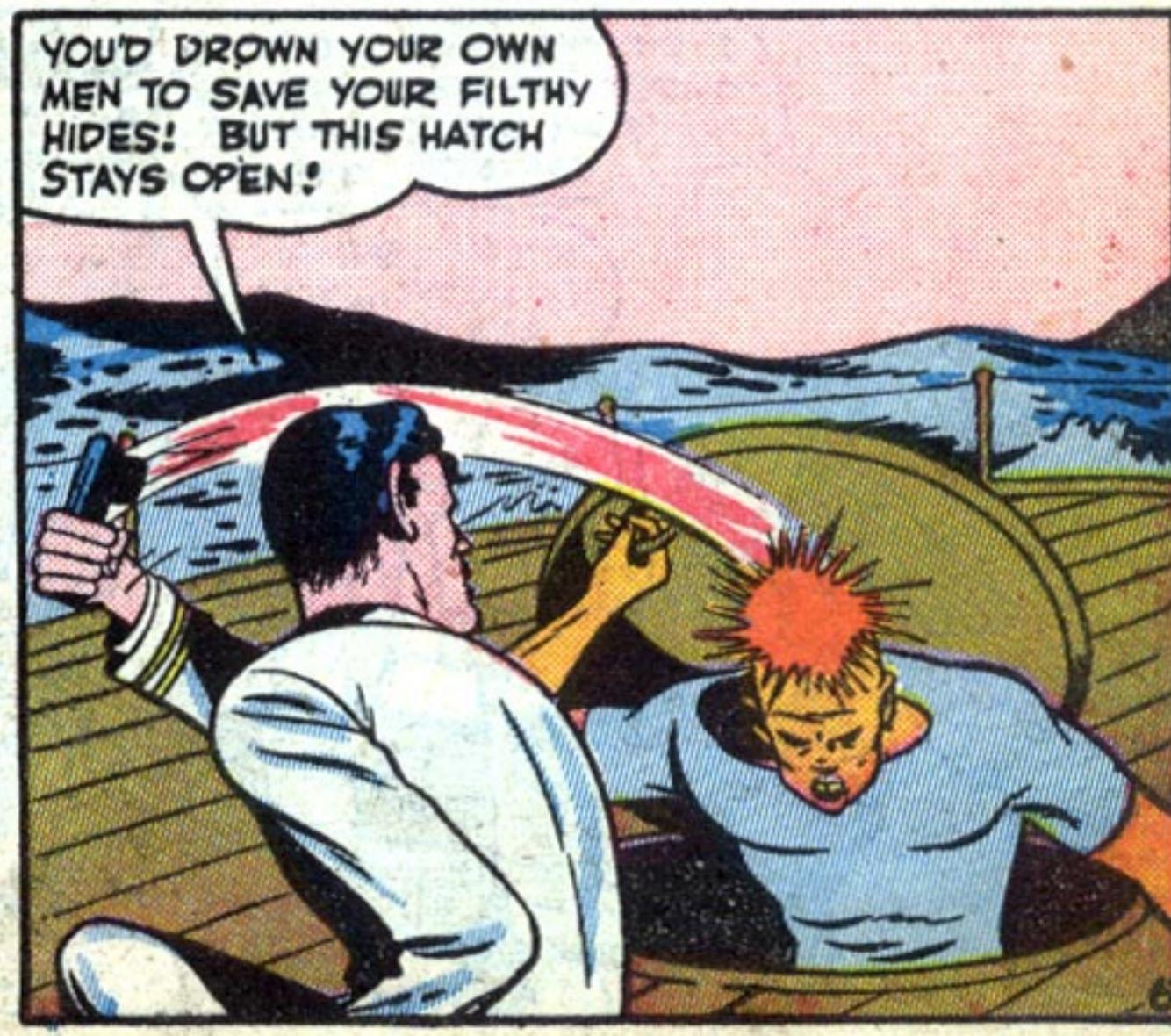
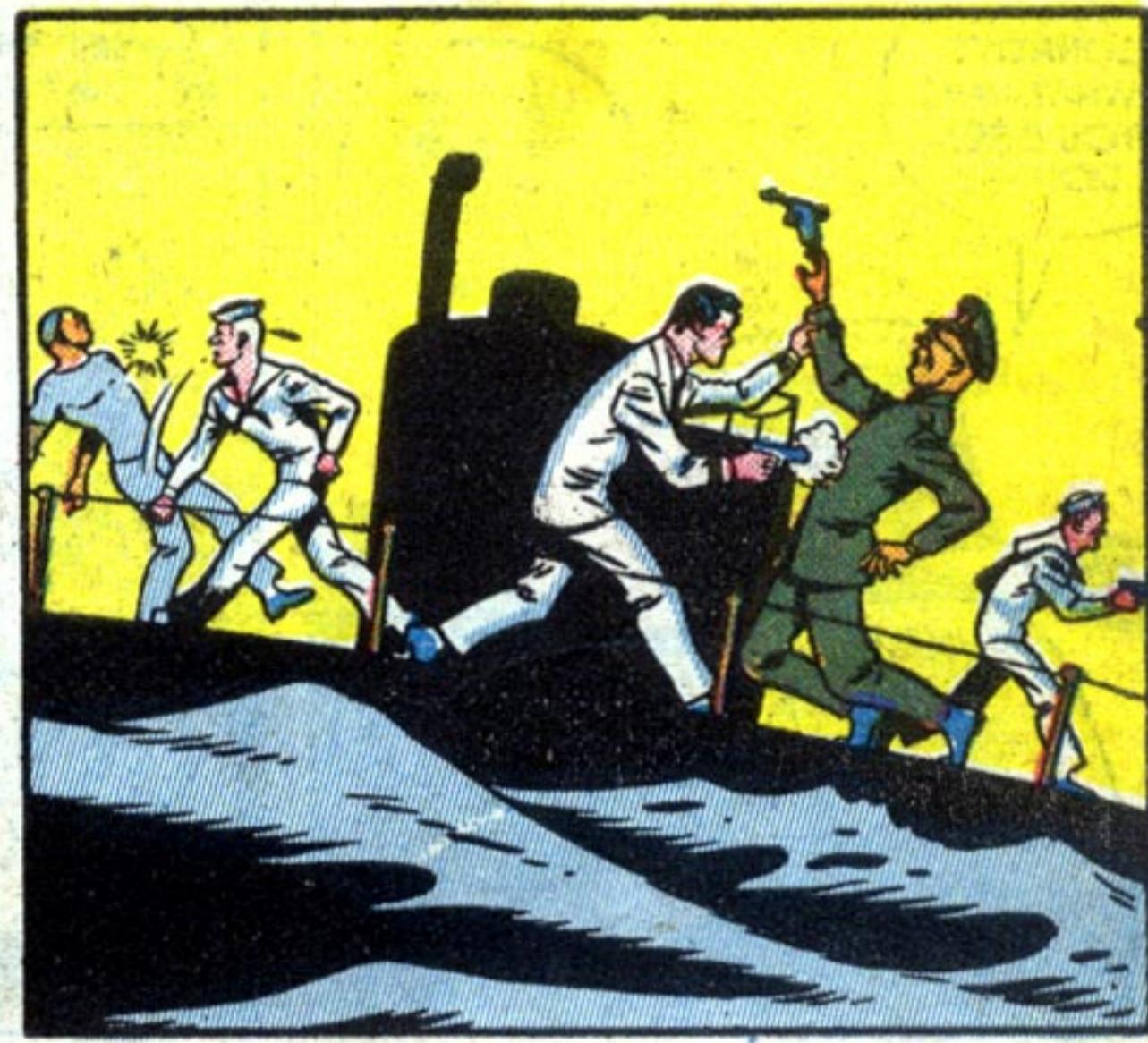


WE MADE IT! ANOTHER FOOT AND THAT MACHINE GUN WOULD HAVE TURNED US INTO A SWISS CHEESE!



A MOMENT LATER THE DECK GUN ON THE ENEMY SUB OPENS FIRE ...



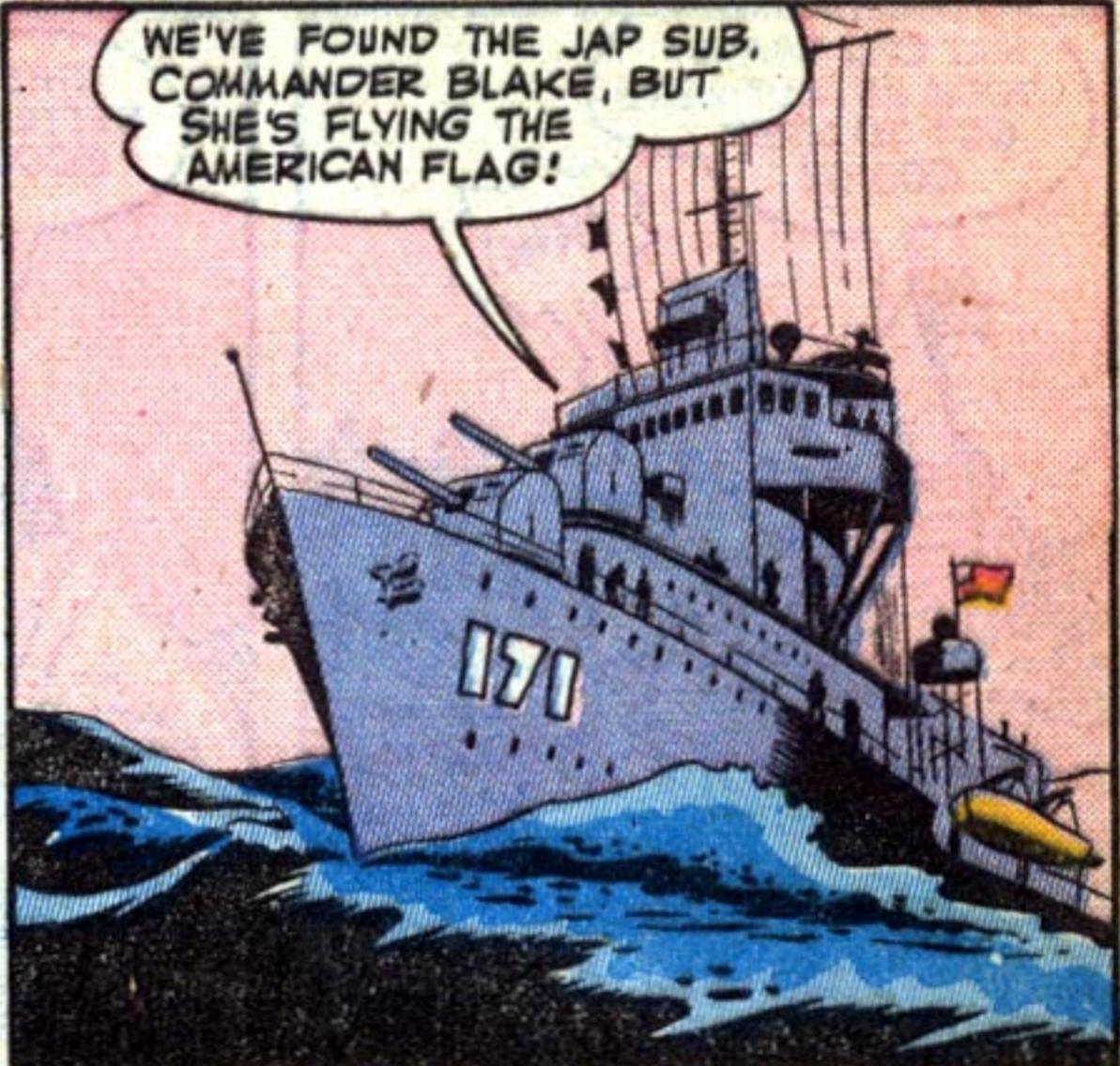


WE'VE GOT 'EM TRAPPED, SIR!

THEY CAN'T DIVE WITH AN OPEN HATCH! AND THEY'VE GOT TO COME UP ONE BY ONE! ...I THINK WE'VE SIGHTED SUB AND CAPTURED SAME!



WE'VE FOUND THE JAP SUB, COMMANDER BLAKE, BUT SHE'S FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG!



CONROY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

HAVING FUN, SIR! WAIT'LL I TELL YOU!



A SHORT TIME LATER, ON THE PAWNEE'S BRIDGE...

... THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO THE STORY, SIR!

HMM... WEREN'T YOU THE MAN WHO WISHED HE KNEW WHAT TO DO IN AN EMERGENCY?



YOU COMMANDED A LIFEBOAT, AND CAPTURED A JAPANESE SUB! SEEMS TO ME YOU DID PRETTY WELL!

THANK YOU, SIR! I TOOK YOUR ADVICE!



I DID THE BEST I COULD -- UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES! THAT'S ALL ANY COMMANDER CAN DO!

YOU'RE LEARNING, CONROY!... YOU ARE, INDEED!



A SCUTTLED JAP SEA MONSTER LIFTS HER PROW FOR A FINAL DEATH-DIVE AS DESTROYER 171 -- THE FIGHTING U.S.S. PAWNEE -- WHEELS IN HER TRIUMPHANT COURSE FOR HOME ---



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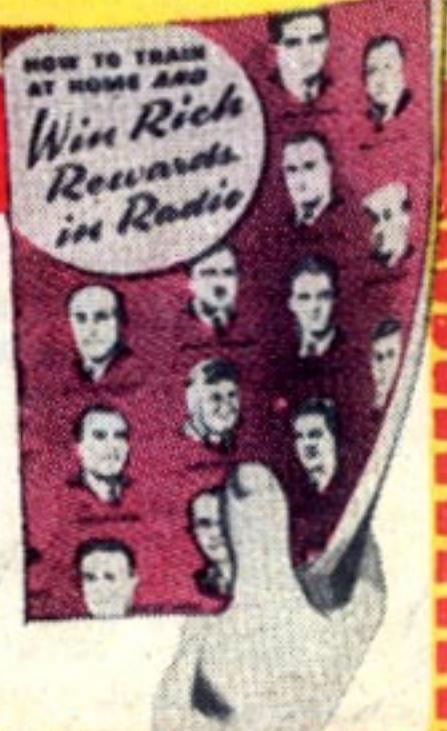
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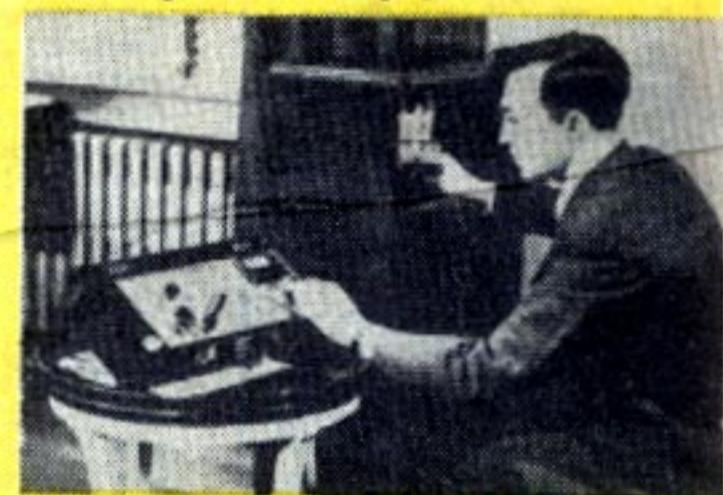
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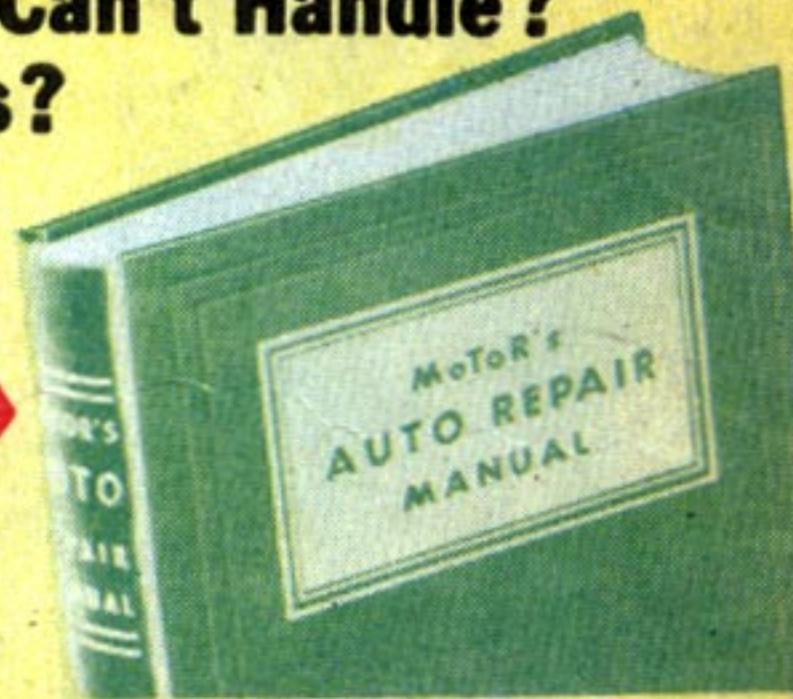


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